



INSIDE BOSS

**SOUTH AFRICA'S
SECRET POLICE**

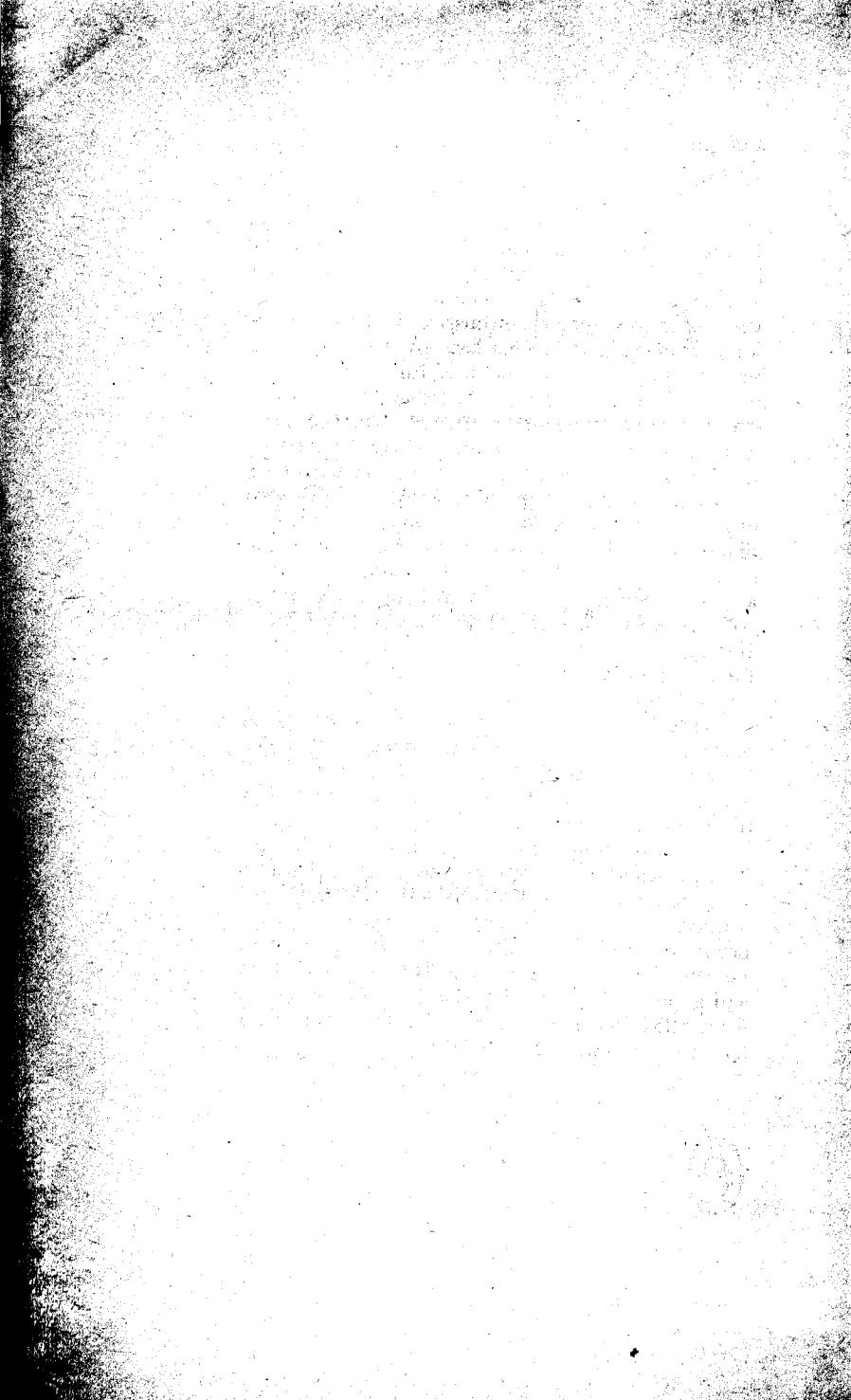
GORDON WINTER

**AN EX-SPY'S DRAMATIC
AND SHOCKING EXPOSÉ**

Penguin Books
Inside Boss

Gordon Winter, the son of a Yorkshire pub-keeper, ran away to London at the age of fifteen and became a page-boy, wine-waiter, cocktailbar-man, club-tout, poolroom-hustler, illegal gaming-joint front-man and burglar. In 1955 he was sentenced to twenty-one months' imprisonment for stealing silver and property valued at £10,000 from a millionaire's mansion in Sussex. Between 1956 and 1960 he lived in Tangier where he became involved in arms smuggling. He was married in 1958 to the daughter of a wealthy French Intelligence officer who ran brothels in Morocco; he was divorced in 1961. In an attempt to start a new life he settled in South Africa in January 1960 and became a crime reporter on an anti-apartheid newspaper in Johannesburg. He was recruited by South African Intelligence in 1963 after befriending the then Premier John Vorster. In 1966 he was officially deported from South Africa after his gun was used in a murder allegedly connected with the notorious Richardson gang. The deportation was a cover for BOSS spying activities in Britain between 1966 and 1974. He was the first journalist to interview male-model Norman Scott in 1971 which led to BOSS promotion of the now world-famous Jeremy Thorpe scandal. He returned to South Africa in 1974 and in 1976 was appointed BOSS propagandist on *The Citizen*, an English-language newspaper secretly formed and funded by BOSS. Gordon Winter defected from BOSS in May 1979 and is presently living in Ireland. He is married to former fashion editor Wendy Kochman and they have two children, Guy and Katie





Gordon Winter

INSIDE BOSS

South Africa's Secret Police

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*To my son Guy, whose birth opened my eyes,
and
my wife Wendy, who has a theory.
She believes I kept meticulous records
during my spying career
because I always had a subconscious desire
for the truth to come out.
I would like to believe she is right.*

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INTRODUCTION

I am sitting at an old kitchen table in the bedroom of a cottage in Ireland and have just finished this book. Writing it was the most traumatic experience of my life. As I finished each chapter and it was read by my wife, Wendy, she said either 'How could you have done such a terrible thing?' or 'You must have been insane.' Always condemnation – but condemnation I knew was deserved. It reached such a point that I pushed the typewriter aside and in the depths of depression spent seven weeks digging the garden and sawing so many logs that I filled a barn to the roof.

It was a mixture of guilt and frustration. The frustration being that I wanted the world to know the truth about BOSS and the whole South African set-up as quickly as possible. As a hard news reporter of nineteen years' standing I was so used to getting my work published within hours that writing a book for publication a year hence was discouraging. But it's done now, although it took nine months' research, six months' writing and all my wife's patience.

At this point I would like to stress, because the South African government and BOSS see a Communist or a CIA agent under every bed, that no political movement helped me to compile this book in any way whatsoever. It was all done from my own files, notebooks and diaries or files from BOSS headquarters in Pretoria. I am, however, indebted to the International Defence and Aid Fund in London, whose publicly issued fact papers helped refresh my memory when writing Chapter 43, 'Torture in South Africa'. And even that tells only half the story.

I must also thank Sandy Perceval, a splendid Irish farmer who hid me away deep in the woods of his County Sligo estate. He kept my secret, and so did several other locals in the town of Ballymote.

Thanks go also to a little Irish colleen, Bernadette Mahon,

who typed most of the manuscript. Even if she did insist on spelling priest with a capital P all the time, she made up for it by saying a nine-day (Novena) prayer for this book.

They say that once you have dined with the Devil it is difficult to leave the banquet. My answer to that is that it's not hard when the people at the table start to make you vomit. That is how I feel about South Africa. I do not know where I am going or how I shall make a living. But I know one thing. I shall continue disclosing South Africa's secrets. This brings me to make one request. If anything unusual or unhappy happened to anyone after they met me (during the seven years I spied for BOSS in Britain), I would appreciate it if they would write to me, care of my Publishers.

Apologies

Throughout this book I have constantly put apartheid-type 'racial labels' on people by describing them as Africans/Kaffirs/Natives/Bantu/Coloureds/Bushmen/Blacks/Whites/Pinks and even Reds. But not to have done so would have made it difficult for the uninitiated reader to comprehend the thinking processes of BOSS/the Afrikaner/Pretoria/the South African government and all those White voters who keep that regime in power.

Another apology should perhaps go to some of the individuals named in various excerpts I have taken from secret BOSS files. While most of them will no doubt feel honoured to be on BOSS's hate list, it is important to emphasize that the BOSS assessment of a person was not always right. My use of these BOSS excerpts is, again, mainly intended to demonstrate the often strange thinking processes of the men who rule 'White' South Africa. The final and most important apology must go to all journalists anywhere in the world. I betrayed their profession and I do not expect to be forgiven for that. To them I can only say that, in spite of my disgraceful professional conduct, the real

journalist surfaced in me at last. As they say in journalism: 'The truth will always out.' And that is exactly what this book is all about.

Dublin,
30 January 1981

Part One

1 · THE FIRST BETRAYAL

'My name is Campbell,' said the man on the phone, speaking so quietly it sounded as though he was afraid of being overheard. 'Would you like to come and have a cup of tea with me in the tearoom at the corner of Kruis and Commissioner Streets? I've got something very important to discuss with you.'

'All right,' I said. 'But what's the name of the café? There are two on that corner.'

The caller hesitated for a few seconds then stammered: 'Er - it's, er - it's called Campbell's.'

It was a bad start for a cloak-and-dagger rendezvous. But 'Mr Campbell' recovered quickly.

'I don't have to give you a description of myself. I know what you look like. I'll stand up when you enter the tearoom.'

As I walked into Campbell's, a tough-looking balding blond rose from behind a rubber plant in the far corner and smiled at me. I knew him. It was Colonel Att Spengler, who had built up a fearsome reputation as head of the Johannesburg section of the Security Police. Rumour had it that he had been transferred to Pretoria after a personality clash with senior officers and had been pushed down into some boring police training programme.

'Agh, man. That's all rubbish,' he told me when I raised the subject. 'I'm working with H. J. van den Bergh in setting up a completely new secret service. H.J.'s asked me to find out if you would be interested in joining us.'

I was filled with excitement and pride at the thought of it. I had come to South Africa from Britain in 1960 - not as an ordinary immigrant but as a burglar with three convictions and a twenty-one-month jail sentence behind me in London.

My intention had been to start a new life, and the country had been good to me.

As luck would have it, I had become involved with a rich, middle-aged woman who had powerful connections in the South African publishing world. Knowing my background and my wish to go straight, she had suggested I should try working as a crime reporter for a newspaper. Through a top-level introduction from her, I had landed a job on the anti-apartheid newspaper, the Johannesburg *Sunday Express*.

Crime reporting came easily to me, and there was certainly no shortage of crime to report. South Africa is an incredibly violent society. There is an assault reported to the police every two minutes, a rape every half-hour, a burglary every hour, a robbery every three hours and a murder every ninety minutes.

In three short years I had become a well-known journalist who had the Minister of Justice as a personal contact. Now I was being offered cream on top of the cake in the form of a job as a secret agent.

It had all really started in 1961, when I had betrayed two young lovers to the Johannesburg police.

The officers had their revolvers drawn as they burst into the tiny one-roomed flat that sunny November afternoon. Their raid was a complete success. In front of them, sitting on a single bed, were a young couple embracing. They were fully dressed, yet one of the policemen spat on the floor and shouted 'You disgusting little bitch! How could you debase yourself by kissing an animal like that?'

There was no more talking. The police grabbed the counterpane off the bed along with the sheets and then rushed the youngsters downstairs to a squad car parked on the pavement outside the front door. The car sped them round to the District Surgeon's office where they were subjected to what the police mockingly call the 'racial purity test'. They were undressed and smears were taken from them. Their underwear was examined and so were the sheets and the counterpane.

The young man was no animal. On the contrary, he was a sophisticated and handsome young journalist. His crime was that he had a Black skin and the girl he loved was White. His name was Joe Louw. He was twenty-four and worked as a reporter on South Africa's famous Black newspaper, *Post*. The girl was attractive, nineteen-year-old Pamela Beira, a carefree university student from a middle-class Jewish family.

Any romance across the colour line is illegal in South Africa, the land of 'racial purity', so Joe and Pamela had been extremely careful. Walks in the park were out of the question. For them to be seen in public in any way suggesting they were on equal terms would have meant instant exposure. Whenever they walked in the street together, Joe followed a discreet two paces behind Pamela with a large suitcase in his hands. This gave the impression he was the 'Madam's' servant.

For about a year they met secretly at various homes of Pamela's White friends. This became too dangerous because a regular Black visitor to any select White area soon becomes known. Then they found a perfect meeting-place. It was only a tatty, one-roomed flat in an old, rent-controlled block in central Johannesburg, but to them it was a dream come true. The building had many tenants, so Black delivery men were in and out all day delivering groceries and the like. This meant there were no raised eyebrows whenever Joe walked in carrying a parcel.

The actual tenant of the flat was a pretty little blonde model, Joy de Kock. She was a great romantic and it gave her tremendous pleasure to let Joe and Pamela use her flat as a secret rendezvous. But Joy made the mistake of telling me about the lovers because the lease for the flat was in my name and she was my girl-friend. I had given her the flat when I moved to a bigger one a few months earlier.

I passed the information about Pamela and Joe's love affair on to a high-ranking CID officer. I had nothing personal against either of the lovers. It was just that I knew I

needed to make some high-level contacts in the police force if I was going to succeed as a crime reporter.

Joe and Pamela never stood a chance. They were arrested and charged with contravening the infamous Immorality Act, which forbids sex between persons of different race groups. Because they were a good-looking young couple the case received wide coverage in the press.

Pamela Beira jumped bail and fled from South Africa before the trial. Joe was found guilty and sentenced to six months. He appealed and was released on £100 bail. But Joe had no intention of waiting for the appeal to come up. All he wanted was time to plan his escape from South Africa. And, paradoxically, I was to assist him in this.

By an astonishing coincidence, Sue Deas, a young librarian at the *Rand Daily Mail* offices in Johannesburg, approached me and asked if I would be willing to help Joe leave the country illegally. When I agreed, Sue invited me to a party being held to celebrate Joe's departure. My girlfriend, Joy de Kock, was not invited because, to protect myself from suspicion when Joe and Pamela were arrested, I had spread a false rumour that Joy had betrayed them to the police in order to get herself off a drugs charge.

Joe Louw gave me a bear-hug embrace when I arrived at the party. He did not suspect for one moment that I had been responsible for his arrest. There were ten other people there. Not one of them was a member of any political party. Aubrey, a well-known commercial photographer, lent his car so that Joe could be driven out of the country. Steve, who became a leading Black journalist himself several years later, agreed to drive Joe to a remote spot near South Africa's border with Bechuanaland (now Botswana). The others clubbed together to provide Joe with spending money once he had left South Africa. I paid £10 towards his petrol and food costs during the five-hour journey.

As a journalist working on an anti-apartheid newspaper I was asked also to write a story about Joe's dramatic escape to freedom. This suited me perfectly. By helping him I would be gaining a reputation as a 'liberal', and as a bonus I

was getting an exclusive. The story turned out to be better than I had imagined, because another man fled from South Africa with Joe Louw. He was Peter de Lissovoy, the only son of a middle-class family in Chicago, America. He was studying history and economics at Harvard University and had arrived in South Africa with eighteen other Harvard students on a six-month study tour.

Peter de Lissovoy was only nineteen but he was old enough to know that he loathed apartheid the moment he came into contact with it. He was not interested in seeing how the rich Whites lived. He broke away and lived with Blacks in Black townships. By doing this he was breaking the law. To enter a Black area a White must first obtain a special permit. Peter did not bother.

He attended a trade union meeting in Natal and gave a lift to Chief Albert Luthuli, the leader of the banned African National Congress (ANC), who had been awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1960. The South African Security Police took a dim view of this young White American who had acted as chauffeur to a Black man. They placed him in the 'undesirable alien' category and ordered him to leave the country within seven days.

Peter naturally resented this, and, when he heard through the Black grapevine that Joe Louw was planning to flee from South Africa, thought it would be poetic justice for him to accompany and help Joe during his escape. When the two men reached freedom they sent me a photograph showing them standing together at the Lobatsi border post sign just a few feet outside South African territory. I used this picture to illustrate my story about their dramatic escape.*

Joe Louw went on to become a successful journalist in America. He achieved fame when he took the photographs of Martin Luther King's body lying on a Memphis motel balcony seconds after the assassination in 1968.

Pamela Beira hit the South African headlines again in 1970 by marrying Dr Marcelino dos Santos, then vice-president of the Mozambique freedom movement Frelimo.

* Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 15 April 1962.

My betrayal of Joe Louw certainly helped to convince senior police officers that I was a valuable informer who was 'well in' with Blacks and liberals. That is how I first made top-level contacts at Police Headquarters in Pretoria - which started me on the path towards becoming a full-time spy for South African intelligence.

2 · JOHN VORSTER

Not all Englishmen were bad, according to South Africa's newly appointed, tough Minister of Justice, Balthazar John Vorster, in an interview shortly after he took office in August 1961. In fact, there was one in particular he would like to meet again, he added.

Vorster had been placed in an internment camp in South Africa during the Second World War because he was a member of the Ossewabrandwag (Ox-waggon Guard), a right-wing movement which was violently anti-Semitic and agreed with Hitler's ideas on racial purity. He and his Boer cronies hoped for a Nazi victory and tried to hinder the war effort by urging South Africans not to fight with Britain against Germany.

While interned, a Captain Watcham had been one of Vorster's jailers. He was such a decent chap that he had knitted Vorster a blanket or overcoat during one bitterly cold winter. That was the Englishman the Justice Minister wanted to meet again and chat to about the old days.

I was a lowly crime reporter at the time and as such would hardly be allowed to interview a top politician like John Vorster. But I was ambitious and always kept my eyes open for ways to ingratiate myself with any senior government men in Pretoria. Seizing on Vorster's comments about Captain Watcham, I telephoned Army Records and asked if he was still listed on the Officers' Reserve.

Yes. He was. His name was Aubrey Trevor Watcham and he owned the Grand Hotel in Kuruman, a small town in the Cape Province. When I phoned, Captain Watcham said he would like to meet Vorster for a chat about old times, so I phoned the Minister's office and a meeting was arranged. Vorster was tickled pink that a member of the hated English-

language press should go to such trouble in tracing Captain Watcham. He was so pleased he said I could write about it. When the story appeared,* Vorster phoned me to say I could contact him at any time if I needed information from him or from his department.

Although I phoned John Vorster several times during the months that followed, it was not until May 1962 that I could take full advantage of his offer. The opportunity arose when I received a letter, complaining about a story I had written, from a South African named Arnold Selby who lived in East Berlin.

Excerpt from secret BOSS files:

'SELBY, Arnold Herbert Alfred. White male adult. Known as Comrade Arnold. Card carrying member of the South African Communist Party (SACP). Infiltrated the African Textile Workers' Union and became its general secretary in 1951. Later was organiser of National Union of Distributive Workers, Pretoria. Fled from South Africa fearing arrest on Immorality Act charge in 1960. He was known to be having an illicit relationship with Jeannette THOMAS, a Coloured woman from Cape Town. They now live as man and wife at Fritz Heckert Strasse 1, Bernau bei Berlin, East Germany. Selby was awarded Communist "Peace Medal" (1968) for his political propaganda work as an editor in the African Section of Radio Berlin International.'

When I received the letter from Arnold Selby I knew I could not write a story about it because he was banned in South Africa and nothing he said or wrote could be published. Then I hit on a stunt, never done before. I would ask the Minister of Justice to grant me special permission to quote from the letter. I phoned John Vorster and told him I wanted to attack Arnold Selby and his letter in a lengthy feature article. Vorster liked the idea and suggested I came

* Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 10 September 1961.

to see him to discuss it. An appointment was arranged for 3 p.m. on Thursday, 26 July 1962.

Wearing a dark suit and sombre tie, with my hair newly cut to a short back and sides, I arrived fifteen minutes early at Union Building, a massive crescent-shaped edifice which is the seat of government in the Transvaal. John Vorster was busy, and I sat in the waiting room until 3.22 p.m. I had been nervous when I arrived, and that extra wait made me feel worse.

At last I was ushered in to see the great man. His office was the size of a cricket pitch, with a high ceiling, bookcases lining the walls, and heavy red velvet drapes framing the windows, through one of which I could see across the city to the Voortrekker Monument, the Afrikaners' sacred memorial to Piet Retief and his followers who in 1836 made the Great Trek from the growing English influence in the Cape.

Vorster stood up behind his massive, old-fashioned carved desk, shook hands with me and said he could give me exactly fifteen minutes. He was tall and thick-set - the only man I have ever known to have a square pot belly. His body moved in a heavy, lumbering way. But not his mind. That moved viciously fast. He wasted no time with pleasantries.

'I've checked with the Security Branch,' he said, speaking slowly and precisely. 'Because Selby is overseas you can, if you wish, publish details from his letter.'

His precision flummoxed me. It left me without a question to ask. This was embarrassing, so I resorted to honesty.

'That's a pity,' I said. 'It would have been a much better story if I had obtained special permission from you to quote a banned man. That's what I came hoping for . . .'

Vorster was delighted by my plain-speaking and pleased that I, an Englishman working on an anti-government newspaper, was clearly keen to befriend him.

I was again frank and told Vorster that I was not as unbiased as he might think.

'The truth is I'm actually quite ignorant about South African politics,' I said. 'All I really care about is making top contacts in government so that I can get good stories.'

'And if I give you good stories, would you present the facts to your readers exactly as I gave them to you?' he demanded.

When I assured him that not one word would be changed, Vorster smiled grimly, shaking his head.

'You can't give me that guarantee,' he said. 'Most of the senior people working on your newspaper and its sister papers the *Rand Daily Mail* and the *Sunday Times*, are Communists, Communist fellow-travellers or just plain dumb fools being duped by the Communists.'

I was astounded. I knew all the political writers in my company opposed apartheid and most of them hated the Nationalist government. But I was surprised that Vorster thought they were all Communists or Communist dupes.

As if to prove his point Vorster challenged me to name just one political correspondent or columnist in my newspaper group who was pro-government. I confounded him with one name - Meyer Albert 'Johnny' Johnson who had taken over as the editor in chief of my newspaper one year earlier.

Before driving to Pretoria to see John Vorster I had told Johnson the reason for my trip. He was thrilled that I had managed to get a private interview with Vorster and told me I should do my very best to cultivate him. As editor he would allow me to publish whatever Vorster said. The *Sunday Express* would even build Vorster up as a strong man. Johnson made only one proviso - that he must be free to criticize Vorster editorially when he felt like it.

John Vorster looked astonished when I told him this. 'Are you quite sure your editor said that?' he asked.

For a moment I was scared. I wondered if Vorster was angry. In a moment of panic I visualized him giving the story to the Afrikaans press. But Vorster sensed my dismay and reassured me by pulling his tall-backed wooden chair round the desk and sitting down next to me. He smiled and patted my knee paternally.

'Am I right in this assessment?' he asked. 'Johnny Johnson is relatively new as the editor of the *Sunday*

Express. It's his first job as an editor. He wants to make a success of the job and to do this he's offering me a deal. You will be the messenger between us. I supply you with regular exclusive stories to build up the paper's circulation and in return he will help me in my political career by building me up as the new strong man in government. The only proviso he's making is that he doesn't want anyone else to know about the deal. And, as the editor of an anti-apartheid paper, he must appear to be anti-government, so he wants me to know that he will disguise the deal by attacking me in his editorial columns whenever he wishes.'

Vorster understood the position perfectly, but, I explained, there was another aspect. Johnson was personally worried because the three major papers in our group (South African Associated Newspapers) were all strongly anti-apartheid. The *Rand Daily Mail* supported the Progressive Party. The *Sunday Times* supported the United Party. And the *Sunday Express*, although not actually supporting any political party, constantly attacked the Nationalist government and most of its policies. Johnson feared that the government might take some strong action against the group, such as banning certain issues or even trying to close down the *Rand Daily Mail*. This was another reason why he wanted to build up a secret friendship with Vorster.

'Do you know if this idea of doing a deal with me is Johnson's or if he's been advised to do so by your company's board of directors?' asked Vorster.

He seemed momentarily disappointed when I told him I was sure the idea was entirely Johnson's.

'Well, yes,' he said. 'I don't mind. We can give it a try and see what happens.'

He reached for his phone, spoke to his secretary, Mr J. B. W. Meyer, and cancelled his next appointment with a minor government official. He spent an hour brainwashing me and towards the end of this interview told me he was willing to play 'scratch-my-back' with my editor, Johnny Johnson. He said I could telephone him every Friday

afternoon, and if there were any stories he would give them to me. To start the ball rolling he gave me the first big scoop. He said the Nationalist government was tired of all the anti-South-Africa hatred published in overseas newspapers and magazines. Much of this hatred, he said, originated from banned people who had left South Africa and were living overseas. In future the government would make it illegal for any overseas newspaper, book or magazine to be distributed in South Africa if it contained any statements made by a banned person.

Johnny Johnson was delighted with this censorship story and published it over a page.* Vorster had also given me another important story about a list of banned people which was to be released later. This story was front-paged.

It was the start of a secret political love affair which was to continue for many years. John Vorster gave me exclusive interviews or leaked front-page news stories to me regularly from then on. Editor Johnson repaid Vorster as promised by building him up as a tough, no-nonsense Minister of Justice. This made Vorster the most popular member of the Cabinet as far as most Afrikaners were concerned and gained the government many new voters in the English-speaking camp.

Johnson rarely attacked Vorster in his leader columns, but when he did he gave him a vicious pasting. But Vorster sat back benignly and hardly ever complained. In October 1962, just three months after Johnson, Vorster and I had set up our deal, Vorster made history by allowing an English-speaking journalist to enter a prison and conduct an independent inquiry into allegations of vicious brutality.

I was that journalist, and the man Vorster let me interview was the Pan-Africanist Congress leader, Robert Sobukwe, who was serving a three-year sentence for incitement which led to the infamous Sharpeville shootings.

Allegations had been published in London's weekly *Tribune*, then edited by Labour MP Michael Foot, that Sobukwe was critically ill after being beaten and brutalized

* Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 29 July 1962.

by White warders.* Being hampered by the 1959 Prisons Act, South African newspapers could not publish *Tribune's* claims.

John Vorster gave me permission to see Sobukwe in Pretoria Prison. I interviewed him for an hour, during which he denied being beaten or ill-treated in any way. The interview was embarrassing because Sobukwe deliberately overdid it. He said he had no complaints to make about prison. The staff were decent to him. His cell was clean and warm. He was allowed books to read and study. He was learning French. What Sobukwe was telling me was just too good to be true. He was an implacable enemy of the South African government and everything it stood for, and he was trying to tell me he had nothing to complain about.

It's no secret that the food rations given to Blacks in jail are diabolical. Even Whites complain, and their food is far superior to the food given to non-Whites. But when I asked Sobukwe what his food was like, he refused to knock it. This niggled me because he was obviously lying. In desperation I tried a trick question.

'Are you saying it's better than the food your wife cooked for you?'

'Oh no. It's not the kind I would choose outside,' he replied. 'But it's sufficient to keep me of sound mind and body,' he added diplomatically.

As he said this Sobukwe looked cautiously at Colonel 'Thys' Nel, who had been assigned by the Prisons Commissioner to sit in during my interview. Colonel Nel left my side only twice as I talked to Sobukwe: once when he ordered tea for me and *Sunday Express* photographer Jimmy Soullier, and the other time when Jimmy went to the toilet. As Colonel Nel walked to the door and pointed the way for Jimmy, I leant forward and whispered to Sobukwe:

'I don't understand why you're saying life in prison is such a bed of roses.'

Sobukwe replied: 'Let's face it. There's no point in me

* *Tribune*, 19 October 1962.

criticizing conditions. If I behave myself I'll be out in six months.'

'Can I quote you on that?' I asked.

He was shocked. 'No, for God's sake, don't do that. Look. The truth is that Colonel Nel came to see me on Tuesday. The *Tribune* was right. I was beaten by warders wielding pick handles. But that was two years ago. I'm better now. And Nel said he would fix parole for three of my colleagues in the PAC who are serving long sentences if I denied the *Tribune* story when you came to interview me. I agreed for the sake of my three friends. Don't spoil that.'

I was unable to get further details from Sobukwe because Colonel Nel returned to sit next to me at that moment. Later, when I had finished the interview and Sobukwe had gone back to his cell, I got a shock. Colonel Nel told me to sit and write the story I intended publishing in the Johannesburg *Sunday Express*. I told him I could not do this as I was a terribly slow writer and it would take me at least two hours. Nel smiled and said time did not matter in prison. I would not be allowed to leave the prison until I had written the story and submitted a copy of it to him for vetting. He added that once he had approved my story I would have to sign a statement guaranteeing that it would appear without one word being changed.

Jimmy Soullier and I were allocated a room where I could write the story. I was not the slightest bit worried by the censorship aspect of all this. My personal panic was that I might write the story in a way which would displease my editor, who would be unable to change it because I had signed a statement promising that not one word would be altered. As it happened, I had nothing to worry about. Cameraman Jimmy Soullier had worked on the *Sunday Express* for several years and knew the paper's style perfectly. In fact he dictated most of the story to me as he read from my notes. When the editor, Johnny Johnson, read the story he said it was one of the best I had ever written. Life plays dirty tricks like that!

The story ran as a splash front-page lead and across

another page inside the paper.* Five photographs of Sobukwe were used. All editors, whatever their politics, will find it hard to repress a smile when I explain that Johnson broke the agreement I had signed with Colonel Nel — that the story be published without any changes. I had started my story with the fact that Sobukwe had denied overseas brutality allegations. But Johnson changed the introduction so that it read: 'The doors of Pretoria Prison were opened for the *Sunday Express* last week by the Minister of Justice Mr B. J. Vorster...' Johnson was giving Vorster his promised plug and there was nothing the Colonel could do about that.

The South African government got massive mileage out of the story. Through a front man secretly working in Germany for the South African Department of Information, the story and pictures were given to Deutsche Press Agentur (DPA), which sent it out to about a hundred papers in Germany. At least thirty of those papers gave it a mention the next day. At the same time the South African government republished the story in the weekly *Digest of South African Affairs* which is sent free to thousands of people all over the world. At that time I acted as a Johannesburg 'stringer' for the British *Sunday Pictorial*, so I phoned the story through to its news editor, Cliff Pearson. But the *Sunday Pic* somehow sensed there was something fishy about it and never published a word.

The allegations that Sobukwe was critically ill had originally been made by a senior member of the Pan-Africanist Congress, Mr Potlako Leballo, and he was intending to address a United Nations committee. John Vorster stymied Leballo by air-freighting several dozen copies of the *Sunday Express* to Eric Louw, South Africa's Foreign Minister at the United Nations. He in turn handed the copies of the paper — with pictures of a hale and hearty Robert Sobukwe on the front page — to many delegates at the UN, saying: 'This is an anti-government, anti-apartheid newspaper in South Africa. Read the truth about Robert Sobukwe.'

* Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 28 October 1962.

I don't know how much damage this did to Potlako Leballo's credibility, but it certainly could not have helped him.

Colonel 'Thys' Nel, the officer who had watched over my interview with Sobukwe in jail, was suddenly elevated from an unknown in the Prisons Department to a blue-eyed boy who eventually became the Commissioner of Prisons. He was always grateful to me for the shot in the arm that the Sobukwe story had given his career, and he fed me several excellent stories. Many years later he confessed that he had secretly taped my interview with Sobukwe and, when playing the tape back, had heard my whispered conversation with the Black leader. Nel confirmed that he had promised to parole three of Sobukwe's friends if Sobukwe did not complain about prison conditions, and he had kept his promise.

A couple of days after the Sobukwe story appeared, John Vorster telephoned me and invited me to take part in a radio broadcast with him. He told me to draw up a list of tough political questions and said he would explain why later. I did not have the faintest idea what questions to ask, so I recruited the help of a senior journalist named Gerald Reilly.

Gerald had a fine political mind and coached me for more than an hour as we sat in the *Rand Daily Mail* canteen one lunchtime. He drew up a list of questions to trap Vorster into admitting that house-arrest orders were served on people in vengeance because the government could not prove anything against them in a court of law.

I drove to the broadcasting studio in Pretoria and met Beaumont Schoeman, political correspondent of the pro-government newspaper *Die Vaderland*, and Carl Noffke of the government-controlled South African Broadcasting Corporation, who was later to become a slick propagandist for South Africa overseas. All three of us had to hand our questions to John Vorster before we went on the air.

After reading my questions Vorster gave me a nod and before I knew it we were on the air. Vorster handled it so

that I dominated the whole show. The other two journalists asked meek and mild pro-government questions and Vorster gave them tough answers. When it came to answering me, I was astonished to hear Vorster hesitate, temporize and even let me score points. The questions Gerald Reilly had set out for me were clever – but not that clever. Vorster was a brilliant debater, and no journalists, not even the experts, ever beat him. He could have wiped the floor with me if he wanted. But he did not.

When the programme ended, Vorster shook my hand and said:

'I want the liberals to think you're a good guy. If they didn't believe your Sobukwe story last week, they'll believe you now.'

And so it was. When the broadcast was used the next day my journalist colleagues were delighted. The Liberal Party (now defunct) invited me to tea. My editor gave me a rise. The Johannesburg *Star* splashed a story about the journalist who had given John Vorster a hard time. And to set the seal of respect on me the Progressive Party issued a directive to its members which praised my 'skilful cross-examination of Vorster'.* I never told anyone that my questions had been devised by someone else.

Four days after the radio broadcast, Vorster allowed me to interview him on the subject of house arrest. He had just condemned two Johannesburg men, Michael Harmel and Jack Hodgson, to twenty-four-hour house arrest. When I asked Vorster about Hodgson he said he could not answer my questions because he knew 'nothing about the man'. This was an astonishing admission, because in parliament Vorster had promised Progressive Party MP Helen Suzman that he would apply his mind to 'each and every case' before subjecting anyone to house arrest. Yet here he was, just one day after placing Hodgson under house arrest, telling me he knew nothing about the man!

I knew it would embarrass Vorster if I quoted him cor-

* Progressive Party Policy Directive No. 33, dated 8 November 1962.

rectly so I committed the worst sin in journalism - I changed Vorster's quote. I wrote that he had said 'I am not fully conversant with Hodgson's case.' Nothing illustrates my political naivety better than this. I thought this watered-down quote would get Vorster off the hook. But it did not. As soon as it appeared,* the experienced political writers were at Vorster's throat. One journalist strongly suggested that Vorster could not have made such a ridiculous statement and that I had lied.

Hodgson reacted by taking legal advice. Soon after, Vorster tipped me off that Hodgson's lawyers were going to subpoena me to give evidence for Hodgson in a court case. Vorster told me the only way I could avoid this would be to take leave at the time of the case. I did so and spent a week in Swaziland, with the result that Vorster got away with his mistake and Jack Hodgson stayed under house arrest.

Excerpts from secret BOSS files:

'HODGSON, Percy John alias "Jack". White adult male. South African Communist Party (SACP) member. Was taught explosive and demolition techniques as a Desert Rat in North African campaign during WW2. After the war returned to SA and became active in underground Black politics on behalf of SACP. Arrested for high treason 1956, charge later dropped. Taught bomb-making to members of the secret Black sabotage group "Spear of the Nation". Was involved in the Rivonia sabotage conspiracy. Listed as a Communist in 1963. Fled from SA after being served with 24-hour house arrest order. In September 1963 the British government prohibited him from staying in British Protectorate of Bechuanaland after he had refused to give an undertaking that he would not embarrass Whitehall by using Bechuanaland as a base for his sabotage activities against SA. Settled in London and in collusion with Joe SLOVO and Dr Yusuf DADOO continued his activities against

* Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 11 November 1962.

SA. Is known to commute between London and East Berlin recruiting and training Blacks to be sent to SA as terrorists. Lives at 20 Eton Hall, Eton College Road, London NW3.*'

'HODGSON, Rica. Adult White female. Wife of "Jack" Hodgson. Long-standing member of the SA Communist Party. Served on the Financial Committee of the SACP with Communist treasurer Julius FIRST. She was also a member of the Johannesburg District Communist Party Committee. Accused of high treason in 1956, charge later dropped. Was active in the Rivonia sabotage conspiracy. Fled from SA with her husband in 1963. She presently works for Canon Collins' International Defence and Aid Fund at its head office: 104 Newgate Street, London EC1.'

Vorster got his revenge on Jack Hodgson nine months later when Jack and his wife Rica escaped from their Hillbrow flat and fled to freedom across the border into Bechuanaland. He sent me to interview them in Lobatsi. Although the Hodgsongs were both banned persons, who could not be quoted by any newspaper, Vorster's deal with me was that I could quote them both if I smeared them as Communists. That was exactly what I did. I quoted Jack and Rica as saying they were Reds and proud of it. I also suggested they were sabotage experts who had caused many explosions in South Africa. The story appeared on the front page† and the Hodgsongs never forgave me.

A strange aspect of life in South Africa is that most Whites gossip together in front of their Black maids and chauffeurs. The servants only speak when spoken to. This makes Whites forget they are there. The Blacks become invisible people. I was no exception. I did not 'see' Blacks either. But I learnt my lesson the day I went to interview the Hodgsongs in Lobatsi.

* Jack Hodgson died of ill-health in London in December 1977.

† Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 25 August 1963.

On the way I told my Black chauffeur to stop the car at a hotel because I wanted to make a phone call. As we entered the foyer I told him to fetch me a cold drink. I then telephoned John Vorster at his office. While I was talking to Vorster the driver returned with my cold drink. I saw him but just did not register. I kept on talking to Vorster. I did not know that my respectful Black chauffeur was secretly a member of the banned African National Congress (ANC) and an admirer of Jack and Rica Hodgson.

When we arrived in Lobatsi and I went to book a room in the main hotel, the chauffeur quickly sought out Jack and Rica Hodgson and warned them that I had stopped to phone the Minister of Justice John Vorster. No wonder the Hodgsons treated me as though I had rabies.

Three weeks after the Hodgson story appeared, John Vorster asked me if I would like to interview a ninety-day detainee in prison. I could not believe my ears. It was the story every journalist dreamed of getting at the time. Detainees were in the news, and nobody knew what conditions they were subjected to in jail. Vorster said I could go and interview and take photographs of Mrs Hazel Goldreich, an attractive Jewish housewife whose husband Arthur had escaped from jail and fled overseas.

Vorster had a good reason for giving me this plum interview. A few days earlier another ninety-day detainee, Mrs Ruth Slovo, had managed to smuggle out of her cell a message exposing some of the bad conditions suffered by Hazel Goldreich and other detainees. Her message was posted to England by a friend and was published in the *Observer*. It was very bad publicity for South Africa, and Vorster wanted the *Observer* story denied.

Hazel Goldreich was in a very bad mental state when I interviewed her in the filthy cells at Johannesburg's Marshall Square police station. She had been kept in total solitary confinement for sixty-six days with only one book to read. Because she was suspected of being a Communist her Security Police interrogators had given her what they thought was a just punishment - a Bible. But Hazel Gold-

reich was no Communist, and, unwittingly, the Security Police had done her a favour. Reading the Bible stopped her from going mad. She read it slowly from cover to cover four times.

Mrs Goldreich was very intelligent. She knew full well that if she complained about conditions under detention she might be held for a second spell of ninety days. So she played it cool. Her only major criticism was about the old-fashioned lavatories in jail. The story was splashed over the front page along with several photographs of Mrs Goldreich.*

John Vorster was once again pleased with the pro-government propaganda I had carefully inserted into the story. When Mrs Goldreich was released three weeks later he gave me an advance tip-off and I was the only journalist on the spot to interview and photograph her as she walked out of her cell. Once again, Vorster had given me a splash front-page scoop.† There was only one complaint about that story. When Mrs Goldreich walked out of the jail she telephoned her mother, Mrs Maimie Berman, to say she was free. Mrs Berman rushed round in a car and, on arriving, took one look at me, still taking photographs of her daughter, and said: 'I'm going to complain to Justice Minister Vorster about this. I want to know why you were here on the scene when my daughter was freed, yet I, as her mother, knew nothing.' She did complain, but Mr Vorster did not care. The subject was never published, so the public never knew.

* Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 15 September 1963.

† Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 6 October 1963.

3 · H. J. VAN DEN BERGH

Nkosi was a Black spiv. Highly intelligent but lazy, he preferred to live by his wits. A small skinny man in his twenties, he had a particular talent for smelling out titbits of information from the Black townships and selling them to White journalists. Arriving at my desk on 25 June 1963 he asked me if I was interested in a batch of explosives hidden near Johannesburg's Black township of Alexandra.

Being anxious to ingratiate myself further with the government, I gave Nkosi £25 and he showed me where the explosives were buried. When I telephoned Justice Minister John Vorster to tell him about it, he uttered just one sentence:

'I think it's time you met the Tall Man.'

Vorster made the appointment for me, and I drove to Pretoria to keep it early the next day. The Tall Man was Hendrik J. van den Bergh, who had taken over as the head of South Africa's Security Police six months earlier.

He was six foot five (1.96 m) and had to bend when entering normal-sized doorways. In police circles he was known as 'Long Hendrik', but his friends called him H.J. I met him in the executive section at Wachthuis, the headquarters of the South African police in Pretoria. He knew all about my close association with John Vorster and complimented me on some of the articles I had written. He was so relaxed and charming that I found it difficult to believe that he had also been a Nazi sympathizer and was interned with Vorster during the war.

When I told him about the explosives he said he would send out a bomb disposal team to unearth them and give me the story afterwards. Two days later he called me to Pretoria and told me that eight four-gallon drums of gelignite had been discovered. They had not been found exactly at the

spot pinpointed by Nkosi, but the police had experienced little trouble in locating them with mine detectors.

When police officers had interrogated Nkosi, he had disclosed the name of the Black politico who had told him about the buried explosives. H.J said I could write a news story on the subject provided his name was not mentioned in it. Instead, I was to state that the information had been given to me by the chief of the CID. The story was a front-page and appeared under the headline 'Explosives Hoard Uncovered'.* It disclosed that the illegal cache had contained enough gelignite to blow up half a large town.

The explosives belonged to the African National Congress (ANC), the oldest Black political movement in South Africa. It was founded in 1912 to promote Black advancement by peaceful and legitimate means, but, when it was banned in April 1961, a sabotage wing called 'Spear of the Nation' was set up. This started operations in December 1961 with a series of explosions at government offices, electric pylons and post offices. The blasts were deliberately set off at about midnight so that passers-by should not be killed or injured. The ANC clearly did not believe in causing the deaths of innocent people. But when it came to traitors and stool pigeons its vengeance was swift. My Black informant, Nkosi, was found stabbed to death shortly after the story appeared. I doubt if he had found time to spend the twenty-five pieces of silver I had paid him.

It was two days after the explosives story was published that I received the mysterious telephone call from Att Spengler, alias 'Mr Campbell', who was setting up the new secret-service for H. J. van den Bergh. When he told me H.J was offering me a job as a spy that day in Campbell's tea-room, I told Colonel Spengler that, not only would I work as a spy, I would be willing to do it without payment. That, I explained, would be my way of repaying South Africa's kindness to me. I tried to get more details about the new secret service from Spengler, but he was as tight as a clam,

* Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 30 June 1963.

saying only that H. J. van den Bergh would explain everything when I next met him.

That meeting took place six days later, on Monday, 8 July 1963. HJ was in a jovial mood as I walked into his office at police headquarters in Pretoria. He sprang from his chair, smiling broadly, hand outstretched as he walked round his desk. It was an unusually warm gesture, and his handshake was even more unusual. As his right palm met mine, he clasped my wrist with his left hand, resting his fingertips on my pulse. I was filled with curiosity.

'Is that some kind of secret handshake, like the Free-masons use when they meet one another?' I asked.

HJ chuckled. 'Not at all. That's my psychological handshake. I use it to put people at their ease. It sets up a feeling of warm intimacy straight away.'

Nothing explains the strange character of H. J. van den Bergh better than that. He was highly intelligent, devious and cunning. Fifteen years later, in 1978, when the full truth about him started to leak out, the Progressive Party MP Mrs Helen Suzman described Van Den Bergh as: 'South Africa's own Heinrich Himmler'.* It was only then that the South African public began to comprehend the diabolical nature of the man who had officially formed BOSS in 1969.

But BOSS really came into being in June 1963, not in 1969 as the official records show. This is one of Pretoria's best-kept secrets. It all started on 14 January 1963, when Hendrik van den Bergh was appointed the head of South Africa's Security Police. He quickly realized that its intelligence-gathering apparatus was, in his own words, 'lamentably old-fashioned'. One of the biggest problems was that journalists on South Africa's liberal English-language newspapers often knew about anti-apartheid and Black underground activities several days, even weeks, before the Security Police.

As I sat in his office, HJ explained that this was a matter of extreme annoyance to the government and to Justice

* South African Hansard, 8 December 1978.

Minister John Vorster in particular. But HJ had found a solution to the problem when he unearthed a lengthy memorandum gathering dust in Security Police files. According to him, when Sir Percy Sillitoe had retired as head of British MI5 in 1953 he had been hired by Sir Ernest Oppenheimer to investigate huge losses caused to Oppenheimer's Anglo-American Corporation by illegal diamond trading and smuggling.

Sir Percy Sillitoe had excellent contacts at top level in the South African government. These contacts asked him to submit his suggestions for the formation of a new South African secret service based on tried and trusted British methods. Sir Percy submitted a lengthy memorandum which included many novel suggestions. One of these was that liberal and left-wing journalists be recruited as secret agents.

H. J. van den Bergh told me that the South African government of the time had not adopted any of the suggestions in Sir Percy's blueprint. They would have been too costly and, in any case, the 'Communist Menace' was not so serious in those days. But it was now 1963 and HJ had advised the Justice Minister, John Vorster, that the time was ripe to implement some of Sir Percy's ideas.

To reinforce his argument HJ added that the most successful spy on the payroll of the South African Security Police at the time was a White journalist named Hans Lombard who had dealt some massive blows against liberals and leftists while spying for South Africa in Britain, France and various parts of Black Africa.

H. J. van den Bergh therefore suggested that a new and secret intelligence network be formed, and that all its members should be journalists working on South Africa's liberal newspapers. John Vorster, trusting HJ's judgement, submitted the idea to the then Premier, Dr Hendrik Verwoerd. He liked the concept of setting up a new secret service but was rather doubtful about journalists being recruited as spies. Before attaining power he had been chief editor of the Nationalist Afrikaans newspaper *Die Trans-*

valer. As a former journalist he knew what a sensation would be caused if the scheme was exposed.

Verwoerd was finally persuaded, but he and John Vorster had a private bet with H. J. van den Bergh that before a dozen journalists had been recruited one of them would burst into print with the shock disclosure that he had been asked to spy for a new and super-secret intelligence outfit. The bet was a case of vintage cabernet wine. H. J. van den Bergh won it and gave me one of the bottles a few months later.

So, in June 1963, 'Republican Intelligence' was created with the specific aim of enlisting journalists as secret agents. Its nickname was RI. It was supposed to be a separate wing of the Security Police. It may have been so on paper, but HJ went to extreme lengths to ensure that only a few senior Security Police officers knew of its existence. Astonishingly, it was born without any legislation being passed. No mention whatsoever was made of it in the Budget or in any official public document of the South African government.

When Dr Verwoerd gave him permission to form Republican Intelligence, H. J. van den Bergh started scrutinizing Security Police files on all journalists in South Africa who had written articles of a political nature. He selected those who had written anti-apartheid stories but had balanced them by putting the government point of view. He generally ignored all the reporters who had written articles with a deliberate anti-government bias.

He found twenty-five suitable journalists – twenty-four men and one woman. All were White. In-depth research was carried out on all of them – their standards of living, their friends, salaries, bank balances, spending and drinking habits, their personalities, political attitudes, and the types of people they had married. If they were single, their parents and even their girl-friends were vetted. H. J. van den Bergh did his research well: all twenty-five journalists agreed to act as 'information gatherers', as HJ tactfully put it.

Their main function was to infiltrate liberal and leftist

groups so that information could be gathered and their leaders identified. H. J. van den Bergh found that his journalist spies were perfect for this task. They were natural fact-finders and could assess the significance of a snippet of gossip, following it up until they had collected enough facts to present a credible story. But instead of writing stories they submitted secret reports to Republican Intelligence.

These reports normally contained enough factual evidence for HJ's security men to mount an official investigation. This usually meant that the suspect's telephone was bugged, his mail was intercepted and his movements were monitored.

Journalists could also move into any situation and question people under the pretext that they were looking for news stories. This proved invaluable for HJ when he wanted a quick 'profile' on a suspected person. The journalists who had good liberal contacts were able to give him advance information about any political demonstration being mounted, who was behind it and what the ulterior motive was, if any.

Even better, the journalists acted as HJ's eyes and ears in the offices of the newspapers they worked for. Newsrooms are amazing hives of gossip where much is known about the private lives and frailties of prominent socialites and leading businessmen as well as political figures.

'There isn't a journalist anywhere in the world who isn't privy to some kind of secret or a fascinating titbit of information about a prominent person or politician that would be of some interest to an intelligence organization,' HJ once told me. 'No matter what any journalist might write about a person or subject, something is always left out,' he added.

All journalists will confirm the truth of that. We have all heard, a thousand times, our anguished colleagues complaining about the things they have had to 'leave out' of a story. It is a strange weakness of reporters, and I am no exception, that we love to boast just how much more we could have put in a particular story if it were not for legal and other reasons. It is these left-out snippets which are a

constant source of delight, and often amusement, to the shadowy men who compile South Africa's intelligence files.

The news desk of any large newspaper was and still is a key target, as Pretoria knows that valuable information of both a criminal and political nature flows in to these desks day and night. South African Intelligence works particularly hard at planting agents on the news desks of the liberal English-language newspapers in the country. The agent can be a deputy news editor or even a woman assistant who answers the news desk phone, acting as a buffer for the news editor.

Such agents quickly discover the names of people who act as secret informants for the paper. This can be immensely important for the 'jigsaw puzzle' experts in BOSS's Pretoria headquarters, who need to assess the accuracy or source of a particular news item published by the paper. In this way Pretoria has often ferreted out newspaper informants who work in the government service. In Britain they call these people 'moles'. Sometimes the mole's motive is money; he gets paid a tip-off fee by the newspaper. Occasionally he is leaking information about happenings in his department because he is jockeying for power and wants to embarrass or get rid of the official above him.

The news desk agents are also valuable because they have access to news stories hours and even days before they are published. Pretoria likes that kind of advance information. It gives them the chance to jump in and block or reduce the danger potential of the story before it is published. As H. J. van den Bergh would say, 'We'd be stupid if we didn't.'

Another key target in newspaper offices is the editor's secretary. She can eavesdrop when important political contacts telephone her editor. She also has access to the editor's confidential files. Almost as important, she knows the names and addresses of all readers who write 'Letters to the Editor'. This makes a mockery of the honoured practice in journalism that the editor of a newspaper automatically guarantees confidentiality to readers who write in and insist on remaining anonymous.

H. J. van den Bergh was delighted with the first journalist spies he recruited in 1963. Not only could they go anywhere and interview anyone but the facts they submitted in their secret reports to him were reasonably accurate. Their training as reporters also meant their comments were usually quite balanced. This contrasted sharply with reports submitted to HJ by some uniformed members of his Security Police. They, more often than not, coloured their reports to please senior officers.

I remember one such report HJ showed me. It stated: 'The suspect I observed yesterday has a pen friend in Moscow and he collects Russian stamps. I think he could be a Communist.'

The journalist spies were valuable in another way. In the days before Republican Intelligence was formed, plain-clothed security detectives attended public meetings and fondly imagined they were inconspicuous. In the early 1960s I watched as these men sat in the front row at such meetings wearing highly polished big brown police boots, small-knotted ties and starched white shirts, with a cluster of ballpoint pens lined up in the breast pockets of their suits. They listened intently to Black and White speakers delivering political speeches.

On one occasion when a security cop sat next to me during a Liberal Party meeting, he kept his right hand in his raincoat pocket and it was painfully clear he was writing notes on a hidden pad resting on his knee. The Black man speaking from the platform above us made a brief mention of crime, guilt and redemption as experienced by Dostoyevsky's brothers Karamazov. The cop's assignment was obviously to make a note of all the people attending the meeting and to get the names of anyone mentioned by the speakers. I had known him before he had been seconded to Security, as he had been a CID man in Johannesburg. He turned to me and whispered: 'I know these Karamazov brothers are Commies, man. But do you know where they live?'

H. J. van den Bergh changed all that. What better than to

have a reporter sitting at the press desk, scribbling away in shorthand or making a tape recording? But even these tactics are now old hat. If three Black men deliver speeches at a public meeting in South Africa today the spy is not in the audience. He's one of the Black speakers.

Republican Intelligence was a phenomenal success; the journalist spies wreaked havoc in underground political movements. They helped Van Den Bergh break the back of the African National Congress (ANC). Acting on a tip-off, HJ's uniformed men made a surprise swoop on ANC leaders at a country house known as Lilliesleaf Farm in Johannesburg's Rivonia district. The case which followed became world-famous as the 'Rivonia trial', and most of the accused, including Black advocate Nelson Mandela, were jailed for life.

Republican Intelligence also helped to smash 'Poqo', a militant offshoot of the banned Pan-Africanist Congress (PAC). It wiped out the superbly organized 'Spear of the Nation', the top-secret underground sabotage wing of the ANC. It infiltrated the African Resistance Movement (ARM), a group of intellectuals, journalists and university students who had decided that sabotaging government installations (without causing loss of life) was the only way to attack apartheid. The journalist spies also helped Pretoria to compile massive, detailed dossiers on all the leading White members of the South African Liberal Party so that they could be banned, restricted or harassed into leaving South Africa. This resulted in the Liberal Party being forced out of existence.

As I sat in H. J. van den Bergh's office on the day of my recruitment, I realized I was the seventh journalist to be enrolled because HJ offered me a choice of code numbers 'from seven to one hundred'. I chose my lucky number, seventeen, and was given the code number R017 - the 'R' prefix meaning Republican Intelligence. I signed the Official Secrets Act in front of H. J. van den Bergh and his staff officer, Major Terry Terreblanche. The Official Secrets Act warned me that I could be heavily fined or imprisoned for a

long period if I published or communicated any security details prejudicial to the safety or interests of South Africa.

I was to be paid R120 (then worth £60) a month for spying, and this money would be given to me in cash on the last day of every month. HJ said I should not declare this money to the tax man. When I said I would be willing to work without a wage, HJ gave me a delighted smile but said I had to accept the money, otherwise I would not be 'subject to the Official Secrets Act'. I was told I could claim reasonable monthly expenses for any meals, drinks, tips or travel costs I might incur while making friends with liberals or leftists who might be useful to my spying activities.

Strangely for a man who was so security-conscious, HJ told me that I would be working for Republican Intelligence. This was probably because I was his blue-eyed boy right from the start and had been personally recruited by him. The other journalists who were recruited were led to believe their employment was with the Security Police. This was a shrewd move on HJ's part. Quite rightly he realized that this would reduce the risk of any journalist recruit exposing the whole thing.

Any reporter could rush to his editor and claim he had been approached and asked to spy for the Security Police. But the editor would have been reluctant to run such a story without proof. However, if the reporter had been able to disclose details about being recruited into a new and super-secret intelligence outfit, his editor would probably have jumped at the story, knowing he could get a question pushed in parliament to force the matter out into the open.

But it all remained a well-kept secret for the next seven years. The name Republican Intelligence was not mentioned in the South African media until 1970 - more than a year after that name had been dropped and we agents had been merged into BOSS, the bastard child it had fostered.

HJ asked me if I would be willing to turn violently anti-government in my stories. He said he could arrange for my home to be raided by Security Police officers and I could, if I wished, go for 'a nice holiday in jail' for minor offences

such as being in a Black township without an official permit. This, he explained, would help me to erect a strong cover and make me acceptable to the leftists. I said no thanks. At the time I was getting tremendous stories and tip-offs from Justice Minister John Vorster and other top government officials I had toadied to over the past three years. I did not want these important sources to dry up.

H. J. van den Bergh stroked his nose for a few moments, then said:

'OK. You can have a different cover to all the rest. Perhaps it would suit your personality better if you pretend to be an opportunist type of journalist who sits on the fence and writes both sides on any political subject.'

I jumped at this: 'Yes. And I can continue to slip pro-government details into my stories whenever you and the Minister of Justice feel it's necessary.'

Liking the idea that I could still be used to slip pro-government propaganda into the anti-apartheid *Sunday Express*, HJ agreed. Thank goodness. I quickly found that being a spy and leading a double life was difficult enough. To have maintained a full leftist cover would have driven me round the bend and I would never have been able to operate as a spy for sixteen years.

After I had signed the Official Secrets Act, H. J. van den Bergh told me two handlers would be assigned to me in Johannesburg. One would be a full-time man and the other a spare who was to be contacted only in an emergency when my full-time handler was not available. If I learnt something which called for immediate action by the Security Police I should telephone H. J. van den Bergh at his office or home.

I was told to avoid using my real name if I had to phone my two handlers. To my full-time handler I would use the codename 'Dingo' and to the spare man I was 'Johnny'. If, during any telephone conversation with either of them, I found it necessary to refer to Republican Intelligence, I was to call it 'my company' or 'our company'. H. J. van den Bergh was to be described as 'the managing director', my

full-time handler as 'the branch manager' and the spare man as 'the spare tyre salesman'.

HJ said I should attend night classes at the home of my full-time handler, who would brief me on intelligence-gathering techniques and procedures. My first full-time handler in Johannesburg was Johan Coetzee, who is today the head of South Africa's Security Police. After a short while he was transferred to Durban and his place was taken by Jacobus Johannes Kemp, known to H. J. van den Bergh as 'Koos', and to me by the codename 'Jack'. Today Kemp is a general and is head of South Africa's Counter-Intelligence Unit based at BOSS Headquarters in Pretoria. Two of my other handlers were Alf Bouwer, today the head of the BOSS operation in the Transkei, and Mike Geldenhuys, now South Africa's Commissioner of Police.

At my very first night class I was taught how to compile a secret report. One of the most important things I was told to include was the date and place of birth of the person I was reporting on. This was vital as Pretoria had many people on its political files and those with common names such as Brown, Smith or Jones could easily be mistaken. If I included the date of birth the desk men based at Pretoria headquarters could double-check that person's identity. I was advised to study the signs of the zodiac so that I could talk to people about the so-called influence their birth sign had on them. This was a very useful trick. Start talking to someone about the star he is born under and it is quite amazing how easily he parts with his date of birth. Women may lie about the year of their birth but they never alter the day or the month.

It took headquarters about a month to realize that some secret agents were being sloppy in their reports. One agent made such a serious error that a bad blunder was committed by security officers who later investigated the case. Immediately all agents were warned that they must be scrupulously accurate when typing out reports in future. We were told to submit reports as though we were giving evidence in

a court of law and expected to be cross-examined by a very hostile lawyer. If we were not sure of any particular fact we had to say so. If we wished to make any personal observation or assessment it must be placed only at the very end of the report, under the heading 'My Comment'.

The idea was that the intelligence assessors at headquarters would then be able to sort out fact from fiction. But it did not always work that way. If the person being reported on was a liberal, the desk men at headquarters still accepted wild statements made under the 'Comment' section as fact. As a result some innocent people were harassed or detained for questioning by the Security Police, even though their only 'crime' was to speak out against apartheid.

During my initial training at night classes I was told to remember that if I was submitting a report on anyone who seemed to be a leftist, or was known to be connected with well-known liberals, I must give highly detailed information about that person whenever possible. No matter how remote it might seem, any snippet, however insignificant, could be useful, as even the tiniest fragment of personal information sometimes dovetailed into the overall jigsaw being compiled by the desk men at security headquarters in Pretoria. In addition, these seemingly trivial details helped the desk men to make a better assessment of the person being reported on. I once included in a report a brief mention that a leftist couple in Johannesburg knew a young nurse who acted as a babysitter for them when they went to the cinema. Pretoria monitored the nurse and found she was receiving letters at her home from political figures in Britain. These letters were secretly intercepted by the Security Police and it was discovered that they were not for the nurse. She was allowing her home to be used as a 'cover address' by the leftist couple.

I was given a list of details to use as a guide whenever I submitted a report. Roughly, the list asked me to specify, where possible, the following: sex, age, height, colour of hair, general appearance, neatness, cleanliness, over/underweight,

shape of head, face, any noticeable defects/deformities/birthmarks, and habits. I was also to state the subject's occupation, his income and his attitude towards the people he worked with. Other categories were the subject's home life, sex life, religious attitudes and political affiliations, if any. I had also to give a brief outline of his hobbies, the newspapers he read and his general demeanour in public. Was he introvert or extrovert? What ambitions, if any? Pessimistic or optimistic? Was he a winner in life or a defeatist? Did he have any known or obvious complexes/inhibitions/obsessions or phobias?

The most fascinating part of my night classes was being taught to be keenly aware of body language. While talking to a suspect I should take special care to watch for repeated movements of hands, shoulders or face when difficult or personal questions were posed. When this was first explained to me I found it hard to understand, but when I grasped the subject fully I became an avid observer of body language in much the same way as a professional poker player watches his opponents' faces and hands when a bid is made.

I was given some fascinating tips. Male homosexuals cannot whistle: one in a thousand might just be able to force a flat note through his lips, but never a tuneful whistle. Men close their legs if a small object is thrown towards them, yet a woman opens her legs slightly to widen the catchment area of her skirt in case her hands miss the thrown object. This, I was told, might be useful if I met a man dressed as a woman or even a sex change. Staring steadfastly at the bridge of a person's nose disconcerts him.

The most vital thing to be included in my reports was the race of the person I was informing on. This was not always easy. After living in South Africa for a year or so I realized with a jolt that my eyes had become rather like a modern camera. An automatic light meter had miraculously developed in them. When I met anyone new the magic meter instantly evaluated the lightness or darkness of the person's skin and flashed a message to my brain. But, being British-born, my brain would sometimes be confused by

the light meter, which tended to go on the blink when assessing a Coloured.

In South Africa Coloured and Black are totally different. A Black is an African. A Coloured person is a South African of mixed descent, meaning that one of his parents or grandparents was a White who married a non-White. Such marriages were possible in South Africa until 1949, when the Mixed Marriages Act prohibited any marriages between Whites and members of any other racial groups.

South Africans, whose minds have been bombarded by the subject of race, can usually recognize a Coloured person. But newcomers to the country cannot. To them some of the Coloured people are so light-skinned that they appear White – particularly the pretty young Coloured girls in the Cape. That is why seamen on visiting ships are warned to be very careful when they go ashore. It's so easy to break the Immorality Act if you don't have a light meter in your eyes.

Nature being what it is, a few Coloureds appear to be White and are able to slip across the colour bar and 'play White', mainly to take advantage of the much higher wages and privileges. The racial fanatics ruling South Africa have their own gobbledegook for this kind of problem. This is the official definition of a White person: 'A person who in appearance is, or who is generally accepted as a White person, but does not include a person who, although in appearance obviously a White person, is generally accepted as a Coloured person.'

In my secret reports to Pretoria, Indians were to be described as 'Asiatics'. In later years this was changed to 'Asians'. Chinese had to be clearly stated as such, because the 8,000 Chinese in South Africa are designated as non-White. Yet the Japanese fall in the White category. The reason for this ridiculous state of affairs is that Japan is an important trading partner and has multi-million-dollar pig iron contracts with South Africa. In recent years the South African government has developed massive and mostly secret links with Taiwan, which it describes as 'Free

China'. This has created problems for apartheid. Important businessmen and politicians from Taiwan, visiting South Africa, resent being tagged as non-Whites. That is why no action is taken today when South African Chinese go to White cinemas and fashionable restaurants. There's no doubt that in the near future the South African government's growing economic and military ties with Taiwan will force it to officially promote all Chinese to White status.

Another vitally important thing I had to remember when typing out a report was never to mention the name of anyone who had given me information of a political nature. Instead, I was to state in the main body of the report: 'SOURCE tells me . . .' The name of my source was to be typed at the end of my report on a separate slip of paper. I was also told never to mention my name in any report. If I found it necessary to repeat what someone had said about me, I had to describe myself by my codename, Dingo. This rigmarole was based on the 'need to know' principle. The main reason was to stop junior desk men based at Pretoria headquarters from finding out too much. But I found this was generally a waste of time. The juniors quickly learnt to recognize each agent's style of writing and I often found myself being greeted as Dingo by minor Security Branch men I had not met before.

H. J. van den Bergh was careful in his choice of officers who were to act as handlers for the journalist spies. He brought in only policemen who were known to him personally or were on record as being die-hard right-wingers. Some of them were from the CID and were superb detectives on the criminal beat but knew little about politics. One was Jack Kemp, who was transferred from the Murder and Robbery Squad in Natal. Jack was ambitious and determined to succeed in intelligence work. He would sit studying Communism at his home every night after work. Once when I visited him he said wearily: 'Gordon, this is one hell of a job, man. I've been reading all about dialectical materialism for three weeks now and all I can say is that it's all so convincing that I have to take a firm grip

on myself and keep reminding myself that this is the argument used by the enemies of my country which I must at all costs find the strength to resist.'

In choosing Jack Kemp, H. J. van den Bergh showed rare insight. Jack studied Communism so much that his colleagues teased him with the nickname 'Red Professor'. But he worked like a Trojan and went on to spy in London and at the United Nations. In my opinion he is one of South Africa's best spies, which probably explains why he is now head of BOSS's Counter-Intelligence set-up. Yet he is virtually unknown to the South African public.

For the first four months of my spying career I was paid £60 a month in cash. Then, in November 1963, I was paid by cheque. It was made out to me for R120 and 31 cents. I never found out what the 31 cents were for. For purely sentimental reasons I made a photocopy of that cheque which I still have. I was intrigued that the cheque was made out to me by a firm calling itself the 'P. A. Estate Agency'. It wasn't listed in any telephone book or business directory. Of course, it was a non-existent company - a conduit through which all the journalist spies received their pay.

Pretoria discovered this was a massive blunder when one of the journalist agents changed his mind about spying and told his handler that he wished to resign. When a refusal came through from Pretoria, he threatened to show the P.A. Estate Agency cheque to his editor. Faced with this, Pretoria had no option but to let him resign. But not before he had agreed to do three things. One was to return the cheque. The second was to see a psychiatrist nominated by Pretoria and, thirdly, to sign an affidavit stating that he was under a doctor's care because he 'suffered from delusions of being a secret agent'. In addition, he was warned that tough measures would be adopted by Pretoria if he ever contravened the Official Secrets Act. That journalist was basically a gentle type, and all this terrified him. Shortly after resigning he left South Africa and settled in Canada. He never publicly disclosed that he had been a spy and the South African Security men left him alone.

I may have given the impression that H. J. van den Bergh was the first to recruit journalists as spies in South Africa. He was not; he set up a secret service which initially was composed only of journalists. Long before HJ came on the scene South Africa's Military Intelligence network had realized the value of having reporters as informants or agents. So had the Security Branch. Several attempts were made to enlist journalists, and some must have been successful. But I know of two approaches which failed.

J. J. 'Oosie' Oosthuizen was a liberal Afrikaner who worked as a reporter on the Johannesburg *Sunday Express* in the early 1960s. He was approached by the Security Branch and asked to spy. When he angrily refused to betray his many Black friends, Pretoria leaked a rumour that he was a secret agent. This shattered Oosie, who was a gentle, lovable hulk of a man. He rushed round trying to convince his liberal friends, Black and White, that he had been framed as a spy because he had refused to work as one. Sadly, few people believed him. I certainly didn't.

Everything was against him. He was a typical rugby-playing type who actually looked like a policeman. In those days a liberal Afrikaner who worked for an anti-apartheid paper and had many Black friends was extraordinary. To increase the rumours and further damn Oosie the Security Branch made a point of harassing several of his close Black friends who were known to be politically involved. During interrogation sessions the Security men cunningly dropped false clues which suggested their information had come from Oosie. As a result many Blacks avoided him. Oosie became tremendously depressed, started drinking heavily and then gassed himself. At the time I was completely unaware that the Security Branch had falsely smeared him, and I discovered the truth only years later, from one of my handlers. Rest in peace, Oosie. The truth finally came out.

Another man killed himself after being asked to spy. When he refused, the Security Branch leaked a rumour to his editor that he was secretly sleeping with a Black woman

who worked as a 'tea girl' and that an arrest under the Immorality Act was imminent. When he was confronted by his editor and warned that his job was at risk, he walked into his newspaper's photographic darkroom and gulped down a large quantity of chemical 'fixer'. His relatives were totally mystified by his sudden and horrible suicide. I was told about this incident by a senior BOSS official a long time ago, and the only details I can remember are that the victim was a photographer on an Afrikaans newspaper in Johannesburg, but his death was reported by at least one newspaper, so his case can be investigated.

When I first started spying I was told to make as many Black friends as possible – particularly among those who seemed interested in politics. For a reporter on an anti-apartheid newspaper this was easy. Not only did I make Black friends, I carefully sought out those who could educate me about the various underground movements in South Africa.

One of the first contacts I made was Raphael Tshabalala, secretly a regional commander of the banned Black movement the Pan-Africanist Congress (PAC). Raphael worked in the circulation department of the *Rand Daily Mail* and I was able to talk to him every day. He explained to me that the PAC was a moderate Black movement which was fighting for the equality of Blacks in South Africa.

'If we came to power we wouldn't push the White man into the sea. We realize that we'd still need the expertise of the White man and any White willing to work alongside us, in harmony, to build up a new and better regime would be more than welcome in the peaceful and multiracial society we hope to achieve,' he told me.

I found it hard to believe that the PAC was strongly opposed to Communism, but Raphael proved it to me by producing documents. These showed the PAC had been formed in 1959 when several leading members had broken away from the other major Black underground movement, the African National Congress (ANC). They had done so because the ANC had entered into an alliance with Whites

who were known to be members of the South African Communist Party (SACP).

Raphael explained this simply: 'We in the PAC were bitterly opposed to this alliance, because we didn't want to come to power with the help of White Communists. They would have connived to take power from us and create a Communist society. We Blacks would then still be under the domination of Whites and would never be able to rise up again, because under the strict Communist cell principle it's impossible to gather a mass of men together in a revolution. As soon as anyone stands up to protest they just chop off your head.'

Raphael told me that the leaders of the PAC had received several offers of financial and political support from Peking.

'If we had wanted to enter into an agreement with Communists, we would have done so with the Chinese, because at least they are Easterners. But we refused because we wanted no truck with Communism of any description.'

Shaking his head in puzzlement Raphael continued: 'Yet, although it's patently clear we in the PAC are totally opposed to Communism, the South African government banned us under the Suppression of Communism Act. If that's not ludicrous, I don't know what is!'

4 · THE BLACK WARRIORS

In the first few weeks of Republican Intelligence, H. J. van den Bergh was only interested in recruiting White journalists as agents. He told me he did not trust Blacks. He said his experience as a constable on the beat in Johannesburg at the beginning of his career in the 1930s had made him very wary of Black informers.

'They're very unreliable and mostly inveterate liars,' he said.

But he soon changed his mind, and several Blacks were recruited. Not all were reporters. Some were well-known anti-apartheid activists and a few were even criminals. Yet HJ was to be proved accurate in his seemingly wild generalization that most Black informers were unreliable. Time and again evidence given by Black informers and agents was not accepted by the courts.

The most notorious example I can remember concerned a Black agent who was initially recruited by Republican Intelligence. When BOSS was formed in 1969 he went on to work for it as a spy with a higher grading. His code number was X54, and in 1970 he appeared in the Cape as a witness at the trial of twenty-one Blacks accused of sabotage. Acquitting all the accused, the judge in the trial, Mr Justice Theron, described agent X54 as a terrible liar, saying 'He was the centre of the whole State case and his answers under cross-examination were false.'

The judge added: 'It makes one shudder to think that someone with the line of thought and mentality of X54 could be placed in the position where, as a police witness, he could have an interest in the arrest of members of the public.'

Unbelievably, agent X54 was never charged with perjury. When this matter was aired in parliament, the Minister

of Police, Mr S. L. Muller, actually spoke in favour of X54. It was of little consequence to him that a Supreme Court judge had found the agent to be an out-and-out liar.

'Ah, yes,' replied Minister Muller. 'But if a judicial officer has doubts about the credibility of a witness in any particular case it does not necessarily follow that such a witness has committed perjury.'

The Minister was unperturbed that agent X54 had also admitted lying during a similar trial in Port Elizabeth. Even worse, when he was asked to state whether agent X54 was still working for the security services, Minister Muller refused to answer. I know that agent X54 did, in fact, continue to spy and is almost certainly still spying today.

The Minister's defensive comments in parliament gave policemen all over South Africa a tremendous boost. Clearly, lying spies were acceptable in the never-ending battle against liberalism and Communism. Hitler would have smiled wryly at this Gestapo Charter of the Seventies, which gave the South African policeman an excuse to connive and lie in order to gain a conviction.

While H. J. van den Bergh did not worry overmuch about the credibility of his Black agents when they appeared as state witnesses, he did care whether or not they were loyal to Republican Intelligence. When he started recruiting Blacks he called me to Pretoria and gave me a special secret assignment. He wanted me to vet Blacks who were being considered for recruitment.

My job was quite simple. Whenever HJ had any doubts about a particular Black, he would get uniformed Security Police officers to approach the man and ask him to spy. Then HJ would give me the man's name and address and ask me to check him out. Off I would go and interview the man under the pretext that I was a journalist compiling a big story which would expose the fact that the Security Police were trying to recruit Black spies and informers. Explaining that the editor of my anti-apartheid newspaper was full of indignation about this, I would then ask the man if he knew any Black who had been approached and asked to spy. I

would give the man a guarantee of absolute confidence, and promise that his name would not be published in the paper. If he disclosed that he had been approached himself, I submitted a report to H. J. van den Bergh warning him that the man was a bad risk. But if the man claimed not to know about anyone being asked to spy he was clearly trustworthy and HJ would give him clearance for positive recruitment.

Within six months of vetting Blacks in this way HJ gave me an exclusive interview in which he denied trying to recruit Blacks as secret agents. The story appeared as a splash front-pager under the headline 'SA Spy Rings? Definitely Not, Says Security Chief'.*

One of my first victims was Raphael Tshabalala, the man who taught me about the Pan-Africanist Congress and its anti-Communist policy. I asked Raphael if he knew of any Black who had been approached. Trusting me, he said Security men had interviewed him one week earlier.

'Although they adopted a false politeness, they still treated me like a servant. They told me I'd be well paid if I helped root out what they called Black Communists and saboteurs. But if I refuse, it'll be taken as a gesture of defiance because I'm known to be a member of a Black underground movement myself, although they know I'm no Communist.'

The Security Police officers had told him that he would be given one month to decide whether he wished to spy or not. If he did not, he would be detained without trial or placed under house arrest. Raphael Tshabalala was a tough old political warrior, but he admitted that the threat of detention or house arrest scared the daylights out of him. Either of these punishments would stop him earning a living, and his wife and children would suffer. But to hell with the Security Police! He was going to refuse. He simply could not betray his Black political friends.

One week later a posse of Security Police cowboys burst into Raphael Tshabalala's concrete egg-box of a home at

* Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 2 February 1964.

209 Mehlomakulu Avenue, in the Soweto area of Dube. It was 3 a.m. They pulled Raphael and his wife out of their bed. When one of the young children screamed in fear and dived under the bed, the cops dragged her out and searched her in case 'subversive literature' was concealed in her cotton nightdress. After searching the three-roomed bungalow, the police took Raphael away. As they pushed him through the front door, one turned to his wife, Mary, saying 'Don't bother to cook dinner. You won't be seeing this man again for a long time.'

Raphael was held under the notorious ninety-day clause* in a thick stone-walled cell measuring twelve feet by nine. In it was a thin rope mat for him to sleep on and three army-type blankets which were badly stained and had not seen soap and water for many months. There was no bed and not even the regulation chair and table usually given to White prisoners. There were two other objects in the cell - a small tin mug and an ordinary kitchen bucket which was Raphael's toilet. It was emptied once a day by another Black prisoner, who scuttled in and out of the cell with eyes averted from Raphael as a White warder stood by the door.

Raphael was allowed no visitors and absolutely nothing to read - not even a Bible. That was significant. In Pretoria they have a favourite little joke: 'Communists don't believe in God, so let's give the Commies we detain Bibles to read.' Clearly, then, the Security Police knew that Raphael was no Communist.

He stayed in that cell for ninety days and was so bored that he tore wings off flies and kept them as pets. He talked to them incessantly as they crawled round and round his outstretched palm, over his knuckles and back over his palm again. He says this was the only thing which stopped him from going quite mad. When the ninety-day term ended

* Further provision of the General Law Amendment Act, No. 37 of 1963, which allowed police without a warrant to arrest and detain a suspected person in solitary confinement for ninety days until he/she had 'replied satisfactorily' to all questions.

and Raphael had to be released in terms of the law, the Security men gave him a short breather and then detained him for another long spell. Nothing appeared in the newspapers about Raphael's double dose of detention. This was probably because hundreds of Blacks were being detained at the time. Pressmen had no way of finding out about most of them.

Raphael Tshabalala still refused to work as a spy and, despite the severe mental strain caused by total solitary confinement, he refused to tell the police interrogators anything about his political associates. While he was incarcerated H. J. van den Bergh authorized me to give money to his wife to help her buy food for her children. There was no sentimentality involved in this. The idea was that Mary Tshabalala would tell her Black friends about my kindness, and this, said HJ, would 'strengthen my cover amongst the liberals and leftists'. He was right. The news spread and brought me the friendship of many other Black politicos, who could then be spied on.

When Raphael came out of detention, his normally chubby face was gaunt. Under the terms of the ninety-day law his wife could have taken him food each day. But the distance she would have had to travel, quite apart from the cost of the food, made this impossible. Raphael had existed mainly on mealie pap,* which was given to Black prisoners along with a cup of water and half a cob of rough wholemeal bread. He lost forty pounds in weight while in solitary. His cheekbones stood out, and his fine Black skin, which normally shone like mahogany, was a sickly yellow. Yet I felt no pity for him that I remember. In those days any Black agitator was the enemy. I believed in and fully supported the Pretoria view that anyone rocking the boat had only himself to blame when caught.

I asked Raphael to tell me what it was like under ninety-day detention as a Black. I will never forget his answer:

'It's quite impossible to describe. Try locking yourself in

*A soft pulpy porridge made from maize meal; also known as 'putu' if a meat gravy is added.

an empty room for a complete day with nothing to do and nothing to read. Only then will you start to understand.'

Raphael told me that he had been tortured in his cell by Major T. J. 'Rooi Russ' Swanepoel, who at the time was one of South Africa's ace interrogators and today is a Brigadier in charge of the (anti-Black) Riot Squad, and by Johan Coetzee, who was one of my handlers. I asked Johan if it was true that Raphael had been tortured. He replied 'Agh, man! That cheeky kaffir's exaggerating. All they did was give him a few slaps because he started throwing the political verbs at them when they were questioning him.'

When Raphael returned to his work as a messenger for my newspaper, it was only a matter of time before he was sacked. When I asked his White foreman why, he said:

'A couple of Security Police officers came to see me and they told me in confidence that Raphael was a political troublemaker. They said he was very active among the other Black workers in the building and that he was urging them to demand that those damned British-style trade unions be set up here for Blacks.'

This was true. A few days earlier Raphael had led a small delegation insisting that management should improve the conditions of its Black workers. The irony here is that the management of my group was actually sympathetic, and conditions were improved. But the White foreman, egged on by the Security men, had quietly sacked Raphael. In his report to management the foreman said Raphael was a thief and had been stealing printing lead from the works.

The Security Police still hadn't finished with Raphael: they pulled him in and gave him yet another taste of ninety days. I do not know if Raphael, now aged sixty-four, is still unemployed. He lives at the same address in Soweto, but the last time I visited the house he and his seven children were being supported by his fifty-nine-year-old wife, who worked as a teacher at a Catholic school in a Black area near by.

Aaron Madida was another man who worked for South African Associated Newspapers (SAAN). He was one of

the few real Black Communists I met while spying in South Africa. He never denied that he was a Communist and virtually forced the government to list him as one. He was ferocious in his hatred of the White Nationalist rulers and their policy of apartheid. HJ thought Aaron could be tempted into spying if he was offered a large wage. I went to vet him at his home at 5986 Orlando East, Soweto, and asked him if he knew of any Blacks being approached and asked to spy. As it happened, Aaron had taught me all about the aims and objects of the banned African National Congress, so he trusted me. Admitting he had been asked to spy he said he would never agree. A few days later he was pulled in by Security men, who gave him a hiding and told him he would be placed under house arrest if he still refused to spy. They gave him one month to decide. One week before the deadline he fled across the border into Swaziland. Again I played the part of White benefactor and gave his wife, Lydia, money to help her. I retrieved the money from Republican Intelligence by charging it up as 'expenses'.

Richard Triegardt was a Coloured teacher widely known as 'Uncle Dick'. His big mistake in life was that he taught non-White children to hate the system of apartheid. But Dick did not see it as a mistake. He was a member of the banned African National Congress and devoted every waking moment to propagandizing his cause. Pretoria stopped much of that by listing him as a Communist. That put paid to his teaching career, and he had to take a menial storeman's job far beneath his intellectual capabilities.

Excerpt from secret BOSS files (1978):

'TRIEGAARDT, Richard George Bernard. Adult Coloured male aged 68. Home address 20 Oudtshoorn Street, Coronationville Coloured Township. Active member of the African National Congress and suspected of involvement in sabotage. Was recruited into the South African Communist Party by Edward "Eddie" Roux, former Cambridge botanist and author of "Time Longer

than Rope" a book subsidised by the Communists. Triegardt is known to have organised the setting up of a Communist cell among Coloured nurses at Coronationville Coloured Hospital.'

Dick Triegardt was responsible for educating me about the ANC and the South African Communist Party. He was delighted when I told him I was researching a story which would 'expose' the Security Police for trying to recruit Black spies. Totally unaware that H. J. van den Bergh had sent me, Dick not only told me about the effort made to recruit him, he sat down at his kitchen table and typed out a long, detailed affidavit in which he disclosed that four plain-clothes Security Police officers had offered him a substantial wage, expenses and the free use of a car if he would spy. Giving the names of the officers involved, he said he had been threatened with house arrest if he did not agree to work as a secret agent.

When I showed Van Den Bergh this affidavit, he was furious. Unknown to me, the Captain who had approached Dick had submitted a report stating that he felt 'the subject should be enlisted as an agent as he shows willingness to comply'. HJ phoned the Captain and gave him a blast. I couldn't hear what the Captain said but he clearly tried to lie his way out of it, because HJ then read out to him portions of the affidavit Dick had given me. After trouncing the Captain, HJ turned to me saying:

'It's a pity. Triegardt would have been a great prize if he'd agreed to help us. But now I'm going to get him house-arrested.'

Soon afterwards, on Thursday, 3 June 1965, Dick Triegardt was served with a twenty-four-hour house-arrest order signed by the Minister of Justice, John Vorster. This vicious punishment meant that Dick could not leave his tiny bungalow for five years. Not for one second. One step into the street outside would mean imprisonment. It also meant he would have to give up his job as an £8-a-week storeroom assistant. That meant he would be totally dependent on the

£6-a-week wage earned by his daughter Denise, a divorcee with a little daughter aged eight.

As a listed Communist, Dick could not be quoted by any newspaper. But, in a story disclosing his house arrest, I quoted his daughter, who stuck her neck out bravely and said 'I find it very strange that the Minister of Justice should assume that I will keep my father in food and clothing for the next five years. I am not interested in politics but I am puzzled to know how the Minister thinks I can support my father, my daughter and myself on £6 a week.*

But the bully boys in Pretoria were not interested in sob stories. They took the attitude that anyone who lived in the same house as a 'subversive scheming Commie' deserved what they got. During my sixteen years as a spy for South Africa I rarely felt sorry for anyone. I always found an excuse for what happened and it was usually:

'I musn't weaken. These people are the enemies of the country I've adopted. They wouldn't have suffered if they'd behaved themselves.'

During the few weeks before the house-arrest order was imposed on Dick Triegaardt, I became very friendly with him and often went to his house for meals. I provided the brandy - which I claimed on expenses from Republican Intelligence - and Dick's daughter gave me either babotie† or fish and chips, which was all they could afford. I spent countless hours with Uncle Dick, drinking and talking until the early hours of the morning. He did most of the talking and was a fabulous raconteur. Most of his stories were based on his experiences as a youth in what he called 'the Struggle' for Black freedom. By the time the house-arrest order was imposed, I liked him tremendously and was impressed by the courageous way he refused to knuckle under to the regime I was spying for.

When the house-arrest order was served on him, I was

* Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 6 June 1965.

† A traditional dish prepared by Coloured people in the Cape. It consists of curried mince with raisins, dried apricots and/or almonds with a savoury egg topping slightly burnt under a fast hot grill.

the first person Dick turned to. As the Security men walked out of his house Dick sent his daughter to the nearest telephone to give me the bad news. That was the moment the tiny fragment of conscience started to nag me. I rushed round to Dick's home and we drank until I passed out on the sofa. Next morning, although I was still totally loyal to the South African government, I decided I had to do something to reduce my guilt complex.

It was Dick, the artful old politico, who came up with a possible solution. He recalled that I had once written an article based on an exclusive front-page interview John Vorster had given me. In this interview John Vorster had said that people under twenty-four-hour house arrest would not be prevented from 'earning their bread and butter'.

Dancing round his tiny kitchen, laughing loudly, Dick shouted:

'Don't you see? We can throw those words right back into Vorster's big, fat face!'

And so it was. Dick and I sat down to write a letter to Mrs Helen Suzman, then the lone Progressive Party MP. I typed and Dick Triegaardt dictated, telling Mrs Suzman how he had been asked to spy and how he had been threatened with house arrest if he refused. The letter was dated 5 June 1965. Mrs Suzman sent a reply, typed on House of Assembly notepaper, dated four days later, in which she said she would approach John Vorster personally.

Vorster called me in a few days later. He wanted to know why I was suddenly campaigning for a listed Communist. I could hardly admit I felt guilty, so I told Vorster I was increasing my cover as a spy. Vorster gave a grim, half-hearted smile and said he did not savour the fact that his own words had been thrown back at him. He was on record as saying that house arrestees would not be prevented from 'earning their bread and butter', so he now had to reduce Dick Triegaardt's house-arrest order from twenty-four hours to twelve to let him go out and work during the day.

Vorster gave Dick permission to leave his home between 6 a.m. and 6 p.m. each day, but at weekends he would have

to stay under twenty-four-hour house arrest. Uncle Dick was ecstatic, but his joy was short-lived. Whenever he got a job, the Security boys went to his employer and put the knife in, saying 'This bloody bushman who's working for you is a dangerous Commie. You'd be well advised to get rid of him.' White businessmen in South Africa do not like tangling with the Security heavies, so Dick kept finding himself out of work.

In 1969 Dick heard that his mother, Mrs Maria Triegardt, was seriously ill. He broke his banning order and raced to her home. She was a delightful old lady - 'old' being no exaggeration: she was then 102. She cried her heart out when Dick walked in and comforted her. She knew the Security Police would find out that he had broken his banning order. She was right. Dick was arrested, found guilty and sentenced to one month in jail.

That really made Dick mad. On returning home he wrote a letter to one of his political friends. In it he stated 'You had better come and get that special bundle of sticks in my coalshed. They are starting to sweat and I'm getting worried.'

Dick, the old rogue, knew that the letter would be intercepted by the Security Police. Sure enough, three White Security men raced round to his house the next day with two Black constables. Their mission was to look for sticks of dynamite which were obviously hidden in Dick Triegardt's coalshed and were starting to 'sweat'. Dick pretended to be dismayed as the White Security men ordered the two Black constables to shovel out all the coal in the shed. It took two hours, because Dick's daughter had bought a complete supply for the winter at specially reduced summer prices. As the last few shovelfuls were thrown out, Dick couldn't restrain himself any longer. He burst into laughter.

'That'll teach you to read my personal mail,' he grinned at the three White Security men.

The cops got their own back by leaving all the coal outside the shed. Dick had to hump it all in again. But he didn't mind. He chuckled with every shovelful.

The house arrest, the loss of jobs and the continual Security Police harassment have taken their toll on Uncle Dick. He still lives at the same address. But today his mind wanders. He lives in the sixties and talks as though the house-arrest order were still in effect.

Although I liked Dick Triegardt and was glad to have helped in lessening his house-arrest order, I continued to use him by gaining introductions to his political friends, spying on them and sending them to jail.

Andries Chamile was a courageous African known as 'General China'. Aged sixty-seven, he worked as an assistant in the Johannesburg office of Canon Collins' Defence and Aid Fund. This group was a massive thorn in Pretoria's side, as it provided funds for the aid and defence of political accused in South Africa. The Security Police met General China secretly and asked him if he would act as a spy in the Defence and Aid office. He said he would 'consider' the offer.

H. J. van den Bergh sent me to check him out. Admitting to me that he had been asked to spy, the old man said he had no intention of considering the offer.

'I would rather die than betray my people,' he said.

The brave old warrior introduced me to Laura Hitchins, a White liberal who also worked in the Defence and Aid office. She confirmed that General China had immediately warned her about the Security Police attempt to recruit him. When I reported all this to H. J. van den Bergh, he arranged for General China to be placed under house arrest and banned from any contact with the Defence and Aid office. Laura Hitchins was also served with a banning order shortly afterwards.

A few months later the Defence and Aid Fund was banned from operating in South Africa. If Pretoria cannot get you one way they quickly find another.

I vetted at least thirty potential Black spies for Van Den Bergh between 1963 and 1966. The saddest case was that of a brave little old man who lived in Soweto. People living outside South Africa cannot begin to comprehend the lot

of the Black man unless they know the truth about his living conditions. Everyone has seen slums, but Soweto is horrific. It's a forbidden area. Whites have to obtain a special permit before they can drive into it, and they are never allowed in after dark. As a secret agent for Pretoria I was free to go there any time and I did – hundreds of times, often sleeping in Black homes.

About one and a half million Blacks are estimated to be living there, but the true figure will never be known, as a huge number of undeclared relatives and friends stay illegally. Soweto was born out of White selfishness, greed and a desire to perpetuate racism. It is a vast reservoir of Black labour which keeps the businesses and factories throbbing twelve miles away in the fabulously rich White city of Johannesburg.

The name Soweto is a bastard one taken from the first two letters of the words South Western Townships. The Black residents derisively pronounce it 'So Where To?' It covers eighty-five square kilometres and is composed of twenty-six different areas known as locations. These have quaint names such as Zola, Jabulani, Mofolo and Zondi, which might well conjure up an image of Blacks wearing beaded tribal gear and carrying spears. But nothing is further from the truth. All the residents wear European-style suits and dresses, and the youth favours blue jeans and T-shirts. They drink tea, eat fish and chips and adore watching football matches – just like the British working man. But there the similarity ends. Soweto is a place of hard, grinding poverty of the sort that causes its residents to search through municipal rubbish dumps in White areas in the hope of finding wood to burn or empty Pepsi-cola bottles for the few cents deposit on them.

The Blacks in South Africa spend nearly half their meagre wages on food (which only takes about one sixth of a White family's earnings), and a sad indication of this can be drawn from the latest figures which show that in 1978 Baragwanath Hospital, which serves Soweto, treated 1,101 cases of malnutrition in babies alone. Thirty-eight per cent of the

babies admitted for immediate life-saving purposes were 'significantly below the expected weight for their age'. This, however, is an improvement since 1970, when the figure was a frightening 58 per cent. Seven per cent of the 'bad malnutrition cases' died in 1978, but, again, this was an improvement on 1970, when 20 per cent died. God knows how many babies die without being taken to hospital.

I forecast that the South African government's answer to these shocking figures will be: 'It's not our fault that Blacks are ignorant and don't know how to feed their babies.' Believe it or not, they will say something along these lines. I know. I have heard it all before.

In mentioning Baragwanath Hospital, I must be scrupulously fair and deny overseas allegations that this Black hospital has serious shortcomings. That is rubbish. I know the hospital extremely well. It really is a fabulous establishment, and its staff is nothing short of superb.

Claims that the hospital is overcrowded and patients share beds or sleep on the floor are only true at weekends, when the Blacks of Soweto drink. This causes dozens of stabbings every Friday and Saturday night and at least fifteen murders. Pretoria says this proves the Blacks are 'savages', but I would call it violence caused by apartheid. You can't blame Blacks for drinking at weekends. Most of them do it in an attempt to forget their weekday troubles.

Although it is the biggest city in South Africa, only 18 per cent of Soweto homes have electricity. Most people use candles, paraffin or portable gas lamps for lighting. Most kitchens do not even have cold water laid on. The tap is outside in the backyard, and so is the toilet. This is a brick-built mass-produced affair with a corrugated iron roof and metal door. It's a cold and draughty experience using a Black loo in winter. The door has an eight-inch gap at the bottom and a sixteen-inch gap at the top so that marauding policemen can see at a glance if an 'illegal' is hiding there.

Soweto streets, if they can be called that, are dusty, full of potholes and mainly unlit. But when they are lit, you will see a strange sight: under the lamp posts, at regular inter-

vals, will be Black children of school-going age reading or scribbling away furiously. They are doing their homework. Soweto mothers urge them to do this because it's better than straining their eyes reading by candlelight inside the homes.

For miles and miles in Soweto all you can see are endless rows of government-built, single-storey, concrete houses rather like crude oblong army pill-boxes with small windows. They are identical, apart from the big white numbers slapped on the doors by government officials using stencils.

There is a shortage of nearly 30,000 houses in Soweto. An average of eight people live in each three-roomed house, but it is not unusual for twelve people, spanning three generations, to share. Officials quite often discover twenty living in one house, with ten kids sleeping on the floor and four adults to each double bed. The South African government makes sure there is always high unemployment in Black areas like Soweto. This makes the Black working force submissive and desperate to keep their jobs, however menial. If one member of a Black family is out of work, the others rally round and support him until he finds a job.

The world has been conned on the subject of Soweto. In 1955, in a brilliant propaganda manoeuvre, the South African government created an area there called Dube. Here, middle-class and white-collar Black workers were allowed to build their own houses. A few of these are double-storey affairs, with three or four bedrooms. One, owned by a doctor, even has a private swimming pool. The smaller houses usually have pretty little gardens at the front with a profusion of colourful flowers and sometimes a grapevine trained to grow across a trellis over the front door.

Nearly all overseas tourists and VIPs are taken to Dube by an official government guide or a travel agent who acts as a secret front for the high-power propaganda men in South Africa's Department of Information.* No wonder

* BOSS has several travel agents ready to escort important visitors to places like Soweto. One of them is Mrs Moray Franz, who runs a small agency in Bedfordview, Johannesburg, telephone number 616-5544.

that, on returning to their various countries, these tourists tell newspapers that they have seen Black living conditions at first hand and were impressed by them. Even foreign journalists fall for the trick. I know several who were 'taken for a ride' in Dube.

When the South African government claims it cares for and is paternal towards its Black population it should be asked why the vast city of Soweto has fewer than fifty public telephones and why it is the world's dirtiest and most unhealthy city. On winter nights Soweto cannot be seen by passengers in planes flying from Johannesburg's Jan Smuts Airport. It is completely covered by a monstrous blanket of smog. The only way most residents can cook, heat water or keep warm is to burn coal, which is plentiful and relatively cheap in South Africa.

When scientific air pollution figures read twenty or more over the White city of Johannesburg, the city's Health Department starts screaming that it is highly dangerous to the inhabitants. That figure is rarely reached. But the average reading for Soweto in winter is at least *sixty*. Nothing is done about that. The cost of putting smokeless stoves into Soweto homes would run to millions. The Blacks cannot afford it. And the government certainly will not pay. Pretoria's attitude is: 'Blacks don't have the vote, so who cares what they say?'

The astonishing pollution figure of sixty is only part of the story. At peak pollution times, concentrations of sulphur dioxide have been measured as high as 1,000 micrograms per cubic metre of air. The health authorities have never encountered readings of higher than 200 micrograms per cubic metre in the very worst White industrial areas. Is it any wonder that epidemics of respiratory ailments are rife in Soweto?

I cannot give the latest pollution figures. The Health Department's permanent smog-monitoring equipment in Soweto was destroyed when tens of thousands of young Black schoolchildren rioted there in 1976. The riots were quelled when fourteen Hippo troop carriers and 1,500

policemen stormed in with automatic weapons and hundreds of tear-gas canisters. Official figures admit to a death toll in Soweto, and other places to which the riots spread, of 499, with at least 3,907 people injured. That spells out Pretoria's real attitude towards Blacks: 'Shoot the kaffirs if they get cheeky.'

As a former propagandist for Pretoria, I know the South African government will pull out its hairy old argument that South African Blacks are much better off than those in Black African states up north. This is typical misleading reasoning. The Black in South Africa does not compare himself with Blacks in other parts of Africa. His frame of reference is his immediate environment. He sees the luxurious life led by South African Whites – the six or ten times higher wages they get, the freedom they have to travel and live where they like, and the fact that no White South African worker ever has to work on a job which calluses his hands. And, of course, there's that all-important vote that only the White person has.

Pushed into a corner, the South African government will throw another slice of twisted logic. It goes something like this:

'In terms of the officially stated separate development policy the urban Blacks are only temporary residents in Soweto. Their real home is in their homelands.'

White South Africa would not survive without such convenient pools of cheap Black labour. Not for a month. White businesses and industries rely totally on the Blacks and cannot manage without them.

Soweto is South Africa's time bomb where the clock is remorselessly ticking away against the apartheid regime. It needs just a spark to set it off, and when that happens shares will plummet, just as they did at the time of the Sharpeville shootings. A massive Black uprising is inevitable in South Africa. More than half the Black population is under twenty-one, and these youngsters are not stupid. Despite draconian censorship of their political reading matter, they have an ever-growing awareness of politics and of their

value to the economy of the country. They are sick of apartheid's barbarism. The older Blacks are resigned to the master-servant situation. But not the young ones. They are actually contemptuous of their parents' servile attitudes.

People living overseas might well ask why the Whites in South Africa are committing virtual suicide by allowing Blacks to live under such terrible conditions. The sad truth is that most Whites don't care. They are too busy making money and enjoying the carefree days of wine and roses. Unfortunately, 99 per cent of the Whites living in Johannesburg have never set eyes on the Soweto homes their Black servants live in, and many do not even know how many children they have. Incredibly, few Whites even know the surnames of their Black maids or gardeners.

The most popular meeting-places in Soweto are the shebeens. These are illegal establishments where liquor and beer are sold without a licence. A shebeen is usually run by a widow. The front room of her home contains a table and many chairs. She serves clients from the kitchen and often sells the popular 'skokiaan', a thick home brew made with yeast which may be smelly but packs a powerful punch. Sometimes a shebeen queen will cook a cheap and delicious vegetable curry for her regular customers.

The most famous shebeen in Soweto was the Falling Leaves, and it was while having a cold beer there in 1963 that I met William Letlalo, known to everyone as 'Old William'. He was frail and skinny, with long, bony fingers and a sad, lined face. Dora, the shebeen queen, told me in a confidential whisper that Old William, then seventy-one, had been a political hell-raiser, very active in organizing illegal mine strikes forty years earlier.

I was not particularly interested in this old political has-been until Dora added that he had been a founder member of the African National Congress and had acted as an interpreter for the former ANC leader and Nobel Peace Prize winner, Chief Luthuli. Old William Letlalo was clearly a man I should infiltrate and use. After I had bought him a couple of beers, he invited me to his home right next door at

1293 Dube. There he told me how he had taught his three elder sons to fight against injustice. Patrick, aged twenty-five, and Timothy Roy, eighteen, had fled from South Africa. Patrick was training as a guerrilla in Cuba; Timothy Roy was in Cairo and also involved in the liberation struggle against South Africa.

Old William then introduced me to his son Tom, aged nineteen, who also wished to escape from South Africa. When I told H. J. van den Bergh about this he said:

'Why don't you smuggle Tom out of the country? It'll give you an even better reputation as a kaffirboetie.*'

Old William thanked me profusely when I said I would take his son out. On the night before he was due to leave, Tom stayed at my flat in Hillbrow. I talked to him for about four hours as we sat drinking brandy in the lounge. Tom dropped the names of several Blacks who worked for the underground and of White liberals who helped them in various ways. Tom did not know there was a tape recorder hidden in the bookcase.

The next morning a problem cropped up. My handler in Johannesburg at the time was Jack 'Koos' Kemp. He blew a fuse when I told him HJ had approved Tom's escape.

'Oh, no. Not on your life!' he growled, going red in the face. 'You can drop the Black swine just before you reach the border fence. Drive away quickly and I'll have four Security men hidden in the bushes to grab him.'

With only an hour to spare before I drove Tom Letlalo out, I went over Kemp's head and phoned HJ in Pretoria, complaining to him that I would be the prime suspect if Tom was captured at the border. Van Den Bergh agreed and said he would call off the four Security men who were to have hidden in the bushes.

According to plan, I drove Tom to South Africa's border with Bechuanaland. We travelled in my red Renault sports coupé fitted with false number plates. These were

* An abusive Afrikaans term meaning 'kaffir-brother'. In the same way as the American 'nigger-lover', it is applied to any White who works for, or attaches importance to, the welfare of Black people.

totally unnecessary, but I had asked Tom to screw them on for me to convince him that I was scared of my car being identified by immigration officials or police who patrol the borders.

As we drove slowly along a rough dirt road just before the high barbed-wire border fence, Tom and I saw four men standing by a small stream twenty feet away from us. They were wearing black city suits, and one even had a homburg hat on his head. It was a ludicrous sight. There, twenty miles from the nearest town, in the heart of the bush, were four Whites looking like stranded whales.

'Oh, my God,' gasped Tom. 'It's the Security Branch. I know one of them. He's from Johannesburg. We're done for.'

But, apart from staring at Tom, the four men continued to stand like statues and made no attempt to stop us. They were the four Security men Jack had set up to trap Tom in the bushes. After receiving word from HJ that they should let Tom escape, they had deliberately stayed in the area. They wanted to know who HJ's white spy was.

Ten minutes later I stopped the car alongside the border fence at a quiet spot. As Tom unscrewed the false number plates, I took photographs of him. Tom scrambled over the fence and I drove back to Johannesburg. I have not seen him since.

Excerpt from secret BOSS files (1975):

'LETLALO, Thomas, "Tom". Adult Bantu Male aged 31. Son of William and Rachel Letlalo of 1293 Dube Village, Soweto. Left South Africa illegally with official sanction in 1964. Changed his name to Thoboko Sebina, alias "Boots". In 1970 was appointed assistant editor on "Mayibuye", a roneoed African National Congress news sheet issued from Post Office Box 1791 Lusaka, Zambia. On 14 May 1971 flew to Moscow for two week visit as guest of the Soviet TASS news agency. In late 1971 studied politics and economics at

the International School, Ceteka 5, Opletalova, Prague, Czechoslovakia. Address then c/o Mrs E. Otiopo, 22 Slavikova, Prague 3. Now works as a publicity and research officer for the ANC. Present address: 26 Avenue Albert Sarraut, Dakar, Republic of Senegal.'

Old William Letlalo trusted me completely after I had taken his son out of the country. He introduced me to many other Blacks in the underground. It was through him that Edgar Motau came into my life. Edgar was a short stocky Black who had been arrested early one morning as he handed out illegal pamphlets to Blacks on their way to work. He was taken to a Security Police office in Pretoria, where he was interrogated by two White officers, one of them named Ferreira. At noon the two security men called in a Black constable, saying they were going to lunch. Pointing to Edgar Motau they told the Black constable:

'Look after this chap until we get back, you hear.'

Edgar was very bright indeed. Realizing those words 'Look after this chap' were ambiguous, he behaved in a very cocky manner, putting his feet up on the desk as he sat back, relaxed. He began to talk about Officer Ferreira — what a nice chap he was, how friendly he was with him. This threw the Black constable completely. Puzzled, he asked Edgar:

'What are you in for, then?'

'Are you crazy?' replied Edgar, feigning anger. 'I'm not a criminal. I'm one of the best Black informers on the Security Branch payroll.'

So saying, Edgar adopted an officious attitude, pulled some money out of his pocket and ordered the constable to fetch him a sandwich and a coke. The Black cop fell for it and went to get Edgar's lunch. Edgar scrambled through the window and escaped. A massive search was launched for him. He was brought to Johannesburg in the boot of a car and made contact with the Letlalo family, who told him about me and asked me if I would take him out of the country as quickly as possible.

Edgar Motau was a member of the Pan-Africanist Congress. H. J. van den Bergh thought it would be a good idea for me to smuggle him out, as this would help me to infiltrate other members of the group. HJ asked me to meet up with Edgar Motau in Bechuanaland after he had slipped through the border fence. My assignment there was to find out who helped Edgar on his arrival.

The false number plates went on my car again, and I photographed Edgar standing next to the car before he climbed through the border fence not far from Mafeking. I drove through the border gate legally with the genuine number plates screwed back on and met up with Edgar in Lobatsi. There he embraced me in a wild bear-hug, crying unashamedly.

'You're the first White man to have risked arrest on my behalf. I hated all Whites until I met you, but now I realize I was wrong. Not all Whites are bad.'

I shuddered at the thought of what he would do to me if he found out the truth.

Edgar had to report to a group of South African Blacks living in Lobatsi. This group acted as a secret reception centre for political refugees from South Africa, and its leader was Mr Fish Keitsing.

Excerpt from secret BOSS files:

'KEITSING, Ntwatisili, "Fish". Adult Bantu Male. First son of a peasant Bechuana family. Worked for years as a miner in South Africa. Joined the African National Congress. Active in the Defiance Campaign by Blacks in 1952 and was jailed. Arrested for high treason 1956. Charge dropped. Known as the "Robin Hood of Newclare" after he illegally released 28 Blacks arrested on pass offences, from a police van in Newclare Johannesburg in 1959. Jailed for one year for assisting prisoners to escape. Fled to Bechuanaland in 1960 and helped form the escape route for Black politicos fleeing South Africa.'

*

Fish Keitsing was very friendly towards me when Edgar Motau told him about my 'bravery', and I picked up a lot of information from him. He gave South African refugees money and arranged for them to stay in Bechuanaland temporarily. He also acted as a conduit for funds from overseas groups interested in helping political refugees from South Africa. With these funds he paid for air tickets enabling the refugees to fly north. Fish also vetted new arrivals to make sure they were genuine and not South African spies trying to infiltrate the ranks of the ANC.

Fish Keitsing helped thousands of men to safety over the years. Hundreds of them went up north for training as freedom fighters who would return and fight for the liberation of Blacks in South Africa. I took photographs of Fish and several members of his secret group which I submitted to H. J. van den Bergh for identity-checking purposes. One of the things Fish told me was that he had just bought a van to use when ferrying South African refugees round Bechuanaland. H. J. van den Bergh wasted very little time when I reported this back to him. Two South African agents slipped across the border a few days later and blew up the van.

After Tom Letlalo had been smuggled out of the country, H. J. van den Bergh decided to try recruiting Old William as a spy. Security officers made an official approach and I followed this up in the usual way. Old William told me all about the visit by the Security men and the spying offer.

'They must be mad' was his only comment.

Van Den Bergh was certainly mad when he heard that. Less than two months later, on 8 March 1965, Old William, then seventy-five, was placed under twenty-four-hour house arrest. For the next four years he never left his little concrete house. Existence for him was sad and intolerable. He could not talk to anyone in his home except his family. If visitors arrived to talk to his wife, William had to go and sit in another room until they left. To talk to him over the fence of his tiny garden would have constituted a visit. The house had no bathroom and was lit by oil lamps. It had two

small bedrooms, a tiny lounge and a corridor-type kitchen. Their daughter, Leah, aged twenty-five, lived with them. So did their sons, Thabo, fourteen, Clement, eleven and Matome, aged five. The rent of the house was £3 a month. This was earned by William's wife, Rachel, then aged sixty-four, who worked as a washerwoman for White families. Their staple diet was mealie porridge and a few vegetables grown in the garden. Meat, usually offal, was a once-a-week treat.

Old William would sit in the sun during the day. At night he sat in the kitchen corridor wearing a ragged old army coat in winter. He could not kill time with books as his old eyes tired after only five minutes' reading.

When H. J. van den Bergh failed to recruit Old William as a spy, he turned his attention to William's son, Bridget 'Bridge' Letlalo, aged eighteen, who did not live with his parents and was, therefore, not completely under their control. The Security Police approached him and asked him to spy for them. They told him that they would pay him well and that this money would be a welcome relief for his penniless parents. Bridge fell for it and agreed. When H. J. van den Bergh sent me to vet him, Bridge categorically denied that he had been approached. I knew he was lying and pushed him as far as I dared. Still he denied it. As a result Bridge was given positive clearance and officially recruited.

He was a good little spy and caused several members of the African National Congress to be arrested. But in his anxiety to please his spy-masters and get more money for his parents, he took chances. A senior member of the ANC became suspicious and set a trap for him. Bridge fell right into it. The word went out that he was a spy. The next night, as Bridge was walking home in the dark, four Black men pounced on him. They beat and kicked him until he was unconscious and stabbed him. He was left for dead with a badly bruised face, broken ribs and blood pouring from the knife wounds. But he survived.

As he lay recovering from his injuries, his father asked

him what had happened. Bridge confessed to spying for the Security Branch in order to get money for his parents. When I defected in 1979, Old William Letlalo was still living at 1293 Dube. But he is a cripple. Doctors say his legs became useless after being confined to such a small area for eight years.

Lazarus Zwane was a fifty-two-year-old Black messenger employed in the *Rand Daily Mail* building, Johannesburg. He was a secret member of the African National Congress who trusted me completely. One day in late 1965 he walked into the news room and said a political associate had introduced him to an unusual Black man in a small non-White café near by. The Black had told him that he had just come from Russia, where he was trained in guerrilla warfare and sabotage, and he was looking for a safe place to stay.

The man had shown Lazarus a South African half-crown coin which was really a microfilm container. I found the story hard to believe, but the next morning Lazarus arrived at my desk and handed me a 1955 South African half-crown which looked genuine but came apart when unscrewed. It was a work of art. Unable to believe my luck, I showed it to my fellow reporters on the *Sunday Express*, one of whom, Bill Smith, held the coin as photographs were taken of it. Tully Potter, a keen young liberal who later had his press pass withdrawn by Pretoria in vengeance for an anti-government story he had written, was very astute. Examining the half-crown carefully, he said:

'It's definitely a microfilm container. I'd be careful if I were you. This could be extremely dangerous.'

His remark was prophetic. After the police laboratory had examined the half-crown, H. J. van den Bergh told me it had been machine-ground with great precision.

'I'm keen to trace the man who owns it,' he said. 'I don't think he's a saboteur; he's more likely to be a spy. A Russian agent active in South Africa can't afford to be caught with proof of his spying. He'd therefore microfilm all his secret reports to Moscow and keep them safely tucked away in the hollowed-out coin. There's a cunning reason for this. If he's

ever arrested, by accident, for being drunk, let's say, or on suspicion when found in a restricted area, it would be vitally important for him to get rid of the damning evidence.'

In most countries, and certainly in South Africa, when a man is taken to a police station he is told to empty out his pockets. All his personal possessions, including bank notes, cigarette lighter, watch, etc., are placed in what is known as a private property bag bearing the prisoner's name. If the man being searched has a few loose coins in his pockets, these are thrown into a petty cash box and a receipt for that amount is placed in his bag, which is given to him on release.

'The beauty of this little trick,' said HJ as he handled the microfilm half-crown, 'is that once it's been thrown into the petty cash box there's no longer any proof that the man was ever carrying that coin. The chances of it being detected in the police station are slight. It would probably get paid out to another prisoner, and it could be months before it accidentally unscrews and falls open.'

H. J. van den Bergh told me I could offer Lazarus Zwane up to £2,000 if he helped the Security Police trace the man who owned the microfilm container. I told Lazarus and, although he was a staunch ANC supporter, such a huge reward tempted him. He was very poor, with five children to support. His wife, Ida, earned £2 a week doing the weekly wash for a White family. When Lazarus agreed to help the police, I passed him on to H. J. van den Bergh.

I never saw him again. About ten days later his body was found lying across the railway line at Ikwezi, less than one mile from his home at 1258 Zondi in Soweto. His head had been crushed by the wheels of a train. I don't know who killed Lazarus, but he was definitely murdered. His head had actually been split open by an axe and was placed on the railway line afterwards in an attempt to make his death appear accidental. I do not believe he was killed as a traitor by his Black political associates. I am sure he changed his mind about betraying his comrades and an over-zealous Black police agent killed him by accident or design.

I have several good reasons for making this claim. The

police suddenly lost interest in the case and told me to forget about it. I was not allowed to write a story about the micro-film container or about Lazarus Zwane's death. When I interviewed Lazarus's widow several days after his death, the police had not bothered to question her or any members of the family. The last man seen with Lazarus was Mr Arthur Mapoza, who lived at 1335 Mofola North in Soweto. He was a special agent who worked for the Security Police in Johannesburg. On the day after Lazarus Zwane's body was found, all the negatives of the microfilm container were stolen from the *Sunday Express* darkroom. Fortunately, I had kept a copy for myself which I still have.

I am sure Lazarus did not betray the man from Russia. If he had done so it would have been a great feather in H. J. van den Bergh's cap. The government would definitely have mounted a massive propaganda campaign about its dramatic capture of a hated Communist spy.

5 · JOURNALISTS AND JEWS

Another special assignment for H. J. van den Bergh was the vetting of foreign journalists visiting South Africa.

'The big problem,' he told me, 'is that all overseas journalists take a definite stand when they come to this country. Some come as genuine friends and write stories in our favour, particularly when they write for right-wing papers. The others come here with the deliberate intention of attacking us. But they all claim to be unbiased and even well-disposed towards us when they make their official application to enter the country.'

'That's where you can be useful. When I've any doubts about any foreign journalist, I'll plant you on him and it'll be your job to find out if he's up to nonsense compiling anti-apartheid stories. If he is, I'll quickly have him kicked out.'

One of the well-known journalists I vetted was Mr Arnold Beichman of the *New York Herald Tribune*, who visited South Africa in July 1965. But in that case HJ did not plant me on him; I met him quite by accident. It was midnight and the first edition of my newspaper had gone to bed, so I went to have a drink with friends on the staff of the rival Johannesburg *Sunday Times*. There, in the *Times* news room, was Mr Beichman, talking to the then editor of the *Times*, Mr Joel Mervis.

When Mr Mervis introduced me to Mr Beichman, I wasted no time in asking if he had experienced any trouble with the Security Police since his arrival in South Africa. This was a trick question I always put to visiting journalists, as it gave me a chance to make a quick assessment. You can always tell the right-winger. His answer is 'Why should the police be interested in me? In any case, this isn't a police state, is it?' The liberal journalist usually says 'Don't worry. I'm aware of the problems.'

Arnold Beichman raised his eyebrows and, turning to Joel Mervis, said 'It's funny he should ask that question. Yes. I walked into my hotel bedroom soon after my arrival and found two men taking my telephone to pieces. When I asked them what they were doing they gave the ridiculous answer that they were from the Electricity Department checking some kind of cross current on the line.

'I checked with the hotel switchboard and found no fault had been reported on my line. The two men were definitely Security Branch and not very sophisticated. In fact, they were damned stupid.'

H. J. van den Bergh's reaction to the report I submitted was very interesting. He immediately called for the Security Police file to find out how the two men interfering with Beichman's phone had allowed themselves to get caught in the act. The answer was simple. They had posted a third officer in the hotel corridor to keep watch in case Beichman returned to his room unexpectedly. This man had been suffering from diarrhoea and was forced to rush off to the lavatory. He was only away for three minutes but in that time Beichman had surprised the men working on his phone.

The incident annoyed the ruthlessly efficient Van Den Bergh.

'If this man Beichman thinks we're stupid, I'll show him otherwise,' he said. 'We'll kick him out.'

Arnold Beichman was told to leave South Africa.

A man who took the South African government for a massive ride was Mr Bjorn Kumm, a senior journalist on the staff of the Swedish newspaper *Aftonbladet*. He arrived in South Africa in May 1965 posing as a student who was gathering material for 'an unbiased thesis on race relations in South Africa'. On being shown Black living conditions, he told a guide: 'You treat your Blacks very well in this country.' After that the government officials adored him and laid out the red carpet.

But H. J. van den Bergh was suspicious and asked me to check him out. I took him to Black townships without an official permit and arranged illegal interviews for him with

banned people. Bjorn Kumm trusted me and told me the truth. He was a journalist, not a student, and he was certainly not unbiased about apartheid. He hated it. When H. J. van den Bergh heard this, he blew a fuse. But there was nothing he could do. In my attempts to befriend Bjorn Kumm I had helped him to break the law. If HJ arrested him on these easily provable charges, I would have been exposed as an agent provocateur. So Bjorn was allowed to leave the country without being harassed. When he returned to Sweden he wrote a hard-hitting series of articles against the viciousness of apartheid.

I could not resist a smile when I received a large envelope from Bjorn in Sweden. Inside was a short letter and a photograph. The letter said: 'Dear Gordon, I enclose a photograph which clearly proves I am unbiased on the subject of race. Please publish it in your newspaper as I wish the South African government to be aware of this.' I did publish the photograph.* It showed Bjorn, a big handsome blond, cuddling his attractive wife, Julie. She was a fuzzy-haired Black woman from Nigeria.

Erik Bjerre was not a journalist but a part-time writer and the Principal of the Rural Development College, near Copenhagen, Denmark. He visited South Africa in May 1964. H. J. van den Bergh told me to befriend him and monitor his activities while he was in the country. To gain his confidence, I took him to Black townships without a permit and later introduced him to Winnie Mandela, wife of the imprisoned ANC leader, Nelson Mandela. I was unable to pin Erik Bjerre down, so HJ arranged for him to be searched as he left South Africa from Johannesburg's Jan Smuts airport.

I knew he was to be searched so I saw him off. Nothing was found on him. That week I wrote an article about Erik with pictures of him being searched.†

Erik Bjerre had not suspected me and later sent me advance details of a campaign by the British and German

* Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 11 July 1965.

† Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 17 May 1964.

Anti-Apartheid Movements involving the sending of 100,000 anti-apartheid letters to people listed in South African telephone directories. I tipped Pretoria off about this letter campaign several months before it was mounted. The postal authorities intercepted 90 per cent of all the letters and destroyed them.

Thomas D. Friedmann was an American journalist who visited South Africa in the mid-1960s. I was asked to monitor his activities because H. J. van den Bergh could not work out if the man was left-wing, right wing or middle of the road. I'm still not sure myself. The first thing I discovered about Friedmann was that he loved taking photographs of children. On one occasion he cleverly set up a picture showing an elderly Black man holding hands with two small White children as he guided them across a busy street in the city centre. I mistook his motives and submitted a report to Pretoria saying he seemed a dangerous kind of fellow. Pretoria agreed. They do not like photographs which show such close fraternization between Black and White. It's demeaning – to the White.

Friedmann was kicked out of South Africa. I interviewed him for my newspaper just before he left. What he said during that interview came as a surprise:

'South Africa is a wonderful country with an incredibly stupid government. After touring for several weeks I came to the conclusion that South Africa was doing more for its Blacks than any other African state I have visited. I was very impressed with the official housing schemes for Blacks and most surprised to find apartheid was not as bad as it's labelled overseas. In view of this I decided to write articles saying so. But any country which kicks a man out without a fair hearing can only be a police state. And that's what I'm going to write now when I get back to America.'

At the end of the interview I asked Friedmann why he had posed the photograph of the Black man leading two White children across the road.

'To show the remarkable friendship and kindness that

one often finds between races in this strange country,' he replied.

If Thomas Friedmann was telling the truth, my spying activities certainly lost South Africa a friend.

Erik Dreyer is probably the luckiest foreign journalist to have visited South Africa. He arrived there from Denmark on 5 October 1963. H. J. van den Bergh asked me to monitor his activities and submit a report assessing his attitudes towards South Africa. I befriended him and was convinced he was very anti-South Africa although he said the opposite. I submitted a long report suggesting he be monitored at all times by a Security Branch team. When I gave this report to my Johannesburg handler to pass on to Pretoria, he refused to accept my assessment and said he would not be submitting my report to headquarters. He said he had made a personal check on the man and discovered from the South Africa Foundation,* which had taken Mr Dreyer on specially conducted tours of Black areas, that he was 'a great friend of South Africa'.

Later I complained bitterly to H. J. van den Bergh when Erik Dreyer had returned to Denmark and published his views on South Africa. His articles, which appeared in a Danish morning newspaper in late November 1963, were headlined 'To Hell and Back'. He gave the South African government a pasting, attacking apartheid and describing the Security Police as 'Nothing better than the Gestapo'.

The use of that word Gestapo is interesting, as there are parallels between Nazi Germany and Nationalist-governed South Africa. Its draconian laws and police-state mentality are there for all to see. What is less obvious is the ruling Afrikaner's anti-Semitism. Good indications of this have occasionally been published in newspapers over the last few years, but the South African government has always been

* The South Africa Foundation is a private organization established by large White-owned companies in 1960 for the purpose of combating overseas 'misrepresentations' about South Africa. It is responsible for inviting important visitors to the country.

quick to issue a bland denial. The Afrikaner knows he must tread carefully on this highly sensitive ground. The world remembers that the majority of Afrikaners refused to fight against Nazi Germany because they agreed with Hitler's ideas of 'racial purity'.

There are at least three good reasons why the men holding the reins of power in South Africa today try to hide the widespread dislike of the Jew by the Afrikaner. First, the South African government has several secret defence deals with Israel, one of which involves the supply of uranium and its purification. Secondly, the estimated 130,000 Jews in South Africa are a power to be reckoned with. They are highly respected by the country's two-million-strong English-speaking population; they lead in the social and cultural spheres, and they certainly wield great influence in the business world. Thirdly, any attack by the Afrikaner on the Jew brings upon his head the full force of South Africa's liberal English-language press.

Not long after I was recruited as a spy, H. J. van den Bergh told me what he thought about Jews during one of my regular weekly interviews with him in Pretoria. I feel it is vital to place on record what he said, because it clearly exposes his way of thinking – a mentality which I found reflected throughout Afrikanerdom during my sixteen years as a spy for South Africa.

According to Van Den Bergh, a few Jews came to South Africa with the British settlers in 1820. But the real avalanche came when gold and diamonds were discovered.

'The British and Jewish influence in South Africa's business world grew to such alarming proportions that the wiser Afrikaner realized he ran a serious risk of becoming a second-class citizen in his own country. The British and Jews were reaching the stage where they were almost ruling the economy and had the power to start dictating to the politicians. If that had been allowed to happen, it would have meant a liberalizing of the status quo in South Africa.'

HJ explained that this was one of the reasons why the Broederbond had been formed – to counteract the growing

foreign influence over the South African economy. The Broederbond (Bond of Brothers) is South Africa's legal Ku-Klux-Klan, except that its members don't lynch Blacks; they get the Security men to do that during torture sessions. It was formed in 1918 to 'preserve the Afrikaner national identity'. During the Second World War the Smuts government banned public servants from belonging to it on the grounds that it was 'a subversive body'. Today it is a super-secret and elite group of some 12,000 Afrikaners organized into 800 cells and various front organizations.

Over the years it has carefully infiltrated its members into key posts in all government departments, and particularly in education, so that the theory of White supremacy is ingrained into the brains of the youth and thus perpetuated. South Africa's parliament is in effect a charade. The Broederbond rules South Africa, and anyone who doubts that should read *Super Afrikaners*, a book published in South Africa in 1978. It was written by Hans Strydom and Ivor Wilkins, two journalists employed by the liberal Johannesburg *Sunday Times*, after a disillusioned Broeder gave them a vast amount of top-secret Broederbond documents. The Bond was so anxious to stop this book being published that the authors were offered a bribe of more than £20,000. A best-seller in South Africa, the book discloses that nearly all the top political figures in the Nationalist Party, and 98 per cent of its Cabinet, are secret Broederbond members. In 1968 a special committee composed mainly of Broederbond experts was set up in South Africa to assess the 'Jewish Problem'. Its brief was to probe 'the current role played by Jews in the economy of the country'.

It infuriated Van Den Bergh that so many South African Jews were actively opposed to apartheid. According to him, they had invented it.

'The Jews invented the idea of keeping their tribe apart,' he said. 'They don't like people who marry out of their faith, or outsiders marrying into it either. That's their brand of apartheid, so why do they criticize ours? Why do they get involved in Communist sabotage and agitation activities?

Do you realize that of the thousand people we have in detention at the moment, only two are non-Jews?'

It was only later I discovered that 950 of those detainees were Black. HJ had lumped the Blacks and Jews together. He clearly felt the same way towards the Jews as towards the Blacks.

Not only HJ saw Jews as being different to other people. One of the things I was told while being trained at night classes was that if I submitted a report about a Jew I had to point out clearly that he or she was Jewish. Yet I was never asked to make this specific distinction if the person I was reporting on was a Catholic or a Methodist.

The South African government officially discriminated against Jews in this way in the early 1960s. At that time a friend of mine returned to South Africa after a trip overseas. He started to fill in the immigration form at the airport when he was astonished to see that Question 5b on the form asked him to state whether his race was: 'European, Hebrew or Asiatic etc.'. Feeling that the question insinuated that Jews were not European and because it seemed to discriminate between Jews and Gentiles, my friend asked me to write an article on the subject. The story disclosed the strange fact that under the Immigration Law (Aliens Act 1937) anyone applying for a permit to enter South Africa as a permanent resident was required to 'state race (not nationality) to which applicant belongs e.g. Slav, Czech, Hebrew, Asiatic etc. . . .' Incredibly, my research unearthed the fact that Question 5b had been publicly attacked once before, as far back as 1909, when the editor of the South African *Jewish Chronicle* described the wording as humiliating. The Jewish Board of Deputies supported my exposé and only then was Question 5b changed.

At Pretoria University in 1967, notices reading 'Communism is Jewish - Hitler was right' were pinned on notice boards. The year before that, anti-Semitic slogans bearing swastikas were plastered round the same campus. Coinciding with that, similar slogans were sprayed on walls at Wits University in Johannesburg. Another attack came when a

cemetery in Johannesburg was the target of vandals who sprayed the words 'Hang Jews and Commies' on gravestones bearing obviously Jewish names.

Government officials in South Africa tried to suggest that all these acts were 'student pranks'. But, in fact, they were organized by Mr Ed Round, a rabid right-winger and anti-Semite who claimed to work as an engineer in Johannesburg in the mid-1960s. In reality he worked for the dirty tricks department of the South African Security Police. He infiltrated the South African Liberal Party in 1963 and urged White liberals to commit acts of sabotage. He supplied dynamite to two White liberals, Marius Schoon and Raymond Thoms, and persuaded them to blow up the flag-mast at Johannesburg's Hillbrow police station as a 'symbolic protest against apartheid'. They fell into the trap, were arrested, tried and sentenced to twelve years in jail. At their trial the judge dismissed the accused's claim that Round was a police trap. But that judge was wrong. Round was an agent provocateur with whom I worked when he later joined Republican Intelligence.

Round was responsible for kidnapping Rosemary Wentzel, a Jewess who had fled from South Africa to Swaziland. Helped by two other secret agents, Ed Round kidnapped her from her home in Swaziland on 10 August 1964 and forcibly returned her to South Africa, where she was detained by the police until she agreed to give evidence against her liberal friends. When BOSS was formed, Ed Round became a spy inside and outside South Africa, specializing in terrorizing government opponents by making sneak attacks on their homes.

Margaret Isaacson was a Jewish doctor living in Johannesburg. Her big sin was that she gave mouth-to-mouth respiration to a little three-year-old boy who was dying. H. J. van den Berg called me in and instructed me to mount a full-scale probe into Dr Isaacson and her strange behaviour - strange because the child she had given the kiss of life was Black.

'I want to know all about this woman. Her political attitudes. Her life-style. The names of her friends. And which street letter box she uses,' he commanded. 'I want you to get friendly with her. Take her out to dinner. Romance her. Do anything you like. But build up a detailed dossier on her.'

HJ had been in touch with a high-ranking security official in Israel to find out if Margaret Isaacson was listed as a suspect on their political files. She was not, but they did have an ordinary file on her. As a young girl she had been interned in a Nazi concentration camp, and in 1948, at the age of eighteen, she had fought as a commando in the Israeli Army during that country's war of independence. She had been trained in most aspects of soldiering, including desert warfare, radio communications and even the use of explosives. In 1952 she had settled in South Africa.

H. J. van den Berg was fascinated by Dr Isaacson's training as a commando.

'It's not beyond the realms of possibility that this woman is an Israeli intelligence agent. Perhaps she's starting to build a cover for herself with the liberals and Blacks. Find out.'

Getting friendly with Margaret Isaacson was easy. One of my duties as a hard news reporter on a Sunday newspaper was to visit Johannesburg's General Hospital late every Saturday night to pick up details about serious accidents, suicides and other deaths. The doctors there were very friendly with journalists and always saved us a cup of tea during their midnight break. Sitting in the tearoom, I made a point of talking to Margaret Isaacson, who was on night duty in the casualty section.

Nothing had been published about the kiss-of-life incident, but it was well-known amongst doctors, so I asked her about it.

'I was working as a relief doctor at Edenvale Hospital when a nurse rushed up to me and said a little boy named Joseph Senyatsi was gasping for breath and having convulsions,' she said. 'I genuinely didn't notice that the baby had a Black skin. I applied mouth-to-mouth and cardiac massage

for nearly an hour, helped by three African nurses. But all our efforts were in vain. The baby died in my arms.'

Dr Isaacson told me that the three Black nurses were so impressed by her action that they had immediately gone out to tell all the other Black staff about this unusual White woman doctor. There was something of a riot when the less-educated White non-medical staff at the hospital heard about it. Three stretcher-bearers in the casualty section and two lift attendants were so up in arms about her 'disgusting behaviour' that they refused to greet or speak to her.

One of them telephoned the Security Police to say a 'Communist' was working at the hospital. This may seem surprising to people living outside South Africa, but it is one of the facts of life there that the great majority of Whites simply do not fraternize with Blacks except on the master/servant level. To the Afrikaner the idea of a White woman applying her lips to a Black was unthinkable. Some indication of the shock Dr Margaret Isaacson caused can be judged from the headline my editor placed above the story I wrote. In a hypocritical attempt to play it safe and not overly offend pro-government readers of the newspaper, the headline read: 'Woman Doctor Is Criticised For Kiss Of Life'. Alongside, in heavy type, were the words 'Should She Have Tried It On An African Child?*'

I became extremely friendly with Margaret Isaacson and spent many happy hours at her tiny cottage. She was one of the most splendid human beings I had ever met. Left alone in her home one night when she was on late shift, I went through all her private papers and letters. It was all wasted effort. Everything pointed to the fact that she was certainly no Communist, and I strongly doubt if she was an Israeli agent. I stated this in the secret ten-page report I submitted to Pretoria. In the 'My Comment' section of that report, to mollify my superiors, I wrote: 'The only thing wrong with Margaret Isaacson is that she appears to be colour-blind.' My handler phoned me the next day:

* Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 13 June 1965.

'Heck, Gordon. That was a good joke, man. It had all the chaps in my section rolling about with laughter,' he chuckled.

Margaret Isaacson still lives in South Africa and works as the head of the Department of Epidemiology at the Institute of Medical Research in Johannesburg. She became a heroine in October 1976 when a vicious epidemic of the dreaded Marburg virus disease broke out at Kinshasa Hospital in Zaire. Nearly all the doctors and nurses who came into contact with affected patients died. The health authorities in Zaire were terrified the disease would spread out of the hospital into the city and kill thousands of its two million inhabitants. Dr Isaacson was the only person in South Africa with clinical experience of fighting the disease, so she was asked to fly to Zaire as part of a rapidly assembled international medical team.

Without thought for her own safety, Dr Isaacson treated the patients and taught the hospital staff to handle them without contracting the disease. But she herself fell victim. The disease has an incredibly high mortality rate of just over 90 per cent. Fewer than thirty people have been known to survive it. Margaret Isaacson was placed in total isolation in a fever hospital and luckily made an agonizingly slow but full recovery. She was honoured by the World Health Organization, which appointed her a member of a working group on its Development of Emergency Services.

And that is the 'Adult White Jewish Female' I was once asked to spy on because she had tried to kiss life back into a dying Black baby. But you cannot win with the spooks in Pretoria, Margaret. They are almost certainly still suspicious of you, because, you see, the people you saved in Zaire were all Black.

6 · THE TRUTH ABOUT THAT BOMB

Just before eighteen minutes past four on the afternoon of Friday, 24 July 1964, a calm and precise man telephoned a senior official at the Johannesburg Railway Police and said:

'This is the African Resistance Movement. We have planted a bomb in a large brown suitcase twenty feet from the cubicle above platforms five and six on the concourse of the new Johannesburg Railway Station. On the handle of the suitcase is tied a label bearing the words "Back in Ten Minutes". It is not our intention to harm anyone. This is a symbolic protest against the inhumanity and injustices of apartheid. The bomb is timed to explode at 4.33 p.m. Clear the concourse by using the public address system at once. Do not try to defuse the bomb as the suitcase is triggered to explode if it is opened.'

The man who made that call then telephoned a briefer message to the liberal *Rand Daily Mail* which, believing human life to be in danger, quickly phoned the Security Police at their Johannesburg headquarters. The anonymous caller telephoned a third warning through to the pro-government newspaper *Die Transvaler*. All these calls are on record and were later admitted as evidence in the High Court. Yet no warning was broadcast over the loudspeaker system at the Johannesburg Railway Station, and the bomb exploded at 4.33 p.m., throwing the beautifully tiled concourse into utter chaos and injuring twenty-three innocent people.

One witness saw a massive flash of flame sear upwards to a height of about sixty feet. Another witness saw a stout old lady lying on the floor moaning with her hair on fire and her face blackened. She was Mrs Ethel Rhys, a grandmother aged seventy-seven, who later died of horrible burns. Her little grand-daughter, Glynnis Burleigh, aged twelve, was

also terribly injured. A witness said she looked as though she was covered in tar-flecked red paint, and skin came away from her arm as she was lifted on to a stretcher.

Glynnis, who was to become a close and trusted friend of mine, suffered the worst burns that day. She now lives in London under the name of Josie St Laurent. She has had forty skin grafts on her face, arms, chest and legs. One hand is disfigured. Her face today looks like a roughly-iced cake. Much of the skin on her face was taken from her bottom, and when no more was left her father told surgeons to transplant whatever they needed from his backside.

As the injured were still being taken away on stretchers the Security Police mounted a massive comb-out of all known political activists, Black and White. During the next six hours no mercy was shown. Every person picked up for questioning was first beaten and then asked to talk. Of the hundreds of people so treated, only two knew about the actual bomb plot and both talked within seconds of being kicked and punched by wild-eyed screaming Security men.

A secret Black police agent submitted vital details about a White liberal who had asked him to find an old broken alarm clock.* This information linked in with other data obtained during the mass interrogations, and it all pointed to one man. He was John Frederick Harris, a South African schoolteacher living in Roodepoort, near Johannesburg, who had studied philosophy and economics at Oxford University.

Less than seven hours after the bomb blast Harris was arrested by Security Police officers and immediately interrogated by Captain J. J. Viktor, a friend of mine who knew I was a spy. Viktor later boasted to me how he had persuaded John Harris to make a full confession within five minutes. This is roughly what he told me:

'One of the latest tricks in interrogation is to lull the suspect into a false sense of security. You start by being over-friendly with him and then suddenly scream like a

* The Black agent was Matthew Nkoana, who still spies on his fellow Blacks for BOSS.

maniac. I've always believed the only way to make a man talk is to give him a bloody good hiding, but there's something to be said for these new-fangled psychological methods from overseas. I tried my own variation on Harris and it worked.'

Viktor said he first sat Harris down on a chair in the middle of the room. Then he told him: 'Look, John, you are a member of the South African Liberal Party, so I know you are not the type of man to go round blowing people up with bombs; so I'm not going to waste time trying to interrogate you about the station blast.'

Viktor said Harris started to smile when he heard this and thanked him. Viktor then reassured him more by saying they could spend their time better by discussing sport because Harris's file showed he was a leading figure in the anti-apartheid sports organization SANROC ('South African Non-Racial Olympic Committee').

'When I asked him to name his favourite sport, Harris said he preferred playing cricket and tennis. I told him I was mad about rugby but that I always made a hash of my drop-kick. Harris said he was a keen student of rugby but didn't actually play the game as it was too rough for him.'

Viktor told me this gave him a good idea. He picked up a newspaper, crunched it into a ball and walked back to the far wall with it. He ran forward three or four steps and drop-kicked the ball of paper at a table in the corner.

'Harris told me he knew at once why my kicks went wide and said I swung my foot out as I kicked, which took the ball off course. I thanked him for his advice, picked up the ball of newspaper and carried it back to the wall. I ran forward again and delivered a massive kick. Not at the ball but right on John Harris's jaw.'

Harris hurtled backwards and somersaulted over the back of the chair. As he lurched to his knees he swayed dizzily, cupped his chin in both hands, and blood spurted from his mouth as he coughed.

Viktor continued: 'Agh, man, you should have seen the astonishment on his face. If he could have moved his jaw,

man, I'm sure it would have fallen to the floor. He just couldn't believe my sudden change of mood had happened.'

Viktor said he did not waste any more time and as John Harris knelt there coughing he kicked him on the jaw again saying: 'And that's how I take a penalty.'

Viktor then walked back to the far wall, stood with his palms pressed against it and leaned forward snarling: 'You see, Mr John Bloody Harris, I asked for special permission to interrogate you because my little child walks through Johannesburg station every day at the time your bomb went off. You could have killed my kid, so now I'm going to score some more points off your chin.'

Saying this Viktor ran forward screaming and kicked Harris again but this time in the stomach. As Viktor returned to the wall and took up his pre-kick stance once more Harris managed to mumble: 'I'll talk, I'll talk, but for Christ's sake don't kick me again, you've broken my jaw.'

He made a full verbal confession and next morning repeated it before another Security Police officer, Lieutenant W. J. van der Merwe. A doctor examined John Harris and treated him for a broken jaw. Broken in two places.

Spy-master H. J. van den Berg cannot say he was unaware of Viktor's unique questioning technique. I interviewed HJ within twelve hours of that interrogation and he gave me the exclusive story that a man had been arrested for causing the bomb blast.* During that interview HJ quipped 'That'll teach Harris to get involved in a scrum with one of my officers.' HJ told me something else in the privacy of his office. He admitted that the Railway Police had alerted him about the anonymous telephone call it had received at 4.18 saying a bomb had been planted. HJ had got this warning by 4.20 and had used his hot line to call Justice Minister John Vorster.

When the bomb did explode, the South African government took full advantage and used it to whip indifferent and uncommitted White voters into line behind them. It was South Africa's first taste of terrorism, and John Harris never

* Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 26 July 1964.

stood a chance when he came to trial. Public opinion was totally against him. He was a mad bomber who had 'deliberately set out to kill and maim innocent men, women and children'. Even the judge at his trial dismissed Harris's protestations that he had gone out of his way to have the railway concourse cleared 'to eliminate all risk of harm to people on the concourse'.

The court did not believe that Harris had only meant the bomb blast to be a symbolic protest which would be witnessed by hundreds of people safely herded outside a police cordon. The court was not interested in Harris's insistence that he had put two gallons of petrol in the bomb so that the cordoned-off crowd would witness a massive sheet of flame and would be able, as he put it: 'to visualize it quite clearly.'

Harris's claims were negated by a State witness who alleged that John Harris was a violent man. This was palpably untrue. I knew John Harris well, and in fact he took me with him on the very first public demonstration he made against segregated sport in South Africa several months before the bomb blast. No. John Harris was anything but violent. He was, in truth, a softie and dozens of his friends who live in Britain today will, I am sure, confirm that.

But apart from all that there is another disturbing factor in the John Harris case that I discovered myself quite by accident. At the trial a member of the public stated she had seen Harris hide his suitcase bomb *underneath* a wooden bench in a small cubicle on the station concourse. Yet when Harris made his warning calls to the newspapers and the police he said his suitcase was on the concourse. He said nothing about its being hidden underneath a seat. In any case he had given a graphic description of the suitcase, saying it was a brown one and had a label attached to its handle bearing the words 'Back in Ten Minutes'. Clearly, then, Harris had wanted the suitcase to be found quickly so that the crowds could be pushed away from it.

In this respect I have the best witness in the world,

Glynnis Burleigh. Ten years after the blast, in December 1974, Glynnis told me she was writing a book about her life since she was injured. She wanted me to write a story giving the book some publicity. At my insistence she finally agreed to return to the scene of the explosion and be photographed sitting on the wooden bench at exactly the spot where she was injured. This photograph was taken and I used it to illustrate my story.*

Before the photograph was taken I asked Glynnis to show me exactly where John Harris had left his suitcase bomb. Glynnis paced it out carefully. It was eighteen feet from and directly in front of the wooden bench on which she had been sitting at the time. The suitcase then was actually an obstacle which passers-by had to step around as they walked along the concourse. Can anyone believe that Glynnis Burleigh, who went through such a traumatic experience, could be mistaken about the position of that suitcase bomb?

This evidence came far too late to save John Harris. He was sentenced to death for deliberately planning an explosion which killed and maimed. I have no legal qualifications, but it seems to me that any man who deliberately planned to kill innocent women and children (which Harris didn't) must surely be mad? And that being so, why was Harris sentenced to death? Was it the mass hysteria whipped up by the South African government?

I have one more story to tell about John Harris which gives a good insight into his character, and also into the tactics used by H. J. van den Bergh. I do not know the in-depth details but there is at least one person now living in Britain who can confirm the most important aspects.

As John Harris sat in the death cell a warder asked him if he would like to escape. When Harris said he would the warder said it could be arranged for £7,000. The warder wanted a down payment of about £1,000 as proof of goodwill and £6,000 after the escape.

Harris quickly whispered this to one of his visitors (probably a relative) and within a matter of days the

* Johannesburg Sunday Express, 15 December 1974.

warder received a brown-paper parcel containing banknotes to the value of £1,000. The parcel was sent anonymously but I understand that a short note inside it told the warder that nobody outside the prison would be contactable and that the warder must arrange the escape with John Harris. The note added that if Harris succeeded in his escape a further £6,000 would be posted to the warder.

Harris and the warder hatched an escape plot which would be mounted one or two weeks before the date Harris was due to hang. On a particular night the warder gave him a suit of civilian clothing, a toy gun and some black shoe polish. The polish was for Harris to daub over his face so that his skin would not reflect the moonlight as he sneaked out of his cell, climbed a rope over the wall and jumped into a car parked near by which he would use to drive to freedom.

Convinced he was going to cheat the hangman, Harris lay in bed wearing the suit and waited for the warder to open the door at 2 a.m. as arranged. The door did open. But instead of the warder it was a smiling H. J. van den Bergh who walked in and said: 'Come on, John, give me that thing you have in your pocket.' Astonished, John Harris handed HJ the toy gun.

The warder had been planted on Harris by HJ right from the start. He had been told to offer an escape plan to Harris because HJ wanted to capture Harris's other associates in the underground African Resistance Movement. But Harris's friends on the outside had foiled HJ's cunning plot (although they may not have realized that the escape plan was a set-up) by sending the warder his £1,000 payment anonymously.

In this way, only John Harris knew the identities of his friends outside the prison. As he stood in the death cell that night, H. J. van den Bergh offered to let Harris escape if he agreed to spy for South African intelligence when he reached Britain.

But even this was a trick. If Harris had agreed to spy for South Africa, HJ intended asking him to disclose, as proof of 'good faith', the names of the people involved in the

escape plot. HJ would have had these people arrested at once and Harris would not have been allowed to escape.

But HJ never got to first base. Harris told him: 'You are wasting your time. I'd rather hang than spy for you people overseas.'

That plot by H. J. van den Bergh is one of South Africa's best-kept secrets. I tried every trick in the book to persuade HJ to let me publish a splash front-page story disclosing that 'the dreaded Communists could even infiltrate the death cell'. But HJ could not do so. It would have exposed his warder as a plant.

On 1 April 1965, as the noose was placed round John Harris's neck he sang *We Shall Overcome* and as the trapdoor opened his last words were 'Some day ...'

His body was taken to the Pretoria West Cemetery for cremation. There, a boy aged fifteen, whose parents were banned and could not attend the ceremony, stood up at the last minute with a farewell message to John Harris.

Reading from Ecclesiastes, Chapter 3, he said: 'A time to kill and a time to heal; a time to break down and a time to build up ...'

The young boy and his parents had been friendly with John Frederick Harris and they knew, without any doubt whatsoever, that he had been a gentle, peace-loving man who would never have planned to harm anyone with his misguided bomb of protest.

The boy was Peter Hain, who also became a prime target of Pretoria six years later.

7 • BRAM FISCHER

Abram 'Bram' Fischer was the biggest catch the Security Police had ever made. A short, thick-set and fair-haired man of fifty-five with a boyish face, he came from top Afrikaner stock. His grandfather had been State Secretary of the Orange River Colony and his father a Judge President of the Orange Free State. Following in their footsteps he had taken silk in 1935 and was a former chairman of the Law Society. He had studied economics at Oxford University and was known throughout South Africa as a brilliant advocate who specialized in defending political accused.

As he stood in the dock with thirteen other Whites in September 1964, it was disclosed that behind the scenes Bram Fischer had been the leader of the outlawed South African Communist Party. This revelation of his double life was an eye-opener for the general public. Then came the second shock. Gerald Ludi, the man responsible for Fischer's arrest, was an intense young leftist reporter on the staff of South Africa's most liberal newspaper, the *Rand Daily Mail*. Or, rather, that's what he appeared to be. Gasps came from the public gallery when the court was told the truth about Gerald Ludi. He was no left-winger. He had been recruited while a student at Johannesburg's Wits University in 1960, given the code number Q018 and assigned to start working as a liberal reporter so that he could infiltrate the Communist Party.

Ludi had been obliged to mix with Blacks and liberals for four years. We were told he had also found it necessary to attend mixed race parties organized by the Communist Party where Blacks and Whites swam together in the nude and 'took part in disgusting sex orgies'. But he had mastered his repugnance and finally succeeded in being recruited by the Communist Party.

Gerald Ludi, a tall, skinny man with large protruding teeth, was hailed as South Africa's 'super spy'. In a book he wrote later with the help of an Afrikaans journalist, Ludi was described as 'a young man who, with almost incredible ingenuity, managed to penetrate the iron curtain of Communist activities and by risking his life succeeded in exposing their bloody conspiracies'.* In the same book Ludi repeated the claim made in court that he had been recruited by the Security Police in 1960 and given the code number Q018. It was all very exciting. Gerald Ludi was clearly a brilliant spy and a brave (White) South African patriot.

It seems a shame to spoil a rattling good yarn like that. But that's what it was — a yarn. All hogwash. The less palatable truth is that Ludi was a traitor who betrayed his closest friends to save his own skin when the police caught him in bed with an Indian woman.

While at university, in 1961, Ludi had joined the Congress of Democrats, a group of intellectuals and students formed to fight apartheid. He had not joined out of any great liberal fervour but because the people in the Congress were the political trend-setters at the time. Being an ambitious young man, Ludi had realized that these people were important to him. In May 1962 members of the Congress were invited to attend a world youth festival overseas if they paid their own fares. Ludi was one of the students who accepted. While in Moscow he had stood in a long line of other students from all over the world to enjoy a perfunctory handshake from the Soviet political leader Nikita Krushchev.

The South African Communist Party had been watching Gerald Ludi for several months, and when he returned home, in late 1962, he was invited to join its ranks. He became a junior member on 12 May 1963. Then, in late June 1963, shortly after his twenty-fifth birthday, Ludi was caught having a lunchtime sex session with a petite Indian girl who lived in Mooi Street, Johannesburg. On being

* *The Amazing Mr Fischer* by Gerald Ludi and Blaar Grobelaar.

taken to the nearest police station Gerald Ludi begged the arresting officers to drop the Immorality Act charge. He said his right-wing father would beat the hell out of him, quite apart from the shame he would bring on his entire family.

'If you drop the charge,' he said, 'I'll give you some valuable information about underground Communists in South Africa.'

At first the senior officer in charge of Ludi's case took this with a pinch of salt. But then the quick-witted Ludi said something no South African policeman could resist:

'I'm not joking. Phone Security Branch headquarters in Pretoria and tell them I'm a card-carrying member of the Communist Party and that I actually shook hands with Nikita Krushchev in Moscow last year.'

It worked like a charm. The officer immediately contacted Pretoria and H. J. van den Bergh, who was forming Republican Intelligence at the time, clapped his hands with glee. This sounded just the kind of man he could use. Ludi was whisked over to Pretoria in a squad car and ushered into H.J.'s office.

It did not take Van Den Bergh long to assess this unusual young man. He was very bright indeed. He spoke fluent English and Afrikaans, had studied politics and economics and was a reporter on the anti-apartheid newspaper, the *Star*. Even better, he was a member of the hated South African Communist Party. HJ offered Ludi a deal. If he agreed to act as a secret informer against his friends in the Communist Party, the Immorality Act charge hanging over his head would not be pursued.

HJ told me later that Ludi did not bat an eyelid. Agreeing to spy, he claimed he had only joined the Communist Party to further his career as a liberal reporter. He said he was actually a staunch government supporter like his German-born father. He asked Van Den Bergh only one favour: could he continue his friendship with the Indian girl, as this would help him to continue being regarded as a liberal? HJ told Ludi he could have babies by the girl for all he

cared. This approval would have caused an uproar in the strict Dutch Reformed Church if anyone had found out about it.

Thus a spy 'star' was born. Ludi's first assignment was to leave the Johannesburg *Star* and try to get a reporting job on the *Rand Daily Mail*. He succeeded in this three months later, joining the staff of the *Mail* in October 1963. Eleven months later when Ludi came to court to give evidence against his Communist Party leader, Bram Fischer, the camouflage story, that Ludi had been recruited as a spy way back in 1960, was cleverly mounted.

This was done for two reasons. It made the Security Police appear smart and it ensured that Republican Intelligence and its practice of recruiting journalists would not be mentioned in court. Gerald Ludi and I were signed on as members of Republican Intelligence within days of each other and shared the same handler, Jack 'Koos' Kemp. Ludi was given the secret code number R018, the next number to mine - R017. When Ludi gave his evidence the court was told his code number was Q018. The introduction of that false letter Q instead of R was H. J. van den Bergh's idea. It was a clever smokescreen which had the South African pressmen running round trying to find out more about the Security Branch's so-called Q-Squad. This was, of course, impossible. You cannot pick up information about something which never existed. Naturally the Security Police took all the glory, and Republican Intelligence was never mentioned or even hinted at.

Ludi told some incredible lies when Bram Fischer appeared in court. But they were all extremely well rehearsed. So much so that Fischer, in a statement he read at the end of the preliminary hearing, said 'The truthful and the false evidence are so inextricably interwoven that it is not possible by means of a plea to unravel one from the other.'

My part in the capture of Bram Fischer was insignificant compared with the role played by Gerald Ludi. I was assigned to help in a plot to trick one of Bram's best friends

and I very nearly fouled up the whole thing. This story shows once again the incredibly devious mind of Hendrik van den Bergh and explains why he went on to become the most famous spy-master in South African history.

In July 1964, two months before Bram Fischer was arrested and charged, HJ scrutinized all aspects of the evidence obtained by Gerald Ludi. Although he was sure Ludi would be a good witness, HJ was not prepared to risk arresting such a formidable opponent as Advocate Fischer without an excellent back-up witness. Too much was at stake. The government wanted to make a massive propaganda show trial of the whole thing.

So HJ began looking for another star witness.

One of the men implicated with Bram Fischer was Petrus 'Piet' Beyleveld. A sturdily built, handsome man with a full head of grey hair, who ran a Christmas hamper scheme for Blacks, he was a Central Committee member of the South African Communist Party and had given loyal service to the party for twenty-five years. He was being held in solitary confinement under the ninety-day detention clause at the time but had refused to talk.

Looking through Beyleveld's political file, H. J. van den Bergh noticed that he had said something rather strange during interrogation a week earlier. One of the Security men quizzing Beyleveld had said 'You might as well talk, Piet. All your comrades are singing like canaries.'

'Don't waste your time,' Beyleveld had replied. 'I don't care what information you've gleaned from the rank and file. There's always somebody who cracks. But don't suggest to me that Bram has talked. That's the most impossible thing I could imagine.'

This gave H. J. van den Bergh an idea. He must somehow convince Beyleveld that Bram Fischer had cracked during interrogation. As the first step in this plan, HJ sent a senior Security man to Beyleveld's cell for a long talk. During this discussion the Security man said:

'Bram Fischer wants to be a State witness against you and all your friends in order to save his own skin. But we

want Bram in the dock as the number one accused, because he's the leader of the Communist Party and that would have much better impact on a propaganda level. Why should you go to jail for his sake? Give evidence against him for us and you'll be given immunity from arrest.'

Beyleveld answered: 'Prove to me that Bram's talked and I'll stand up in court against him. But not till then.'

When he heard this, H. J. van den Bergh started his intricate plotting. First he got a Security man to telephone Bram Fischer at his home pretending to be a telephone technician. During the conversation, which was taped, the technician asked Bram various questions about his telephone. Bram answered the questions with 'Yes,' 'No' and 'I don't know' answers. These were transposed on to another tape recording which made it appear that Bram Fischer was willingly answering questions put to him by a Security interrogator whose voice was well known to Piet Beyleveld. Also included on this tape were isolated snippets of information which, when parcelled together, gave the impression that Bram Fischer had volunteered them.

As a crafty psychological ploy, just before the tape was played to Piet Beyleveld by the police, Gerald Ludi was planted in the cell next door to Beyleveld's and, during a thirty-minute exercise session, Ludi whispered through his cell door:

'Piet. Come here quickly. I've something important to tell you. Something terrible's happened. Bram's talked. He's shopped us all. There's a massive show trial to be mounted and Bram's given them a two-hundred-page statement.'

To add credibility to this charade, a warder rushed up, shouting:

'Get away from that door, you bloody Communist *skelm*.* Take that.'

Ludi grunted and screamed as though he had been kicked. During the loud scuffle as he was pulled from the

* Afrikaans word for rascal or villain; pronounced 'skellum'.

door, he shouted 'Don't you dare assault me, you fascist pig. I'll get my lawyers to sue you.'

Ludi gave another gurgled shout as he was thrown into the cell next door. His cell door clanged shut. There was the sound of keys turning in the heavy lock and the warder stomping away, muttering curses.

Piet Beyleveld's consternation can be understood. He knew that Gerald Ludi was a member of the Communist Party who was close to Bram Fischer. What he did not know about, of course, was Ludi's treachery.

The next phase of HJ's cunning plot involved me. At the time I was having my tonsils out in a Hillbrow nursing home. It was a comic scene. I woke up to find someone slapping my cheeks. The urgent-sounding voice said:

'Wake up, Gordon. Wake up. It's Jack.'

Through the fog of the anaesthetic I saw the balding, fair-haired man I knew so well — Jack Kemp, my Johannesburg handler.

'Yes. I see you. What's wrong?'

As Jack propped me up, blood spurted from my mouth. He grabbed a kidney bowl from the bedside, placing it under my lower lip. Mopping the blood from my chin with some cotton wool, he said:

'Sorry to bother you but the Tall Man wants you to do a special job for him. It's most urgent and must be done within the next hour or so.'

Although I was feeling sick and dizzy from the anaesthetic, my brain was clear enough to realize this was the daftest thing I had ever heard.

'You're crazy,' I said. 'If you think I can get out of bed within minutes of having my tonsils out, you really are crazy. You know I'll do anything for you, but how can I go out and do a job for you right now? What are you going to do? Carry me there?'

Jack laughed. 'No. All you have to do is make a phone call. You don't even have to get out of bed. I've got the hospital telephone right here for you on a trolley. I arrived

just as you were going into the operating theatre and I've got everything organized.

'I want you to phone Ann Cavill and Margaret Smith right now and tell them to come to the nursing home as you've got a good story for them about Bram Fischer. Tell them you can't talk over the phone and that they must get here as quickly as possible. Is that clear?'

Ann Cavill was a liberal reporter on the staff of the Johannesburg *Sunday Express*. Margaret Smith was another well-known liberal who reported for the Johannesburg *Sunday Times*. Both were hated by Pretoria as they regularly wrote anti-apartheid stories.*

Jack dialled each number for me. Luckily both Ann and Margaret were in their offices. Margaret, a close friend of Bram Fischer, said she would dash up to see me at once. Ann said she would be at my bedside about half an hour later. Then Jack told me the reason for all this palaver.

'HJ wants to trick Piet Beyleveld, who's being held under the ninety-day clause. To do this Bram Fischer has to be pulled in under the ninety-day clause himself. We're going to stick him in the next cell to Beyleveld. Right at this moment Security officers are raiding Bram's home in Oaklands. It's imperative that the newspapers know exactly when Bram was detained because we're going to release him unexpectedly in three days' time. The whole idea is to convince Piet Beyleveld that Bram must have given us information. Nobody's ever been held under the ninety-day clause and released within three days. That would be completely pointless. By releasing Bram so quickly we'll be giving the impression that he's answered all the questions put to him. Get the idea?'

I nodded.

'When Ann and Margaret get here,' Jack continued, 'you simply tell them that Bram's house is being raided and that he'll be detained for ninety days when the police have finished searching his home. You can say you got the infor-

* Ann Cavill now works for a news agency in Miami, Florida. Margaret Smith represents the *Rand Daily Mail* in London.

mation about the raid from a cop you're friendly with. Say he phoned to tell you about it just as you were going in for your operation.'

As he stood up to leave, Jack added 'Bram will be released in three days - at eleven o'clock on Saturday night. The time's been carefully arranged so that the Sunday papers will be able to slot the news of his release into their late Johannesburg editions. But don't worry about that. We'll get one of our men to telephone the papers about Bram's release as soon as it happens.'

When Jack Kemp left I fell fast asleep. I woke to find Margaret Smith gently holding my hand. The anaesthetic was making me feel groggy again. And that was when I very nearly loused up H. J. van den Bergh's carefully laid scheme. As I told Margaret about the Security Police raid on Bram Fischer's home, I said:

'They're going to detain him. But don't worry. They'll only hold him for three days. He'll be let out at eleven on Saturday night, you see.'

I'm sure Margaret did not see at all. It must have confused her terribly. But she was very sweet and thanked me, saying she would send a *Sunday Times* photographer to Bram's house to take pictures of the raid.

When Margaret left I fell asleep yet again. About an hour later, Ann Cavill phoned. By this time the anaesthetic had worn off completely and I realized what a complete mess I had made while talking to Margaret. After I had given Ann Cavill the correct story, I fretted for hours, wondering if my stupidity had ruined H. J. van den Bergh's plot.

It had not. When Bram was released that Saturday night the Security Police leaked the news to the Sunday newspapers. My editor did not publish it because he could not be bothered to change the front page. But the *Sunday Times* felt the news was important enough to deserve a mention and a story was published in its Johannesburg edition. This was exactly what Van Den Bergh had wanted. One of his Security men woke Piet Beyleveld up at the psychologically disorientating time of four o'clock the next morning. Placing

a copy of the *Sunday Times* in Beyleveld's hands, he said 'If you don't believe Bram's talked now, then there's something wrong with your head.'

Piet Beyleveld was thunderstruck when he saw that Bram had been released after only three days in detention. There was no doubt left in his mind then. Bram Fischer, his beloved leader and close friend of many years' standing had given information to the police. It had to be so. To be released from ninety days on the third day was unheard of. In addition, had not Gerald Ludi, a trusted comrade, already warned him of Bram's treachery? And had not the Security Police allowed him to listen to a tape recording the day before of Bram talking politely to one of their interrogators, answering questions in a respectful and friendly way?

Piet Beyleveld, a dyed-in-the-wool Communist, who had been seasoned by twenty-five years in the party, fell for it. Throwing down the newspaper, he said 'Get pen and paper. I'll tell you any bloody thing you want to know.'

He signed a long and detailed confession implicating his leader.

Bram Fischer jumped bail and went underground to regroup the shattered Communist Party. He led H. J. van den Bergh's Security men a merry dance for ten months. When he was recaptured, his disguise was so fabulous that the arresting officers could not believe it was Bram. Gone were the fair hair and cherubic face. In front of them stood a balding black-haired man with a small goatee beard and moustache. At his trial he did not deny being a Communist. He said he was proud to be one. He was sentenced to life imprisonment.

But even then H. J. van den Bergh had not finished with him. Knowing Bram would never change his views, he set another plot in motion. For the first few months of his sentence Bram Fischer was deliberately kept in total isolation, with no books to read and no privileges of any kind. Warders were forbidden to say even one word to him. Then, as a complete contrast, a more friendly warder was assigned

to his section. This man broke prison regulations by talking to Bram once or twice a week during the long, boring night shift. He asked rather childish questions and seemed to be a complete oaf whose jaw dropped in surprise when Bram gave him lengthy educated answers.

That warder was no moron, however. He was a highly intelligent man who had been briefed by H. J. van den Bergh. His assignment went something like this:

'Be reasonably friendly with prisoner Fischer at first. He'll be desperate for someone to talk to. But don't try to match your wits against his. He's far too smart for that. The only way to beat him is to play the part of an ignorant farmer's son. If you do this properly, Fischer will slowly start to infiltrate you and get you to do small favours for him. Don't agree straight away. Tell him you'll think about it. Keep him waiting for two or three weeks, then finally agree. Then pretend to be terrified of being caught and losing your job. Above all, don't rush it. And stay stupid.'

HJ had chosen the right man. The warder not only did exactly as he was told, he played his role remarkably well. It took eight months for the small favours Bram asked of him to become big ones. Then his restricted life-style changed dramatically. The warder brought him newspapers, books and even small items of food and fresh fruit. Soon after this Bram made himself politically active again by using the warder as a go-between with a trusted comrade living in Pretoria and a Communist Party man-and-wife team who lived in the Johannesburg suburb of Gardens. Through these two channels Bram wrote secret letters to people all over South Africa and various parts of the world. He wrote to the 'Letters to the Editor' section of several newspapers under an assumed name, and many of these (anti-apartheid) letters were published by the liberal press.

This went on for at least four years, during which H. J. van den Bergh closely monitored everything Bram was doing and picked up some fascinating snippets of information. Then Bram Fischer really got into his stride. He started organizing public protests by liberal students at

universities in various parts of South Africa. He smuggled out devastating letters to the United Nations calling for economic pressure and embargoes against South Africa, and explaining how they could be applied under international law. He set up an organization called the Human Rights Committee, run by Miss Sheila Weinberg, a known and banned opponent of the government. Through this front Bram cleverly masterminded an agitation campaign in liberal newspapers calling for his own release on humanitarian grounds. Some of the most famous and respected names in the country came forward to join the public appeal, totally unaware that Bram was behind the whole thing.

This aggravated Van Den Bergh intensely. He told me he would have loved to charge Bram Fischer with all these activities and bring him into an open court.

'The publicity potential is enormous and would show how devious the Communists are in their cunning manipulations,' he said.

But HJ was caught in a trap of his own making. If the case had come to court it would have meant exposing the warder as a double. HJ simply could not do this, as he had planted similar warders on other top political prisoners, and this was producing extremely valuable and regular information. On the other hand HJ could not allow Bram's illegal activities to continue. They were so successful and damaging that the planted warder was becoming completely counter-productive.

There was an even worse aspect to all this from H. J. van den Bergh's point of view. Being a past master of the double-think, he started worrying. Perhaps wily old Bram was also playing a double game. Perhaps Bram had worked it out that the warder was a plant. Perhaps he had worked it out that HJ had similar warders planted on other political prisoners and could not risk exposing this fact. Perhaps . . . Perhaps . . .

HJ worried himself silly on this subject until he could stand it no longer. He called off his tame warder. About two years later Bram Fischer was removed from prison and

taken to the H. F. Verwoerd Hospital in Pretoria. He was suffering from cancer of the spine and his days were numbered. HJ went to visit him. He just had to find out whether this old Communist warrior had outmanoeuvred him. With HJ was Lieutenant-General M. J. 'Thys' Nel, of the Prisons Department, who also had an interest. He was the man who had directly liaised on a day-to-day basis with the warder planted on Bram.

Pulling up a chair and sitting at Bram Fischer's bedside, HJ gave a long sigh. In a friendly, joking way he said 'You've had a good innings, Bram. But the game's drawing to a close now. So please tell me. Did you know or didn't you?'

Bram, although emaciated and in pain, gave the two men a gentle smile.

'It certainly wasn't cricket, old chap,' he replied. 'You've got your games all mixed up. I was actually playing chess with you. And it was the most beautiful game I've ever played.'

Seeing a look of dismay cloud H. J. van den Bergh's face, Bram sportingly added 'Don't take it too badly. I think you might have won if the game had been played under normal conditions. The great advantage I had over you was that I had far more time on my hands to consider each move.'*

* Bram Fischer died shortly afterwards, in May 1975, when the cancer reached his brain.

8 · THE PRISONS ACT TRIAL

In 1969 press freedom in South Africa was effectively muzzled by a government conspiracy. It was masterminded by John Vorster and Hendrik van den Bergh, in collusion with the Prisons Department, to teach the liberal *Rand Daily Mail* a lesson it would never forget. But the plot back-fired and, at one stage, threatened to topple its originators. To correct the situation a massive show trial was mounted against the *Rand Daily Mail*, which was found guilty of publishing 'false information'. The background to this case, which became world-famous as the 'Prisons Act trial' and was described by a leading British paper as one of the most important to be held in South Africa,* proves that the whole thing was a shocking travesty of justice.

It all started one afternoon in May 1965 when my editor, Johnny Johnson, called me out of the *Sunday Express* newsroom and walked me into his private office. Sitting down at his desk, he threw a four-page telex message across at me. It was from our staff correspondent in Durban. Earlier that day he had interviewed a well-known political activist just released from jail. The man was Harold Strachan, who had served a three-year sentence for conspiring to commit explosions. An art lecturer and former Air Force Lieutenant, he wanted the *Sunday Express* to publish horrific details about conditions in South African prisons.

He said all Black prisoners were treated like animals and suffered daily brutality at the hands of sadistic White warders. The prisons were places of filth, obscenity and homosexuality. Very few cells had flush toilets and, at one time, when he was lucky enough to be put in one that did, the cell was crammed with eleven other White convicts.

'But we not only defecated in that toilet, we had to wash

* British *Sunday Times*, 27 October 1968.

in it and brush our teeth in it,' he alleged. 'It's hard to believe, but in the mornings we would stand in line with our soap, hand towels and toothbrushes, with only fifteen minutes before roll call, while one of our cellmates was actually sitting on the pan. We would say to him "Hurry up", and when he got up amongst all this bloody stink, he would flush the thing. The next man would then dip his toothbrush in the pan or quickly splash his face with water while we continued to wait. If you consider that this was the kind of thing White prisoners had to put up with, you can just imagine the conditions for the Blacks.'

Johnson told me to take the telex to John Vorster for his comments. He wanted to run a front-page story in which Vorster would deny Strachan's allegations. Right-wing readers would nod in agreement at Vorster's denials and anti-government readers would be delighted that Johnson had been 'brave' enough to publish Strachan's claims.

But it did not turn out like that. When I saw John Vorster at his office the next day, he read the telex quickly.

'Tell your editor not to run one word of this,' he said. 'There's a very good reason. Harold Strachan is a Communist, and all this rubbish about our prisons is a Communist propaganda smear. We know all about it. Hendrik van den Bergh had a tip-off even before Strachan left prison that this story was to be mounted.'

Handing the telex back, Vorster added 'Take this round to H.J. He's formulating some plan of action and he'll tell you what to do.'

I went straight round to H. J. van den Bergh, who read Strachan's allegations very carefully and then telephoned Thys Nel at the Prisons Department headquarters. When he had finished, H.J. turned to me. 'We've no problem. Nel says the Prisons Department will have no trouble in refuting some of these claims as outright lies.'

H. J. van den Bergh was a quick decision maker. Looking at me keenly, he suddenly said:

'How would you like to go to jail – as a prisoner? Nel says the Prisons Department would prosecute any newspaper

running Strachan's lies. Why don't we set it up for you to fly down to Durban, interview Strachan on tape, print your story and we'll charge you and your paper? You'll go to jail for up to six or eight months, and this'll suit us both. The government gives the Commies a good kick in the teeth and we enhance your cover at the same time.'

It was a marvellous idea. Apart from strengthening my cover, going to jail would make me famous. When I agreed, HJ gave a broad smile and picked up his hotline to Vorster. He spoke in Afrikaans, so I did not understand much of their conversation. But as HJ's expression changed, I gathered the answer was no.

'The Minister says definitely not. He doesn't want to hammer your editor, because he's useful. He says it would be far better if we somehow farmed the story on to the *Rand Daily Mail* and gave them a good hammering instead.'

When I first started spying for Republican Intelligence I had, at HJ's request, worked for the *Rand Daily Mail* on Sundays, my day off, as an extra reporter in order to get better acquainted with the staff and workings of that newspaper. One of the men on the paper was Benjamin 'Benjie' Pogrund, who in March 1965 had started making general inquiries into prison conditions. Reminding H. J. van den Bergh of this, I said I was reasonably sure I could plant the Strachan story on Pogrund, who would definitely make a meal out of it. HJ thought this an excellent idea.

After telling my editor that John Vorster had put the block on the Strachan story, I gave the telex to Benjie Pogrund. It was right up his street. For years he had sought to investigate conditions in prisons as he had long been worried about complaints Blacks had brought to him. Yet to mount any story naming a Black complainant would only have brought harassment and terror into that Black's life. But here was an educated and articulate White man who was willing to stand up and scream.

I did not tell Pogrund that I had spoken to John Vorster or H. J. van den Bergh about the Strachan revelations. Instead, I told him I had been to the Prisons Department

and they had warned me that my newspaper would be charged if it ran the story. Pogrund listened carefully and thanked me. Forewarned was forearmed; he would not approach the Prisons Department if he wrote about Strachan and his claims. It was clear they would try to stop the story.

'Don't worry,' he said. 'I'll sew the story up tightly by making a tape recording of what Strachan says, and if necessary I'll even get him to sign an affidavit. I'm not going to risk the Prisons Department calling me a liar when the story's published.'

That is where, from the government point of view, Pogrund made his big mistake. The Prisons Act, No. 8 of 1959, makes it an offence to publish any false information concerning prisons 'without taking reasonable steps to verify such information'. It is a ridiculous law for a country which claims to be run on democratic lines and denies it is a police state. In effect it means that if any ex-prisoner walks into a newspaper office and makes serious allegations about conditions in prison, the editor of the paper is placed in the impossible position of not being able to check the truthfulness or otherwise of the claims unless he 'takes reasonable steps'; and in South Africa the only 'reasonable' steps an editor can take are to ask the Prisons Department if the allegations are true. If they say no - and they always do - the story simply cannot be published. An editor may still wish to publish, at his peril, but a newspaper exists to make money and its board of directors, quite apart from the shareholders, would hardly smile benignly on an editor who, by rushing into print after being warned not to do so, opens his company up to huge legal costs. On the other hand, the South African government does not care how much taxpayers' money it spends on mounting a prosecution. Its coffers are bottomless. That is why in practice the law has been, and still is, an effective inhibition on the publication of anything which might annoy the Prisons Department.

Benjie Pogrund interviewed Harold Strachan and obtained a long list of many other sensational allegations about the horror of prison life. When he told his editor, Lawrence

Gandar, it was decided to expand the whole story into an in-depth series in which other former prisoners would give their impressions. Trusting me at the time, Pogrund asked me if I would introduce him to any ex-convicts who might be able to give him further information. I said I would. When I reported back to H. J. van den Bergh, he had a brain-wave.

'If Pogrund's looking for ex-convicts to give him details about prisons, why not plant Andy Sacks on him,' he suggested with a chuckle.

Excerpt from secret BOSS files (1969):

'SACKS, Andrew Aubrey. Alias George Johnson. Adult White Jewish South African male aged 38. Long record of criminal convictions. Speciality fraud. Paroled on medical grounds suffering tuberculosis in February 1965 during fourth year of a 9 to 15 year indeterminate sentence imposed for bribery of a prison warden. Declared a hostile witness in Gandar/Pogrund trial and fled from South Africa on 11/12/1968. Flew to London on South African passport number J250933, issued in Johannesburg 8/2/1967. Accompanied by wife Pamela Sacks, travelling on British passport number D819131 issued in Salisbury, Rhodesia, 12/5/1967. Investigation proceeding into the possibility that their air tickets, numbered 083-200-598027 and 8, were secretly paid for by a senior member of the South African Progressive Party who assisted them in their escape. Warrant of arrest issued for A. A. Sacks on a charge of perjury.'

Andy Sacks is one of the most astonishing characters I have ever met, tall, wiry, good-looking, intelligent and incredibly devious. In the early 1960s I campaigned, through a series of hard-hitting stories, for his release from jail on a point of law. Finally, by pleading with Justice Minister John Vorster on Sacks's behalf, I helped to get him paroled. Vorster was to tell me later: 'That was the worst day's work

you ever did, my boy.' H. J. van den Bergh knew all about my campaigning for Sacks. He also knew that Sacks was a very tricky character.

Andrew Sacks owed me a big favour, so I asked him if he would give Benjie Pogrund details about conditions in prisons. At the same time I asked him to let me know everything Pogrund did. Andy agreed. I arranged an interview between him and Benjie Pogrund a few days later. But the scheming Andy Sacks, not knowing I was a spy, set up his own private little plot. He tipped off the security section of the Prisons Department. They set up a secret tape recorder in the hope that Pogrund would implicate himself in some way while talking to Sacks.

The full measure of Andy Sacks's deviousness can be assessed from the fact that he then pulled a double double. A few minutes after Pogrund had started his interview, Sacks put his finger to his lips and pointed to the hidden tape recorder, which he then somehow sabotaged. Pogrund examined the machine, which was a government-issue Uher. Inside its leather pouch he found a driving licence belonging to a top-level Prisons Department official named Aucamp.

Now Pogrund trusted Sacks. He asked him to put him in touch with other prisoners and ex-prisoners who might be willing to swear out affidavits complaining about prison conditions. Sacks did this but cunningly developed yet another counter-plot. He reported back to the Prisons Department that Benjie Pogrund was only interested in obtaining statements from men who would criticize prisons. To negate this he suggested that the Prisons Department should recruit him to find prisoners who would be willing to swear out affidavits stating that prison conditions were good and that they had no complaints. The top brass in the Prisons Department thought this an excellent idea. They knew such affidavits would be very useful in court when the *Rand Daily Mail* was, as it surely must be, charged with publishing lies. Rommel Steyn of the Prisons Department was assigned to liaise with Sacks in recruiting a long line of

convicts who, in return for reductions of their sentences, would lie and say prisons were marvellous places.

In later years I asked Andy Sacks why he had double-crossed both sides. The answer he gave was simple:

'I hated the Prisons Department so much that I just wanted to do anything to beat the system. It was a system that kept me chained up like a dog, in damp cells with not enough blankets to keep me warm. In cells with broken windows which let the wind and rain sweep in during the cold winter season. A system which, in this way, caused me to contract tuberculosis.'

'I willingly helped Benjie Pogrund because I wanted the *Rand Daily Mail* to knock hell out of that system. And I recruited top villains like Baby Face Goodwin, Pat Rafferty and Johnny Scholes, to give evidence favourable to the State, not because I had any intention whatsoever of helping the State, but to beat the system yet again by getting these men, and others, reductions of their sentences, which they all got. That may sound twisted to you. But it wasn't to me.'

Several months before Benjie Pogrund started his investigation I had heard about a Black prisoner being kicked to death by a warder in Johannesburg's Fort Prison. The details about this had been given to me in confidence by Dr Jonathan Gluckman, an eminent pathologist working in Johannesburg. I do not know how he knew about this case. He probably examined the body of the Black man for death-certificate reasons.

In my enthusiasm to prove to Benjie Pogrund that I was on his side against the government, I told him about this murder. He was excited about it and asked me to get him the basic details so that he could mount his own investigation. I agreed, but, to be on the safe side, I asked H. J. van den Bergh if he would give me his authorization for this. He said he felt sure it would be all right.

'That kind of vicious rumour is regularly spread by Communists. They're always false. But before you give the story to Pogrund, go and see Thys and ask him to check it out,' he said.

From Van Den Bergh's office I went to Thys Nel at the Prisons Department. He said he would have the Black's death investigated. A few days later he phoned me in agitation saying he had to see me urgently.

When I arrived at his office, he told me I must on no account give the story to the *Rand Daily Mail*:

'As HJ suggested, I mounted a departmental inquiry into the death of the Black prisoner. I'm afraid it's true. He was kicked to death by a warder.'

According to Nel, it was not 'really murder'. It had been 'assault in anger'. The prisoner was a tough character with a long list of convictions. He had managed to open the lock of his cell door with a key he had fashioned from a spoon. Making his way to the outer prison wall, he had been spotted by a warder who raised the alarm. At least two other warders had raced to the scene. As the escaping convict had been pulled down from the wall, he had kicked a warder in the face. The other warders had grabbed the Black and pinned him down on the floor. At this point the warder who had been kicked in the face had run forward and deliberately kicked the prostrate man on the head several times, angrily shouting 'I'll teach you to kick a White man.'

Benjie Pogrund repeatedly asked me to obtain the details of this case but I kept making excuses and never did. Fortunately for me I had not told Pogrund I had obtained the original information from Dr Gluckman and I had not mentioned the murdered convict's name, so he was unable to dig the story out himself.

During his probe into prison conditions Benjie Pogrund secretly rented a small office in the Diamond Exchange Building in De Villiers Street, Johannesburg. Here he interviewed many Blacks who had been in prison and took affidavits from them. At the time this was one of the *Rand Daily Mail*'s best-kept secrets; only the editor and the news editor knew Pogrund was using it. This was because Pogrund suspected that a police spy was active in the *Rand Daily Mail* newsroom. Within a few days of Pogrund renting this office I found out about it from an Indian named

Mike Khan and tipped off H. J. van den Bergh. His men entered the office late one night and set up a bugging device.

The discovery of this office was one of the decisive factors in the successful prosecution mounted against the *Rand Daily Mail*. By listening in to all Benjie Pogrund's interviews with Blacks, the security men were able to obtain advance knowledge of the names and addresses of all the Blacks; their places of work; the type of questions Pogrund was putting to them; what allegations the Blacks made against various prisons; which Blacks were willing to sign affidavits. Many of the Blacks were visited by security men after being interviewed by Pogrund. Some were frightened off. One was 'persuaded' to withdraw his affidavit and at least two agreed to turn against Benjie Pogrund if they were called upon to do so by the police when the matter came to court. These two signed affidavits for the police alleging that Pogrund had 'put words into their mouths'.

The *Rand Daily Mail* published its prisons series on 30 June and 1 and 2 July 1965. It was one of the most sensational in South African history. The incredible stories of prison brutality, filth and electric-shock torture inflicted on Black convicts created such public indignation that residents living in flats near Johannesburg's Fort Prison spat down on and screamed epithets at uniformed White warders on their way to and from work.

H. J. van den Bergh ordered his Security Police to raid the offices of the *Rand Daily Mail* and take possession of Benjie Pogrund's affidavits, tape recordings and other documents, in an effort to halt the series mid-stream. I 'just happened' to be on the scene and took photographs of the raid. The raiding police took everything they could lay their hands on, including typed versions and galley proofs of the prison series the *Mail* intended publishing next day. But they forgot one vital thing. These pages had already been made up, in metal type form, down in the printing works. Benjie Pogrund laughed when the police had gone.

'The stuff we prepared for tomorrow's edition will still appear. They overlooked the metal type,' he said.

I immediately telephoned H. J. van den Bergh and warned him of this. Within the hour, a senior police officer in Johannesburg phoned the *Rand Daily Mail* and gave it an official warning that the next day's series should not be published. But the editor, Lawrence Gandar, ignored the threat and continued publication.

Then H. J. van den Bergh really got mad. The *Rand Daily Mail*'s principal witness, Harold Strachan, was immediately placed under house arrest and banned under the Suppression of Communism Act. That officially barred all newspapers from quoting anything he said from that moment on. He later appeared in court charged with perjuring himself by making false affidavits and causing 'false information' to be published about prison conditions. He was convicted and jailed for eighteen months.

H. J. also moved swiftly against several other men who had supplied information to the *Rand Daily Mail*. Most of them were convicted. Among them were two men who were not ex-prisoners. Van Schalkwyk was a prison warden and Theron a head warden. Yet both were convicted; Van Schalkwyk got three years and Theron served sixteen months in jail.

H. J. van den Bergh was so angry about the 'treachery' of head warden Johannes Andries Theron that he secretly assigned me to interview him and write a vicious smear story about him. It was not difficult. Theron was a brutal man with a murky past. His reason for speaking out against prison conditions was not that he was appalled by them. He had done so in a desperate attempt to swerve the *Rand Daily Mail* away from his own ill-treatment of prisoners. Before I went to interview Theron, Van Den Bergh sent me round to Brigadier Thys Nel, then the acting Commissioner of Prisons. On H. J. van den Bergh's say-so, Nel allowed me to peruse head warden Theron's personal file at the Prisons Department headquarters.

That service record was horrific and in itself was a massive indictment of the Prisons Department and the type of man allowed to work in South African jails. Theron's file showed

that over the years dozens of prisoners had lodged official complaints and charges about his cruelty and dishonesty. Not one had succeeded in proving his case. Every complaint had been investigated by the prison governor, who had always found Theron to be innocent. In most cases the governor had punished the complaining prisoner by withdrawing his privileges or sentencing him to three days' bread and water for making frivolous and/or false complaints.

As I read through the file, several cases were pending. One convict alleged that Theron had forced his relatives to bring gifts of shirts and money. Another alleged that Theron had promised to obtain parole for a bribe of £50. Another alleged that he had paid Theron bribes in order to get special illegal visits from his relatives. As if all that was not enough, I found a large brown envelope in Theron's file containing a full transcript of a court case.

In 1960, when he was a warden at Cape Town's Westlake Prison, Theron had been charged with a serious criminal offence. He had mercilessly kicked and beaten a Black political prisoner, who was a member of the banned African National Congress. The man was so seriously beaten that he was hospitalized. But warden Theron had the State on his side. He was acquitted and allowed to return to his job as a warden.

There was another big brown envelope in Theron's file. This dated back to 1953, when Theron had been the accused in yet another trial. That time he had beaten a Black convict so badly that the man had died of his injuries. The Black had escaped from Lesley Prison and, on being recaptured, Theron had set about him, screaming: 'I'll teach you to escape, you big Black dirty kaffir scum.' Again, Theron had the State on his side. He was acquitted and returned to work as a warden in charge of hundreds of Black convicts.

Armed with this ammunition, I interviewed Theron at his house in the compound of Boksburg's Cinderella Prison. As I was from an anti-apartheid newspaper, he trusted me. At the end of the interview I hit him with all the details I

knew about his past. He was shocked but had to give me answers such as 'But I was acquitted on that murder charge', and 'I was also acquitted on the assault charges.' When I wrote the story I was able to present these quotes in such a way that it appeared Theron had volunteered the information about his misdeeds. This protected the Prisons Department from any suspicion that I had been illegally allowed to scrutinize Theron's private service file. The story appeared and made Theron look the beast he was.*

The South African government was aghast at the public furore caused by the *Rand Daily Mail's* prison series. When John Vorster and H. J. van den Bergh had initially instructed me to plant the Harold Strachan allegations on Benjie Pogrund, they presumed his paper would simply run it as a 'one-off' story. They were not to know then that the *Rand Daily Mail* would extend its investigations into a hard-hitting series that was packed with political dynamite and could lose the government tens of thousands of votes. The man in the street was so irate that there was even a feeling that the scandal would bring the government down. So Pretoria did everything in its power to calm the storm. For the next few weeks its journalist spies and tame government propaganda writers were ordered to find any way of writing articles casting doubt on the *Rand Daily Mail's* exposé.

An indication of the fear existing in Pretoria can be gathered from the fact that H. J. van den Bergh gave me exclusive details about a Lieutenant Leon Steenkamp, who had been named by Harold Strachan as one of the 'guilty' warders. HJ told me Steenkamp had instituted an action for damages against Strachan for alleged defamation. This seemingly minor snippet of information was transformed into a splash front-page story.† The story clearly indicated that Harold Strachan had lied about prison conditions.

As the Minister of Justice and Prisons, John Vorster was particularly worried by the prisons scandal. His job was at risk. In late August he called me in and gave me a superb

* Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 8 August 1965.

† Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 8 August 1965.

story. I could publish the fact that the *Rand Daily Mail* would definitely be charged. It was quite clearly a front-page story for my newspaper. But there was one big drawback; Vorster said I could not quote him or name him as my source. I explained that no newspaper could launch a story of that magnitude without having a 'hook' to pin it on. I simply had to quote someone.

'Your editor will know I gave you the story, so there's no doubt about it being authentic,' Vorster said, sounding niggled.

When I continued to voice my doubts, he added 'Let your editor solve the problem.'

When I presented the problem to Editor Johnson, he grabbed a sheet of paper and typed. Handing it to me, he said 'Pad that out with background on the *Mail*'s jail reports and we'll lead the paper with it.'

I read the three paragraphs he had typed:

'The *Rand Daily Mail* is to be charged under the Prisons Act as a result of articles that have appeared in that newspaper concerning prison conditions.'

'I understand there will be no immediate prosecution, but that other cases concerning prison allegations will first come before the courts.'

'The Attorney-General of the Transvaal, Mr R. W. Rein, QC, refused to say anything about the matter yesterday. "I have absolutely no comment to make," he told me.'

I looked at Johnson in admiration. It was a brilliant way of solving the problem. The only person who could legally state that the *Mail* was to be charged was the Attorney-General of the Transvaal. He was the man the police would hand their docket to and he was the man who finally decided whether the State's case was strong enough to mount a prosecution. By mentioning him in the third paragraph, although he was quoted as saying he had no comment to make, Johnson was strongly suggesting to sophisticated readers that the Attorney-General had in fact tipped us off but did not want to be seen to have done so.

I phoned the Attorney-General, Mr Rein, and asked for

his comments. He refused, saying it was more than his job was worth. The story appeared across the front page of the paper under the massive headline 'Jail Reports: "Mail" Is To Be Charged'.* In political terms it was probably the most damaging story of my career. John Vorster had known what he was doing when he gave it to me. The story immediately took the heat out of the big prisons scandal. From that moment all the other newspapers toned down their reporting on the issue, knowing the matter would be coming to court.

Most of the *Rand Daily Mail*'s senior staff were astonished that the *Sunday Express*, the *Mail*'s sister paper, should give such prominence to the story. They quite rightly saw it as a betrayal. The whole thing was neatly summed up by Benjie Pogrund: 'I don't know why that story was leaked to you by the Attorney-General. But I know one thing. It's created a mood of distrust against the *Rand Daily Mail* in the mind of the general public. I've been trying to work out why Johnson allowed you to write such a despicable story and I've come to the conclusion that his motive was to deliberately fly a wind-testing kite for the government or he was, equally deliberately, inciting the government to charge the *Rand Daily Mail*.'

The *Rand Daily Mail* was charged and never stood a chance. An important factor was that Benjie Pogrund had failed to take 'reasonable steps' to verify the information he had compiled about prison conditions. Meaning: he had not allowed the Prisons Department to read his articles before they were published. But if Pogrund had taken his stories to the Prisons Department, they would quite definitely have been blocked. Because the *Mail* did not approach the Prisons Department, they were found guilty.

The *Rand Daily Mail*'s legal team fought valiantly. The most important point they made, in my opinion, was that the *Mail*, in compiling its evidence for the prisons series, had used basically the same tests for checking the truth as apply in a court of law. The newspaper had closely ques-

* Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 29 August 1965.

tioned all the ex-prisoners it had interviewed. The statements they made were checked and double-checked. Whenever there was the slightest doubt the newspaper had either made tape recordings of its witnesses or had requested them to swear out affidavits. Can any reasonable person believe that, of all the dozens of ex-convicts interviewed by the *Rand Daily Mail*, every single one was lying about prison conditions? The answer to that must be NO. But the court found the *Rand Daily Mail* guilty of publishing lies. But then again, the court was definitely biased against the 'leftist-liberal' *Rand Daily Mail*. Britain's famous newspaper *The Times*, in its edition of 11 July 1969, pointedly remarked that the transcript of the Prisons Act trial showed 'repeated interventions' by the judge, Mr Justice Cillie, which helped the prosecution. *The Times* added: 'It is hard to find any in aid of the defence.'

When the editor of the *Rand Daily Mail* gave evidence at the trial he told the court that the information the paper had received about prisons had contained 'very serious allegations over a wide range of abuses'. He argued that it would have been unreasonable to refer the information to the Prisons Department because he could cite, and he did, a number of instances when the Prisons Department had denied serious allegations which had subsequently been proved to be accurate and true.

Mr Sydney Kentridge, one of South Africa's most brilliant legal brains, arguing in defence of the *Rand Daily Mail*, pointed out to the court that during the evidence of some of the State witnesses numerous undisputed facts had come to light which were more disquieting than many of the allegations brought up in the indictment. He said that nothing published by the *Rand Daily Mail* could have harmed the Prisons Department more than 'the sorry procession of plainly untruthful warders and officers who appeared in the witness box'.

But it made no difference what anybody said. The *Rand Daily Mail* and its editor were branded as liars by the court. Lawrence Gander was fined and Benjie Pogrund was given

a suspended jail sentence. The freedom of the South African press has been totally shackled on the subject of prison conditions ever since. No newspaper in South Africa dares to publish anything about any prison unless the story has been carefully vetted by the Prisons Department. A heavy blanket of secrecy covers the horrific conditions suffered by the daily average of 99,000 prisoners in more than 230 prisons. The only articles to be published about prisons and prisoners since 1969 have been those which place the South African Prisons Department in a favourable light. It is deliberate censorship, but South Africa's liberal press can do nothing about it. Quite apart from being largely hamstrung by the law, they will never forget the staggering £200,000 in legal costs the *Rand Daily Mail* had to pay in defending the truth of its reports.

The Minister of Justice, Mr John Vorster, later told the South African public that he would not allow agitators to force him to appoint a commission of inquiry into the Prisons Department. 'People who urge such an inquiry,' he said, 'do the department a disservice because this casts a reflection on men who carry out their duties under difficult circumstances.'

He added that he had the highest regard for the Prisons Department and its personnel. He praised the prisons staff for the 'humane manner in which they act towards all prisoners, including the greatest ruffians and brutes imaginable'.

Mr Vorster also said that 'certain improvements' had been made in regard to prisoners and their treatment. Any-one who believes that will believe anything.

In October 1974, nine years after the *Rand Daily Mail* published its exposé, five prison warders appeared in Johannesburg's Rand Supreme Court on charges of murder and assault with intent to murder. They were accused of murdering a Black convict, Lucas Khoaripe, and viciously assaulting another Black prisoner, Isaac Gumede, at the Leeuwkop Prison in December 1973. The court was told that these two Black convicts had been suspected of theft

in the jail. The warders had tried to make them confess to the theft by holding them under water in a bath for long periods. The following day the two men were beaten with solidified rubber truncheons, wooden batons and iron chains by eight warders including the head warden. The baton blows caused Lucas Khoaripe to die of heart failure. Isaac Gumede was in hospital for six weeks and crippled. During the trial one of the warders, Frans Hika, admitted that many other similar assaults had occurred at different times at the same prison. When Lucas Khoaripe had died, a senior prison officer, Captain van Zyl, had suggested a false story which should be used to cover up the death. The accused were found guilty and received sentences ranging from six to eighteen months.

In his summing up, the judge, Mr Justice Hiemstra, found that the assaults were not 'an isolated instance'. He said the case was an 'indelible disgrace that has made the system of discipline in the prison fall under grave suspicion'. The judge censured the role played by another senior officer, a Captain Potgieter, who had openly admitted that he had helped to fabricate a story designed to cover up the facts and was prepared to lie under oath. Even worse, said the judge, the fact that Captain Potgieter had been promoted from Lieutenant to Captain *after* the killing of Lucas Khoaripe 'exposes a cynicism on the part of the prison authorities which I cannot condemn strongly enough'.

9 · THE RICHARDSON GANG

In 1965 my criminal past caught up with me when the Richardson brothers visited South Africa. I met them for lunch at a Johannesburg hotel with Richard Aubrey, a talented Welshman who wrote scripts for films and plays. He was a trusted friend of mine who in 1953 had shared a small flat in London's Earls Court district with me.

The food was good but the atmosphere was tense. I had not met Charles and Eddie Richardson before but we had mutual friends in London. They therefore knew that I was aware of their reputation as leaders of a gang which controlled half of London – the other half being dominated by the Kray twins. Eddie Richardson was the one who broke the stilted conversation. A big, broad-shouldered man, Eddie was always the quiet one. But when he spoke he chose his words carefully and kept it short. Stabbing at a roast potato, he muttered: 'A bloody crime reporter. Imagine that. It's as bad as being an Old Bill.'*

Only then did I realize why there had been an air of embarrassment. The Richardsons knew I was an ex-con who had started a new life in South Africa in an attempt to go straight. But in their eyes I had gone wrong by becoming a crime reporter. Eddie's message came across loud and clear; the two brothers wanted reassurance that I would not be stupid enough to write a story about their secret trip to South Africa. I quickly gave that reassurance by saying that my big problem was that nobody in South Africa knew about my having done 'porridge'† in Britain. Ever the diplomat, Charles cast off all the tension.

* A policeman.

† A term of imprisonment (derived from the joke that in prison it's porridge for breakfast every day).

'Come on, Gordi,' he said. 'You know we'll keep your secret.'

The armistice was signed and sealed with both sides knowing where they stood.

Charles Richardson is a paradoxical character. To the world he is known as the ruthless gangleader who from a scrapyard in London's Camberwell area built up a vast empire of shady deals and kept wayward members of his 200-strong gang disciplined by pulling out their teeth with pliers or giving them various tastes of torture including the use of electric-shock treatment. But to me Charlie was totally different. He was of average height, with a stocky, athletic figure, but he looked taller because he wore beautifully tailored Savile Row suits of the finest cloth. His fingers were delicate and well-manicured yet remained masculine. The only weapon I ever saw him use was his immense personal charm. His manners were impeccable and I never heard him say a crude word. He was polite and witty, with a surprising range of knowledge considering his poor education, and he liked reading serious books, particularly those with a historical theme. He looked very much like Frank Sinatra. He had a boyish smile and a clear complexion. The only toughness I noticed about him was in his eyes; they were alert, dark and hard, with a hint of world-weariness that made it clear this was not a man to be tangled with. He is a remarkable character, and if his life had not been twisted by various factors, he would surely have climbed the business ladder to become a millionaire tycoon. The strange thing is that he came within an ace of making millions anyway.

When I asked Charlie Richardson about his famous scrapyard in Camberwell, he said those days were behind him and the £300 a week it earned went to his mother and family. He handed me a visiting card which read: 'Charles W. Richardson, Director, Concordia Development Namqualand Co. Ltd, 139 Park Lane, Mayfair, London W1.' He said he was currently involved in various massive mining ventures which would make him at least ten million pounds. This sounded far-fetched, but I was to discover that it was

genuine. Many rumours have been published about Charles Richardson's mining deals, but the true background, never before disclosed, is that a senior South African government official was involved.

Charles Richardson was friendly with an Afrikaner named Thomas Waldeck who posed as a mining prospector and lived in a luxury Johannesburg home. Waldeck was a member of the secret Afrikaans Broederbond and acted as a front man for the senior government official, who had access to government information about areas of land bearing valuable minerals. The official could not be seen to be involved in any deals, so he used Waldeck as his cut-out. Not only did the official leak information about the mineral-bearing land to Waldeck, he also helped him to obtain mining concessions to that land, some of which was State-owned.

One concession was to exploit a 28-million-ton deposit of perlite at a place called Ghost Mountain in Northern Zululand, Natal. Perlite is used widely in building and insulation, and only three other big deposits were known to exist at the time. Another concession Waldeck had was to mine semi-precious stones in a desolate area known as Concordia in the district of Springbok, Namaqualand. But the proposed idea of searching for semi-precious stones was a cover; the area or areas near by contained quantities of diamonds, which could not legally be harvested. The official's plan was that Thomas Waldeck, while pretending to be mining semi-precious stones, would in reality be collecting diamonds, which were to be smuggled out of South Africa. The smuggling method was unique. A group of large Japanese fishing vessels were operating several hundred miles off the South African coast. When their holds were full they sailed to Cape Town, where the fish were deep-frozen and stored in the dock area. The fish was later shipped to Japan, where, because of commercial pollution of its waters, fish was scarce and fetched a high price. The smugglers planned to slip diamonds into some of those innocent-looking packets of frozen fish, which would

then be opened once the ship carrying them was outside South Africa's territorial waters. The diamonds were to be sold in Hong Kong and Amsterdam.

Charles Richardson met Thomas Waldeck through my Welsh friend Richard Aubrey. Waldeck explained that he was looking for capital to mount the perlite and diamond schemes. Charlie agreed to put up more than £60,000 without a murmur. The Concordia Namaqualand Company, in which Waldeck and Charles Richardson were equal partners, was formed. To the best of my knowledge, Edward Richardson had no involvement in these deals. I do not know if Charles Richardson was aware of it from the beginning, but Thomas Waldeck had a private agreement with his official friend. This was that 30 per cent of all the profits from the scheme would be secretly fed back to the official. But something went terribly wrong.

On 29 June 1965 a messenger came to my flat and asked to borrow my Beretta pistol, saying he would be carrying a large amount of money that night and needed some form of protection.

At seven o'clock that night Thomas Waldeck was sitting in his plush home in Johannesburg's Melrose district. He was enjoying dinner with his beautiful wife Coris and their two sons. The peaceful domestic scene was interrupted by the ringing of their front-door bell. It was a continuous ring. Someone was clearly in a hurry and impatient. Jumping up from the table, Thomas Waldeck flicked on the entrance hall light and half-opened the front door. There in front of him was a man in a kneeling position, wearing a black nylon stocking over his head and face. In his right hand was a gun. Four shots resounded through the house and the gunman leapt to his feet and ran away. Mrs Waldeck crawled down the corridor screaming 'My God, Tom, are you hurt?' Her husband was slumped against the wall with his hands clutching his chest. 'Yes. Horribly,' he gurgled. 'Police. Phone the police.' He died minutes later. Two of the bullets had penetrated his liver, bowel and spleen.

Late that night my gun was returned. The next morning I saw on the front page of the *Rand Daily Mail* that Thomas Waldeck had been shot dead. I was immediately convinced my gun had been used in the killing. I was absolutely petrified. I had met Thomas Waldeck and I knew vague details about his being a partner with Charles Richardson in the perlite mine venture. Even worse, if the police checked me out with Scotland Yard, my criminal record in Britain would be exposed. At this stage I started wondering if someone was setting me up as a suspect for the killing. I drove straight to Germiston Lake near Johannesburg and threw my Beretta pistol far out into the water. It is still there today. I returned home feeling sick and dizzy and went to bed.

Late that night I woke and found, to my horror, that my legs were paralysed and there was a vicious stabbing pain right up my spine to the neck. Reaching for the phone by the bed, I dialled several White doctors, but their wives claimed they were all out. No wonder. It was almost midnight. In desperation and pain I telephoned Sam Ford, a Chinese friend who ran the Bamboo Inn restaurant near by. He dashed round and called a Chinese doctor named Eric Wing. Dr Wing took one look at me and said I was suffering from an unusual attack of tension. He gave me an injection and left refusing a fee. The tension decreased but I was bedridden for two more days.

As I lay there, I realized there was nothing I could do. I was innocent of any involvement in the murder but would the police believe that in the circumstances? I felt cornered, so I sat tight and did nothing.

Six months later, during the first week of January 1966, a senior CID officer in Johannesburg gave me a hot tip. Explaining that Thomas Waldeck's life had been insured for over £20,000, he said an insurance assessor and investigator named Gideon van Gass had been assigned to probe Waldeck's death on behalf of the insurance company.

'This Van Gass chap is on to something good,' said the officer. 'He's traced an ex-Congo mercenary called Brad-

bury who's almost certainly involved. I think we might have an arrest in the next twenty-four hours. Keep it to yourself and I'll give you first news of the arrest.'

My heart leapt. I knew Johnny Bradbury. He was a Cockney aged thirty-three who had worked for Charles Richardson in London. Not only that, Bradbury knew that Richard Aubrey had borrowed my gun on the night of the killing. Now I really was in a desperate situation. The Murder and Robbery Squad section of the South African police is composed of huge, tough men who make rugby players look like pansies. Unlike the Security Police they don't have to worry about leaving torture marks on a suspect's body. If they think you are guilty, out come the nutcrackers. They apply them to your testicles, and there is no man in the world who can withstand that kind of pain for more than five seconds. If they grabbed Johnny Bradbury, it was definite he would tell them about Aubrey borrowing my gun on the night of the murder.

I had no choice. I had to do something at once. But I did not contact the CID. I contacted the most powerful policeman I knew — my spy-master Hendrik van den Bergh. He was out of town when I telephoned his home but I traced him and asked for an urgent meeting. The next day, when I sat in his office, I poured out my problem, holding nothing back. I was almost in tears when I mentioned my criminal past and how I had genuinely tried to start a new life and go straight. He was fatherly.

'Don't get upset. Whatever you've got involved in we can sort out. There's always a way.'

He was surprised and concerned when I mentioned that Thomas Waldeck had been the front man for a government official. HJ obviously knew the government official was a rogue, because when I mentioned the man's name, he sighed.

'Oh, no. Not again. We've just got him out of one mess and now he risks being named in a murder case.'

It was only then that I realized I had nothing to worry about. Driving to Pretoria my mind had been full of self-

pity and I was totally concerned about myself. But my problem paled into insignificance compared with the difficulties now confronting HJ. I was a well-known journalist who was close to him and John Vorster. I had written many exclusive front-page stories for both of them. Vorster had even honoured me, a 'liberal' journalist, by inviting me to appear on a nationwide radio broadcast with him. As the Chief of Security, HJ would get egg all over his face for letting me come so close to government without bothering to make even the most routine check into my background. A simple telex to Scotland Yard and my criminal record would have been flashed back within minutes. The South African government always talks about Reds being under every bed, but in this case they had an ex-convict right in the bed with them.

As H. J. van den Bergh ruminated aloud over some of these aspects I realized he could not refuse to help me. To do so would have meant risking my exposing the fact that I had been recruited as a spy. He quickly found a temporary solution. If Bradbury was arrested and mentioned my name, HJ would arrange it so that the CID would jump in and hold me *incommunicado* under the 180-day detention clause. This would give HJ a breathing space and time to smooth out whatever problems cropped up later. To suggest holding me under the 180-day clause was quite remarkable. I had just written a story, fed to me by HJ, that only 'political suspects' would be held under that clause. But the South African government does not worry about breaking its own rules. I was to become the first 'non-political 180-day detainee'.

Bradbury was arrested and did mention my name. HJ phoned me at my flat to tip me off that the CID would detain me at 2 p.m. on 6 January. But I was not to worry. The raiding party would be led by Brigadier Buys, the top CID man in Johannesburg. This was marvellous, because Christoffel Andries Buys had formerly worked as the 'African Affairs' expert for Republican Intelligence. He had been one of my mentors when I first started spying.

To give Buys a laugh I arranged for a girl to be in my bed when he arrived. Her name was Hazel Shore. To make the raid look genuine Buys had her sent to a near-by police station to be searched. Hazel told me later that it was the nastiest experience of her life. The women police officers who conducted the search made her strip naked to ensure she was not hiding anything anywhere.

My detention caused a sensation among journalists. They feared I would be given the normal tough treatment accorded to 180-day detainees in Johannesburg's grim Fort Prison. But they need not have worried. H. J. van den Bergh had contacted our mutual friend Thys Nel at Prisons Headquarters in Pretoria and asked him to look after me. I had a sunny cell with my own private courtyard, complete with flush toilet and a modern shower. I was secretly allowed a tiny radio with a lead which I plugged into my ear so that other prisoners would not hear the sounds of music coming from my cell. I had a pet cat, a bird in a small cage and whatever food and books I wanted. I was even allowed a regular supply of brandy and coke.

H. J. van den Bergh did not waste his men. At various stages he actually got me spying in the prison and, once, out of it. A cop dashed in one day and took me for tea at the Florian tearoom in Hillbrow. He pointed out a White-woman sitting alone at a table and told me to find out why and how she was in South Africa. It was authoress Mary Benson, a known enemy of Pretoria who had once worked as a secretary for Chief Luthuli, leader of the African National Congress. I walked over and spoke to her, but she was very suspicious.

'I thought you were locked away under 180-days,' she said. I explained that the police had taken me to search my flat and that one of the cops was a 'decent chap' who had taken me for tea on the way back to jail. I do not think Mary was fooled. But, whatever she thought, it did not matter. I submitted a report to H.J. who made sure she left South Africa quickly and returned to London, where she

now lives permanently. She will never be allowed to enter the Republic of South Africa again.

On 26 April I appeared in the Rand Supreme Court as a witness at Bradbury's trial. My evidence was largely unnecessary as Bradbury did not retract the confession he had made shortly after his arrest. The State prosecutor, Mr A. J. Krog, said nothing about my criminal record, because H. J. van den Bergh had told the police officer in charge of the case to make sure this was not mentioned in court. Thanks to HJ, I came out of the whole thing unscathed.

The story Bradbury told the court was that he had once run a shady company in London for Charles Richardson. He had settled in South Africa to start a new life, but Richardson had heard about his being there and had allegedly ordered him to kill Thomas Waldeck. Bradbury said he had been paid £300 to do this. But he had not done it. He had driven past Waldeck's house and fired a few shots at its walls. Bradbury said this had infuriated Richardson, who had then allegedly sent a man named Harold 'Harry' Prince to Johannesburg to make him commit the killing he had been paid to do. Bradbury claimed that, when he refused, Harry Prince had pulled a gun on him and forced him to drive to Waldeck's home. Prince, he said, had jumped out of the car, pulled a black stocking over his head and shot Waldeck as he opened the front door.

Bradbury said he had been so in fear of his life that he had wedged a matchbox in the passenger door of the car so that it stayed open and Prince could jump in as the car was driven away from the scene.

The court found that Bradbury was a dishonest person who told lies. I know that to be correct. But he lied even more than the court realized. Johnny Bradbury was the man who shot Waldeck. He had invented the story about Harry Prince, whom he knew to be friendly with Charles Richardson.

In disclosing this I am placing Bradbury in no jeopardy. By telling his tall story about the matchbox he actually ruined his 'I was an unwilling accomplice in fear of my life'

story. The judge found him guilty of murder because, by placing the matchbox in the jamb of the car door, he had been a willing accessory. If he had been truly unwilling to get involved in the murder, he would have speedily driven to the nearest police station as Harry Prince allegedly got out to do the killing. This would have left Prince standing there without a getaway car, and he most probably would not have dared to commit the murder. They say justice is always done. In this case it was poetic justice. Although the court was not to know that Prince was innocent, fate so arranged it that Bradbury's shrewd lies bounced back on him. He was found guilty of the murder he had tried to frame Prince on and sentenced to hang.

Even then Bradbury found a way out. He cheated the hangman and got his death sentence commuted to life imprisonment by making a thirty-eight-page statement to two Scotland Yard detectives who flew from London to interview him about the Richardsons' alleged involvement in the murder. Bradbury was totally unable to give the two Scotland Yard men any proof that either of the Richardsons had anything to do with the murder. But he blew the gaff on their dubious activities in London, in which he himself had been involved. It was enough for the British police to mount a long and expensive investigation into the Richardson brothers, who finally appeared as the accused along with twenty other men in what became known as the 'torture trial'. At the end of the ten-week hearing in June 1967 only five of the accused were convicted. Charles Richardson was jailed for twenty-five years and Eddie got ten years. The Richardsons are certainly no angels but they maintain they were victims of a frame-up in which several criminal witnesses lied to save their own skins. The Richardsons also alleged they were victims of a massive show trial thrown up to enhance the image of the British police. They blame Johnny Bradbury for all that.

Bradbury was released on parole in October 1977 and was, by a strange dispensation, allowed to remain in South Africa. He still lives there but he is a man who lives in fear.

Not of the gallows. He cannot be charged for the Waldeck murder again. He fears Charles Richardson.

The senior government official who had used Thomas Waldeck as a front man escaped by the skin of his teeth. His name was never mentioned at Bradbury's trial, although several well-connected journalists in Johannesburg had strong suspicions about his involvement and tried to root out details of the unusual mining concessions Richardson's Concordia Company had obtained in Namaqualand. The South African government refused to talk on the subject, but two years later a small item appeared, tucked away in small print, in the official Government Gazette. It stated that 118 morgen of State land in the Concordia mining district of Springbok, Namaqualand, had been 'withdrawn from public prospecting'. There was obviously a good scandal story to be dredged out of that, but it slipped through mainly unnoticed and no journalists stood up to ask which senior government official had issued the public prospecting rights to State land in the first place, and why.*

* (April 1981): Eddie Richardson was released from prison in 1976. Charles Richardson broke out of jail in May 1980 after his seventh application for parole was turned down. He was recaptured in January 1981 and his earliest possible release date on parole is now August 1983. While he was on the run Charles Richardson was interviewed at great length (at a secret hideout in Spain) by Fleet Street journalist Robert Parker, who is now writing a book about the Richardson gang. I have supplied Mr Parker with extra information for that book, which will be published in late 1981 by Fontana.

10 · DETENTION DIARY

During the 116 days I spent as a 180-day detainee I experienced prison conditions in three different establishments. All were the same and were still the same when I left South Africa in 1979.

Most of the cells are kept spotlessly clean by Black convicts. All offices and corridors in prisons and police cells have floors so well polished you can see your face in them, kept that way by squads of Black cleaners who slither round with thick pieces of cloth tied to their bare feet. All Blacks in prison have their hair shaved off, Yul Brynner-fashion. All prison blankets for Blacks are filthy and they often remained unwashed for years. The date of issue is usually stamped on each blanket. Some are twenty years old. All prisoners, whether Black or White, sleep on thin rope mats. I had a bed, sheets and a pillow.

The quantity of food given to White prisoners is prescribed by the Health Department and is sufficient to keep a man fit. Quite often, White prisoners who are overweight on entering jail leave as slimmer and fitter men with longer life expectations. But the food in jail is mostly overcooked, repetitive and depressing, except for the meat, which is outstandingly good. It is from cattle raised on prison farms and is mainly served as curry or stew. Prison butter is rancid, potatoes are third grade and pulpy – and the beans are full of sand, although they are tasty. The once-a-week boiled fish dish smells high but tastes all right and prisoners grow to like it, as they do the rancid butter. Prison coffee is superb, if you like it black and strong. The nightcap cocoa is like brown mud but hot and sweet. Englishmen hate prison tea but South Africans seem to love it. It is called Rooibos (Bush Tea) and has a strong sweet herbal taste.

It is cheap, looks like the clippings from a privet hedge, including the twigs, and is said to be a tonic.

White prisoners eat everything with a spoon. Blacks usually have to use their hands. The food I saw given to Blacks always looked like congealed porridge with a film of thin meat soup poured over it. The prison diet given to Blacks is far inferior in quality and quantity to that supplied to Whites. Unbelievably, this Blacks-get-less-food-than-Whites rule is officially approved by the Health Department. The idea is that Blacks do not need the same amount of nutrition as Whites. It is a strange argument, particularly in view of the fact that Black convicts do all the heavy labour in jails. I asked a head warder about this and he told me: 'Ah. You see, Blacks don't like the White man's food or his cooking methods.'

Whatever they say, the truth is that Blacks are *always* hungry in jail. The South African government will strongly deny that and might just claim that things have changed since 1966. For that reason I include an excerpt from the 'new and revised prison rations scales' which came into force in 1972. According to an official announcement, made by the Minister of South African Prisons on 17 March 1972, White prisoners were to be given 2,352 grams of bread each week. Blacks were to be given 224 grams.*

Whites get 850 grams of meat a week. Blacks 435 grams.

Whites get 340 grams of fish a week. Blacks 145 grams.

Whites get 500 grams of mealie meal porridge. Blacks 2,030 grams.

Whites get 175 grams of powdered milk. Blacks nil.

Whites get fruit, peanut butter, oats and cheese. Blacks are not allowed any of these items.

All races get an equal amount of potatoes and beans.

White superiority is rigidly observed in jails. When a White prisoner passes a Black convict the Black always steps out of his path and pays homage by putting the tips of his fingers together in prayer fashion with a respectful bow of his head or a polite 'Good morning, my bossie!'. A

* Prison bread is homemade and very good.

Black prisoner always stands to attention if a White warder comes anywhere near him; and if the warder hands anything to him, the Black must show total subservience by holding out both hands cupped together. To stretch out just one hand is regarded as showing total disrespect for a White skin, and a truncheon blow definitely follows. There is another strange rule for the Black man in prison. After a warder has spoken to him he must walk away backwards, bowing as he does so. For a Black to turn his back on a White man is incredible cheek.

With few exceptions the attitude of White warders to Black prisoners is atrocious. The commonest words heard in jail are 'Black bastard', 'You bloody kaffir' and 'Kwela kwela'.* Every order given to a Black is shouted and nine times out of ten goes with an accompanying shove, cuff across the back of the neck or kick up the backside. When a Black is hit like this he always laughs with, but never at, the White boss. For some strange reason, and I never discovered why, the warders actually expect such laughter and are angry if they do not get it.

One warder always swung his truncheon against Black convicts' backsides when he gave an order. All the Blacks knew this, and some of them were remarkably adroit at skipping to avoid his blows. I asked him one day why he did it.

'Blacks are like children, man,' he replied. 'They love it when you play games.'

Another warder, a habitual neck-cuffer, said 'It breaks the monotony for them.'

The very worst thing about prison life is the medical treatment given to Blacks - or should I say the lack of it. This is not the fault of the White doctors who visit the prison every morning. They are decent and conscientious men. And there is no doubt that the South African Prisons Department buys only the best and most expensive medicines and drugs. I knew because I spent several days putting hundreds of supply dockets into some form of order for the

* Meaning: jump, get up there, or dance.

lazy White warder in charge of the sick bay. But it is the White convicts who are looked after so well, not the Blacks.

Every morning all prisoners have the opportunity to report to the sick bay if they feel unwell. They are first processed by the warders in their section. A White with a mild headache always gets to see the doctor. But, as the doctor is usually kept busy attending to the Whites, the number of Black patients is deliberately kept to a minimum. A Black suffering pain is treated by a medically unskilled warder who doles out headache pills and treats minor cuts and skin rashes. A Black can only be sure of seeing the Big White Doctor if he is screaming in pain and cannot get up. There is an added aspect to this which is hair-raising. If White warders cannot see anything wrong with a Black, they tend to presume he is shamming to get off work. The only time all races get equitable treatment in jail is when a disease breaks out. Then it is action stations for everyone, and exhaustive precautions are taken in the kitchens.

Not all White warders are brutal. The older ones tend to be more relaxed. It is the young, uneducated warder who beats up Blacks all the time, particularly if the Black speaks well and knows three languages, as is often the case. The more educated the Black, the bigger the risk. That is why nearly all Blacks are past-masters at playing stupid.

On the fourth day of my detention I was moved to Johannesburg's Fort Prison. The governor there had been told by the Prisons Department headquarters in Pretoria that I must be well treated as I was a State witness. For that reason I was placed in the sick-bay area. On my right was the excellent hospital section for Whites which had ten comfortable beds, toilets and bathrooms. On my left was 'The Madhouse', a series of dark cells each containing only a rope sleeping mat, two blankets and an ordinary kitchen bucket which acted as a toilet. This was the 'hospital' section for Blacks.

As a privileged prisoner I was allowed books, pens, paper and even my diary. To relieve the boredom of prison routine and the long lonely nights when all prisoners are locked

up from 3.30 p.m. through to 6 a.m. I kept a meticulous daily account of everything happening around me. In keeping with my cover as a liberal journalist who worked on an anti-apartheid newspaper, and also because it endeared me to the Black convicts, I watched and listened carefully for any ill-treatment of Blacks. Occasionally I was unable to obtain the full names of certain prisoners because I could not take the risk of interviewing Blacks while the White warders were in the vicinity. I still have the diary and it proves beyond doubt that Black convicts are treated atrociously.

In choosing excerpts from the diary I have ignored daily details which are repetitive. I wish to make it clear that when compiling the diary I was careful to leave out hundreds of incidents of a hearsay nature. I only entered things I had seen or heard myself or those confirmed to me by at least two witnesses. It is also important to stress that I was in a small section mostly cut off from the rest of the prison. God knows what horrors happened in the main area.

10 January 1966: I have been moved from Marshall Square police cells to the Fort jail in Hillbrow. 3,000 prisoners are held here. The governor shook my hand and said he hoped my stay would be a 'happy one'. I learnt two new phrases used in prison. Pony Express means the prison grapevine. Donkey Prick is the name given by Black convicts to the truncheons carried by all White warders.

11 January: Discipline is kept by prisoners being promoted to groups known as A, B, C and D. The higher you go up the scale the more privileges such as letters, visits and tobacco. Any misbehaviour and you are demoted. I have just been told a convict named Gray broke both ankles escaping over the wall, although he was wearing leg irons because he had tried a previous escape. He was recaptured this morning.

14 January: 6 a.m. Long and loud screams and thumping noises. We were all kept locked up until 7.45 a.m. Cause: An old man had died of a 'heart attack'. Race not known.

16 January: Early morning. Another flurry of activity. Three long-term Blacks made a break for freedom. Two were caught as they clambered over the wall. A one-hour period of thuds and screams.

17 January: Late yesterday or early today Black prisoner beaten up by Black warders as he lay on the floor screaming. A senior warder hit and kicked him, claiming he was shamming. Thrown into cell and left. Found dead this morning. Body placed in cell next to mine. This death may be related to escape bid on 16 January?

18 to 27 January: I spent each day at Hospital Hill Police Station typing a 100-page statement for the CID on the Bradbury/Waldeck case. The statement was about my past and how I met Richard Aubrey, the Richardsons and Johnny Bradbury.

28 January: Captain Piet van den Heever and Sergeant Pat du Toit drove me to Pretoria to see H. J. van den Bergh. He told them I was one of his agents and they should look after me. HJ said he had arranged for Bram Fischer to visit the sick-bay area for a blood-pressure check late in the evening. I am to quiz him, if possible. At 8 p.m. I sit in the sick bay playing draughts with warder Du Plessis as arranged by my handler Jack Kemp. Governor calls out Du Plessis as Bram Fischer arrives. Bram completes the draughts game as we talk. Bram gives me a dog-eared Edgar Wallace book which he says he has read five times. I give Bram the book *Witness* by Whittaker Chambers. I try to pump Bram. Get nothing. He says he expects to get life imprisonment. I ask him how he can be so casual about it. He says: 'Every ounce of me believes in what I have done. They can keep me between four walls but they can't cage my mind. I can live with myself so I foresee no mental problems about staying in jail.' I thought he was stark raving mad.

29 January: Meet Bram again in the sick bay 7 p.m. He is still in solitary. Tells me how he and his wife, Molly, adopted a Black infant years earlier and brought her up on

equal terms with his children. Gave her an excellent education but was rather disappointed when she took off in her teens and married a Black taxi driver in Pretoria.

30 January: Meet Bram again in the sick bay. We talk for ten minutes and warder listens. Bram gives me another Edgar Wallace book. I do not know how he managed to get hold of it.

31 January: I stupidly tell warder Greyling that Bram gave me the second Edgar Wallace book. He takes it from me saying he will give it to the Security Police as it may contain some secret code made by pinprick holes on certain pages!

3 February: Black convict Michael Matthews, aged twenty-six, came into madhouse section. He is from 695 Zulu Section, Morocco, Soweto. [Later address 2517 Rockville, Soweto.] His jaw was broken when police beat him in Lydenburg.

4 February: Captain Piet van den Heever took me out of the prison with Sergeant Pat du Toit and we went to my flat for tea. While there I paid the caretaker, Mr Voigt, the rent for my flat. Piet cashed a cheque so that I could buy a radio to use secretly in my cell. Sergeant du Toit drove me to Magidsons Electrical store in Hillbrow where he watched me select a tiny transistor radio, batteries and a long extension cord with a plastic earpiece. The owner of the shop, Bernard Magidson, said, in front of Sergeant du Toit: 'How come you're allowed to buy a radio? I've read in the newspapers that you're doing 180 days.' Sergeant du Toit replied 'I'm going to stand outside. So I didn't see him buy any radio.'

5 February: Black convict named Isaac Nkosi, aged thirty-three, of 170 Mali Street, Mofolo North, Soweto, serving twenty-month sentence. Placed in madhouse today. Suffering fever. Warders will not go near him. Packet of pain-killing pills thrown through his cell door by warder. Left there all day and night. Just lay and moaned. [He stayed like that until 12 February and was then moved. Nothing further known.] Another Black convict, name not

known, has been in madhouse on bread and water punishment for eight days. I smuggled liver sandwich and tomato to him.

6 February: Discovered today that Black convict known as Edwin, aged nineteen, has been kept in madhouse for two weeks in total solitary. A junior white warder let him out at 7 a.m. today to run and empty his bucket. As he slouched back to cell the warder grabbed him by the shirt, punched him twice on the left side of his face and once under the ribcage on the right. Edwin's face registered no emotion. He just stood there looking vacant as he was beaten. The warder tells me he is 'a bit mad'. His surname is Ronganna. His mother is Susan. She lives at 561 Ikageng Township, Potchefstroom.

7 February: Black convict Jimmy Maseko thrown in madhouse section early today as a 'troublemaker'. Sent for psychiatric observation later in day. 'He's mad,' says the warder.

10 February: Prisoner Gray who broke both ankles trying to escape on 11 January, escaped again today with his ankles in plaster and using crutches. Escape successful. [He was recaptured on 28 February, escaped again on 15 March and was caught again on 17 March. It was his sixteenth successful escape.]

11 February: About 900 Blacks arrested in police swoops on Pass Book offenders in Johannesburg.* Rumbling of trucks and banging of cell doors kept me awake until 3 a.m.

13 February: Helped warder Du Plessis do his paper work in sick bay today. Sat and watched as twelve Whites and five Blacks queued up to have their temperatures taken. They were in separate queues. Thermometer used for the

* By law all Blacks in South Africa over the age of sixteen must carry a Pass Book. Failure to produce it on demand is a criminal offence, and an average of 750 people are arrested every day for not doing so. Also known as Reference Book, it contains weekly signatures by employers, a photograph of the owner, tax receipts and all official endorsements for residential and work permits in specified areas. It severely restricts movement and choice of occupation. Blacks call it the Dompass (*dom* means stupid).

Whites was in a small bottle containing creamy-white liquid. The one used for the Blacks was kept in a small brown jar marked 'For Bantu'. I asked Du Plessis why. He explained: 'We have to use a stronger disinfectant for Blacks. Their germs are stronger than ours.'

15 February: A bad day. My pet bird died in my hands after the cat had jumped on it. I kicked the cat.

16 February: Black convict Sydney Buthelezi, aged twenty-seven, known by nickname 'James Bond', suffered a fit today at 6 p.m. Other Blacks raised alarm by banging on doors and shouting. A White warder got up from his desk twenty minutes later and threw a bucket of cold water over him as he lay writhing on the floor. Witnessed by prisoners Ali 'Latib' Osman and Charles 'Puni' Benjamin, who is in for murder.

17 February: Talked to 'James Bond' Buthelezi. He was sentenced to a nine- to fifteen-year sentence on 29/10/1965. His home address is 1350 Dube Village, Soweto. He has a tattoo on his left arm and a police bullet wound scar in his left armpit. Says he will return to crime when he gets out, as he has no other profession.

20 February: 'James Bond' taken away from madhouse section.

21 February: 'James Bond' returned to madhouse covered in cuts and bruises. He had been whipped in mistake for another prisoner named Sydney.

24 February: HJ wants me to quiz Johnny Bradbury. It was arranged I speak to him 'accidentally'. Bradbury tells me that he is sure a prisoner named Heinz Smith has been placed in his cell to spy on him. Bradbury claims he caught Smith going through all his private letters.

27 February: 3.30 p.m. A White warder gripped the shirt of Coloured convict Gilbert 'Cheeta' Bouwer, whirled him against the wall, punching and cuffing him. His 'offence'? He had told 'James Bond' Buthelezi that a relative had been waiting to get a visit with him since 11 a.m. Buthelezi never got the visit. His relative was told he had been moved to another prison.

28 February: Taken to Pretoria again to see H. J. van den Bergh. He tells me my problem has been resolved. Johnny Bradbury has made a full confession and I will only appear as a witness in the case in the event that he might deny the confession. On returning to the Fort Jail I was tipped off that White warder Danny Coetzee stole meat, an orange and a cream cake from a food parcel sent in to me by a friend. The theft was witnessed by James Patrick Harris, a Coloured convict working on the front gate. Harris is known as 'Popeye'. He was born on 22/11/1934 and is serving a five- to eight-year sentence for involvement in the shooting of an alleged gang leader, Sherrif Khan. Harris tells me he has a steel brace in his back because his spine was seriously damaged by a warder who deliberately slammed an iron gate against him. Prisons authorities refused to let Harris lay a charge of assault against the warder. [The warder was later jailed along with four other warders for kicking a Black prisoner to death in Leeuwkop Jail in December 1973.]

4 March: Warder 'Dupe' du Plessis says I seem a decent chap. Would I keep my eyes on the Blacks and let him know if they are doing anything wrong? 'You be the stock-keeper,' he said.

6 March: 'Cheeta' Bouwer punched in face by a White warder and hit across face repeatedly with rolled-up newspaper. Witness Fritz Hesse.

8 March: Prisoner takes overdose. Stomach pump used to save him.

9 March: Same prisoner takes another overdose. Saved again. I think his name is Levy.

15 March: A White warder stabs lighted cigarette into face of a Black wearing a brace in his mouth who insisted he was entitled to pain-killing tablets.

18 March: Coloured prisoner Charles 'Puni' Benjamin tells me a Black was kicked repeatedly in stomach by other convicts on Christmas Eve. He complained to warders he was sick. A warder Stephens gave him water and left him alone all night. Found dead next morning. Cause of death:

'Assaulted by unknown prisoner'. Warden Du Plessis confirmed the story.

20 March: Black trustee convict falls and injures himself badly on step. Well treated by Warden Botha in the sick bay.

21 March: Black convict Andrew Morake, aged twenty-four, prison number 4088/64 from Vereeniging district. Doing fifteen years. Thrown in madhouse 16 March with heavily bandaged ankle. Had slashed his artery with razor in attempt to bleed to death. Warders say he is a loafer who did it to get off heavy work duty at Leeuwkop Jail. Morake told me that they left him in the cell for several days with only a plate of beans, one blanket and a sleeping mat. Has a tattoo over his right breast. Thin scar over right eye. Later in the day two White warders take a long, brown, realistic rubber snake into Morake's cell. He is terrified of snakes and scrambles round the cell, screaming.

22 March: At 9.40 a.m. a White warden brought another to watch Morake back away in fear from the rubber snake. Morake deliberately banged his head on the cell door repeatedly to knock himself unconscious. This was witnessed by Indian prisoner Ali 'Latib' Osman and Black convict Elias Moloi, aged sixteen, prison number 15915/65, home address 93 Tladi Township, Moroka, Soweto. Moloi wears a silver ring in his left ear, has a circular mole on his right cheek, scar under his left eye near the nose and the name 'Else' tattooed on his inside left arm. His umbilical cord sticks out very prominently and he has a scar on the centre of his left shin.

24 March: A White warden barks like hyena outside Morake's cell door. Uses rubber snake again. Now also has a grey plastic lizard with white spots on it. Uses this to frighten Morake on three occasions during the day. All incidents witnessed by Puni Benjamin and Ali 'Latib' Osman. Ali Osman has a shop in the Indian township of Lenasia and is well known there.

25 March: At 4 p.m. a warden arrives with Black witch doctor to frighten Morake with stories that monster snakes

are coming to eat him tonight after dark. Morake screamed and cowered in the corner of his cell. Ali Osman and Wilfred Sentso witnessed this. Sentso is a teacher whose family lives at 75 Joan Street, Newclare, Johannesburg. At 4.20 p.m. the warden shouts through door to White Lebanese prisoner Bolus: 'You will stay here for ever. Never go out.' Bolus is an old sick man. At 4.35 I hear warders whispering outside my cell. One said to the other: 'Tell him he's got bail.' The first opens door of Bolus's cell but says nothing. The second shouts the bail message. Bolus shouts something rude, Disappointed, the warders return to Morake's cell to aggravate him. Morake screams.

1 April: One of the worst warders transferred from Fort Jail until October.

5 April: Black convict Elliot Simelane (walks on crutches) placed in madhouse. Kept in solitary and never let out - not even to empty his bucket. The cell can be smelled ten feet away. The only time his door is opened is when a plate of food is pushed in. [He stayed like that until his release on 15 April. I was told he had been given this punishment for fighting.]

11 April: Coins worth £1 stolen from my cell while I was out. Only warders have keys.

18 April: I was helping 'Dupe' du Plessis with his paper work in the sick bay when five armed warders brought in fourteen Blacks with serious head injuries. They had been involved in a fight with other prisoners and several Black warders had been sent in to quell them with baton blows across their heads. All fourteen had long, deep gashes across their skulls. They lined up in two queues. A White warden standing on a chair and a Black prisoner named Benson Seleka (home address 1115 Naledi, Soweto), standing on a stool, stitched up all the wounds. [The fourteen men were not given any pain-killers or anaesthetic. Their bravery was mind-boggling. Not one uttered a sound as the curved stitching needle was repeatedly dug into their heads.]

21 April: At 9.40 a.m. I saw a White warden grab Sydney 'James Bond' Buthelezi in a neck lock and bang his head

on the wall. Chief Warden Botha walked round the corner and saw this. He was so angry he threatened to beat the warden up himself.

25 April: Major Wolmarans visited me to say I will be appearing as a witness in the Bradbury trial tomorrow. Wolmarans is a decent officer and well liked.

26 April: I give evidence at Bradbury trial. It was not really needed. He confirmed his confession.

29 April: Taken to see H. J. van den Bergh again in Pretoria. He is pleased with trial and has new plans for my future. At 9.45 p.m. Johnny Bradbury slashes his wrists with a razor blade in a suicide attempt. Warden Botha was very sympathetic and treated his wounds in the sick bay.

2 May: Bradbury found guilty. Sentenced to death. I am released at 4 p.m. Interviewed by the press. I tell them prison conditions are very good. This was headlined by the Afrikaans press.* The *Rand Daily Mail* did not believe me.

* *Die Transvaler*, 3 May 1966.

11 · DEPORTATION

'I think it's time we deported you,' said H. J. van den Bergh a few days after my release. I was astounded.

'Relax,' he smiled. 'What I mean is that we'll deport you with a fanfare of publicity so you can go and infiltrate our enemies in London. The Waldeck case has given us a marvellous excuse to mount this cover for you and, as a deportee from South Africa, the leftists in London will accept you with open arms.'

I did not reply immediately.

'You can have an increase in salary and extra expenses,' HJ added. 'And when you're tired of it over there, you can always come back.'

The first thing to flash through my mind was: what if HJ dies while I'm over there? I'll be stuck. I'll never be able to get back. I put this to him.

'Don't worry. John Vorster will know about our private agreement,' he said.

Realizing that I was still uneasy, HJ chuckled and called in General J. M. Keevy, the Commissioner of Police, who occupied the office next door.

'Gordon's going over to London to work for us under the guise of being a deportee,' he explained to the general.

'I've called you in because he wants a witness to the fact that I've promised he can come back whenever he likes.'

General Keevy beamed with delight. He slapped me on the back so hard that I nearly fell over.

'Good luck, my boy. Good luck,' was all he said.

HJ said the deportation papers would take about three months to process through the Department of the Interior, so he suggested I spend that time working for the famous Black magazine *Drum* and its sister paper *Post*. This, he

said, would help me to gain even better contacts amongst Blacks before I left.

Working on *Drum* and *Post* was a fabulous experience. Whites in South Africa are often touchy about publicity, and getting interviews with them often calls for great skill, guile and even brashness. Not so with the Blacks. If you flash a press card saying you are from *Drum*, they pull you inside their homes and rush to put the kettle on. The Black areas are phenomenal places for gathering news stories. In Soweto alone there are between ten and fifteen murders every weekend, quite apart from all the secret political activity going on. I enjoyed the work so much that I found myself willingly working a sixteen-hour day.

The editor in chief of *Drum* and *Post* was Scots-born Cecil Eprile, a brilliant newspaperman who manfully coped with a pronounced stutter. He appreciated my hard work so much that he offered me the position of chief reporter on *Post* in Cape Town with a much higher salary. I asked H. J. van den Bergh for permission to take this job and he agreed. He had some special assignments for me to carry out in Cape Town. But on 26 August, just as I was about to travel down to Cape Town, the Department of the Interior slapped the deportation order on me. H. J. van den Bergh gave me permission to ignore it!

Cape Town is a place of great scenic beauty, with lush vegetation and superb beaches overlooked by the famous Table Mountain. Life is more relaxed there; the hustle and bustle of commercially-minded Johannesburg is nearly 1,000 miles away. Working for *Post* was made more enjoyable by the Coloured people who lived in Cape Town. There are nearly three million Coloureds in South Africa, and the Cape Coloureds have a unique vitality and charm. They also have a sharp sense of humour and are quick to tell you how they, and not the South African government, are the 'real bastards' in South Africa. It is a sophisticated joke.

The government justifies White rule by saying South Africa rightly belongs to Whites because nobody lived in

the country permanently before Jan van Riebeeck and his boatload of Dutchmen landed at the Cape on 6 April 1652 to form the 'first civilized settlement'. According to the South African government's propaganda machine, the only people in South Africa when Jan van Riebeeck arrived were nomadic Black tribes. This is arrant nonsense but you will find it published in most history textbooks used in South African schools. The truth is that archaeologists of world repute have, by using carbon-dating techniques, proved conclusively that as far back as the fifth century Black populations in South Africa had established themselves in large villages containing houses with plastered walls and floors. Their technology included the smelting and smithing of iron and copper. Hardly nomadic people!

The South African government's explanation for the existence of the Coloured people is that they 'interbred with other races and peoples' without actually saying which 'other races'. And that is exactly where the Coloureds score when they call themselves the 'real bastards'. They point out that there was a scarcity of women when Jan van Riebeeck arrived at the Cape, so some of his White settlers fraternized with the prettiest of the enslaved Black girls found there. Exactly nine months later the Coloured race was born. They do not like that clever joke in Pretoria because it clearly suggests that the Coloured people in South Africa today are the only people indigenous to the country.

My spy handler in Cape Town was a handsome young Afrikaner codenamed 'Abe'. I liked him, but he was so security-conscious he refused to give me his surname. He was badly rattled one day when I took a photograph of John Vorster standing with other cabinet members on the steps of parliament. In amongst them, standing out like a sore thumb, was 'Abe'. As a joke I asked John Vorster who the good-looking young man behind him was.

'That's Conradie, one of my bodyguards,' he said.

'That's interesting,' I whispered back to Vorster. 'He also happens to be my handler.'

Abe never forgave me for that.

Within five days of my arrival in Cape Town, the South African Prime Minister, Dr Hendrik Verwoerd, was stabbed to death in parliament. The assassin was a parliamentary messenger named Dimitri Tsafendas. He was found insane and committed for life, and my most valuable contact in government, Mr Balthazar John Vorster, was appointed Premier. It was a red-letter day for me and I celebrated it by taking four Coloured journalists out for dinner.

On 29 October 1966 the deportation order was finally served and I was placed in jail pending expulsion. Front-page publicity was given to this and it was officially announced I would be deported in a matter of days.* But two days later my handler, Abe, rushed into my cell saying I was being released immediately as there had been a sudden change in plans. H. J. van den Bergh wanted to see me in Pretoria before I was deported. This gave the bureaucratic police in Cape Town a peach of a problem but they quickly solved it by giving me an official letter, typed on headed police notepaper, explaining that the Commissioner of Police had granted me an extension of stay so that I could 'settle my affairs in Johannesburg and Pretoria' before being deported. It sounded good but in that same letter the real reason for the extension was also spelled out: on my arrival in Johannesburg I was to arrange an interview with none other than the head of South African Intelligence, H. J. van den Bergh.

I drove up to Johannesburg, where there was yet more confusion. A senior police officer saw me drive past him and immediately presumed I was on the run. He told a group of pressmen as much at a police news conference, and within two hours Johannesburg newspapers were running stories headlined 'Police Net Out For Journalist' and 'Police Seek Gordon Winter'.† I covered up for the stupid officer by pretending I had forgotten to report to the police on my arrival in Johannesburg. This was a lie. I had in fact

* *Cape Times* and *Rand Daily Mail*, 31 October 1966.

† *Johannesburg Star* and *Die Transvaal*, 12 November 1966.

signed the book on the desk at Johannesburg's Marshall Square police station and any journalist bothering to check would easily have found that out. But nobody did.

When I saw H. J. van den Bergh in Pretoria he told me why he had needed to see me urgently. Cecil Eprile, the editor of *Drum* and *Post*, was leaving South Africa to take up a new job in London.

'He's going to run a set-up known as Forum World Features which will service newspapers all over the world with news features. But I can tell you the whole thing is a CIA front.'

Knowing that I was extremely friendly with Cecil Eprile, HJ told me I should try to work for Forum World Features as soon as I arrived in London. He gave me one more instruction: 'Keep your ears open for any gossip about top people in British politics who are homosexuals or married and having affairs on the side.'

As I talked to H. J. van den Bergh in his office that day he complimented me on a 'good piece of work' I had done by discovering a Chinese smuggling ring. I did not really deserve the compliment. Some time earlier I had gone for dinner at the Chon Hing, a popular Chinese restaurant in Johannesburg. Trying to get into conversation with a young waiter named Ho Chee Kai, I had discovered he could not speak a word of English. This was odd, because Chinese are not allowed to settle in South Africa; all the Chinese in South Africa were born there and all speak English fluently. It was therefore clear that Mr Ho Chee Kai was an illegal immigrant. I had tackled Mrs Yvonne Tam, the owner of the restaurant, and she confessed that Ho Chee Kai was one of thousands of refugees who had fled to Hong Kong from Communist China.

She had explained that a highly organized criminal gang took advantage of these refugees by promising them a new life in various parts of the world including South Africa. But it was a form of slavery. The gang sold the refugees to Chinese restaurant owners for £500 each. In return the 'slaves' worked without pay for three or four years. After

working in this way to pay off their debt they were given the option of continuing to work at half the normal wage paid to legal employees. Speaking to Mr Ho Chee Kai through an interpreter, I asked him if he was happy with this arrangement. He said he was delighted.

'Mrs Tam gives me a roof over my head and regular meals which are impossible for people like me to find in overcrowded Hong Kong. And in three years I'll get a wage as well.'

I had seen this as a terrific news story, but H. J. van den Bergh saw it from a completely different angle. When I had mentioned to him that Mr Ho Chee Kai was a refugee from Communist China he had blown his top.

'We must stop this kind of thing at once,' he had said. 'If this is such a highly organized racket, you can be sure the Red Chinese know about it and that they have infiltrated some of their top spies to come to South Africa under this kind of cover. If they're caught they confess to being illegal immigrants who came as slaves.'

'I can't mount a big investigation into all these illegal Chinese immigrants because Ho Chee Kai and his employer, Mrs Tam, will realize you tipped off the police. To cover you I'll just have Ho Chee Kai arrested. If he's a genuine refugee from Communist China I'll fix it that he doesn't get deported. Then you can immediately write a big story about his case. I'll use that story as my excuse to mount a big clean-out of all the other Chinese illegals.'

That was exactly what had happened. HJ had arranged for Ho Chee Kai to be arrested 'by accident' as he walked in the street near the Chon Hing restaurant on 18 August 1966. A police officer had walked up to him and started speaking to him in English. When poor Ho Chee Kai was unable to answer, the policeman had arrested him on suspicion. He was an honest little chap and he had admitted everything when he was questioned at the police station through an interpreter. On 26 August Mr Ho Chee Kai had appeared in an out-of-the-way courtroom and a magistrate

had given him a suspended sentence on condition he behaved himself and stayed in employment. I was the only journalist in the courtroom and had watched as Mr Ho Chee Kai bowed deeply to the court with tears of gratitude rolling down his cheeks.

As H. J. van den Bergh had requested, I mounted a story. This was published as a massive front-page splash in *Post*.* HJ had then mounted the second phase of his plan. Security men throughout South Africa visited all Chinese restaurants and other businesses searching for Chinese workers not in possession of identity documents. They found 382. This nation-wide mass vetting was going on as I talked to H. J. van den Bergh in his Pretoria office.

After leaving HJ, I returned to Johannesburg, where I was rearrested and flown to Cape Town for deportation by sea. That is when HJ's carefully laid plot regarding the Chinese immigrants went horribly wrong. During the careful screening of the 382 illegals, the Security Police held twenty-one 'very suspicious' ones under the 180-day detention clause. These twenty-one refused to say one word to the police interrogators. Their strongly instilled Chinese sense of honour and loyalty would not allow them to betray the ringleaders of the smuggling racket. When the police interrogators applied torture methods the Chinese started hanging themselves.

Mr Leong Yun Pin, a Chinese cook, hanged himself with a shirt in a cell at Leeuwkop Prison on 19 November 1966 within twenty-four hours of being detained.

Mr Ah Yan, a Chinese dealer, was detained on 30 November 1966 and hanged himself with his socks in a shower cubicle adjoining his cell.

Another Chinese died within days of being detained. The circumstances of his death were highly suspicious, as there was panic in police circles at the time. The only clue to this man's death came more than two years later, on 28 January 1969, when, in answer to a question, the South African

* Late Reef Edition, 28 August 1966.

parliament was told that an unidentified man had died at an undisclosed time of an undisclosed cause at an undisclosed place.

These deaths came as a terrible shock to the South African government. The last thing it wanted was a wave of other suicides in jail, so the police interrogators were told to treat the remaining Chinese detainees with velvet gloves and give them luxury foods, radios, playing cards and even Chinese books to read.

H. J. van den Bergh was thus unable to mount a massive 'Red Chinese' showpiece trial as he had hoped. The Chinese detainees were slowly and quietly released. Mr Benny Low, a respected member of the Chinese community, was jailed for three years in April 1967 after being found guilty on charges of helping seventeen Chinese enter South Africa illegally. Some State officials were involved in the smuggling racket, but H. J. van den Bergh managed to keep that out of the press.

I had already left South Africa when Benny Low was jailed. On 12 December 1966 a police escort had sped me to the Cape Town docks and placed me on board the *Cape Town Castle* liner. My fare to Britain was paid by the South African government, which, although I was a deportee, forked out for a single cabin on an upper deck that had the added luxury of being an outer cabin. I was also allowed to take a little present on the liner – a brand-new Datsun 'Bluebird' motor car, registered in my name.

As we sailed away from Cape Town Harbour, a news programme was broadcast over the ship's public radio system. It was the South African Broadcasting Corporation's lunchtime news bulletin and the lead item was that Gordon Winter, a British journalist, had been deported on the *Cape Town Castle*. As I was getting my passport from the purser's office, a prissy little old woman hustled up and pronounced in a shrill voice: 'I'm in the next cabin to that Communist fellow Winter and I insist on being moved at once.'

That's South Africa!

Part Two

12 · A BAD START

When the *Cape Town Castle* drew up alongside the quay at Southampton on the morning of 28 December I was immediately interviewed by half a dozen reporters. They gave me a hard time for fifteen minutes by asking some very abrasive questions, but the stories which appeared next day were fair. The *Daily Telegraph* published a picture of me enjoying my first cup of British tea and the *Daily Sketch* summed it up neatly by quoting me as saying 'I have not the slightest idea why South Africa chucked me out. It's a mystery.'

It was also a mystery to the British immigration official who quizzed me in the lounge of the ship.

'I know you appeared as a State witness in a murder trial, but that's hardly grounds for deportation; so why did they really expel you?' he asked.

I was very careful not to tell a lie which might later rebound on me.

'They deported me for political reasons, and that's the truth.'

Sighing, he wrote it down in a book and said I could go. I was glad he hadn't quizzed me further.

After my car had been offloaded from the liner I drove to London and settled into a small flat in Earls Court. On 3 January I slipped through a side entrance of the South African Embassy in Trafalgar Square and reported to Mr Piet Schoeman, who posed as a First Secretary but was in fact the head of South Africa's intelligence network in Britain. Sitting in his fourth-floor office I gave him my South African press card saying 'H. J. van den Bergh told me to report to you when I arrived in London. I've been officially deported from South Africa because HJ wants me to work with you over here.'

Piet, a slim, dapper fellow, shook my hand and welcomed me politely, yet his manner was cool.

'That sounds good. But I hope you won't mind if I check you out with Pretoria before we continue this conversation.'

He kept my South African press card, saying he would send it to Pretoria, through the diplomatic bag, as proof of my identity. As I left his office, Piet said he would telephone me in two weeks' time.

'Don't ever ring me,' he warned. 'British Intelligence tap our Embassy phones, so I must ring you, and I'll do it from a public call box.'

As I walked out of the Embassy I congratulated myself for now being in the 'big time'. Two weeks later Piet did not phone. One month later he still hadn't. Six weeks later it occurred to me that Piet Schoeman could have mislaid my telephone number. So I went to the reception desk at the Embassy and applied to see him. Minutes later Piet Schoeman came bustling out of the lift wearing a heavy checked overcoat, trilby hat pulled down over his forehead, a pair of dark glasses, and a thick scarf wrapped round his neck so that it covered his mouth. Walking to the reception desk he nudged me, whispering 'Follow me', and scurried off out into the street. I thought this was taking security a bit too seriously, but I followed and saw him vanish round the corner into the Strand. As I turned the corner I almost bumped into him. He was standing with a ferocious glare on his face.

'What's your dirty little game? What are you up to?' he demanded. Surprised, I asked him what he was talking about. He pulled my South African press card out of his overcoat pocket and shoved it at me.

'That's what I'm talking about. I sent it to Pretoria and they've returned it saying I must keep away from you. You're a bloody rascal, that's what they say.' I couldn't believe it. I was so confused I just stood there with mental cramp. Piet Schoeman got even angrier.

'I suppose you think you're clever, trying to set me up. I know nothing about spying. I'm a career diplomat and in

some way you're obviously setting me up for a story. I suppose you have a cameraman hidden across the road taking pictures of us together. But you won't catch me doing anything wrong so that you can write some story embarrassing my government.'

I suddenly realized why he was wearing sunglasses with a scarf wrapped half round his face. He wanted to be unrecognizable in case I did have a photographer planted across the road. I couldn't help it, I just burst out laughing. It was the worst thing I could have done. He stomped away shouting 'Don't ever come near me again or I'll call the police . . .'

I walked to the Wimpy bar across the road for a cup of tea and sat down to think it all out. My first thought was that H. J. van den Bergh had given me a load of bull about wanting me to spy for him in Britain. Perhaps he had said this so I would leave South Africa quietly and he could get rid of me without any fuss. But no. That just didn't make sense because my head was full of secrets. H J wasn't stupid. He knew that I was a journalist and that if he dropped me as a friend I could write massive and embarrassing news stories about him in the British press.

I went home to sleep on it and formulate a plan of action. The next day I returned to the South African Embassy, pretended to be using the library section and slipped upstairs when nobody was looking. I walked into Piet Schoeman's office and, thank goodness, he was there. As he jumped up from his desk with a wild look on his face, I sat down quickly. Now he knew I was not going to attack him. But he backed against the wall none the less.

'I hope you realize you are on South African territory and I can have you arrested for breaking and entering,' he said.

I took out my South African press card and placed it gently on his desk.

'Send that back to H. J. van den Bergh personally. If he returns it saying I'm a rascal then I'm going to the British *Sunday Times* to tell them how I, and many other South

African journalists, have been spying for Republican Intelligence Diens [Service] for the last three years.'

I saw from the look on Schoeman's face that I had got to him with the mention of Republican Intelligence. It was a name totally unknown outside top police circles in South Africa. But Piet was still cautious.

'I think you might just be telling the truth,' he said, stroking the dimple on his chin. 'But if I send your press card back again and get a kick in the teeth for doing so, I swear I'll kill you.'

I left Schoeman's office after he said he would contact me as soon as possible. The next thing I heard was when Piet telephoned me at home at a few minutes past six one morning.

'I must see you this morning. I've got good news for you. Let's meet in the foyer of the news theatre opposite the Embassy at eleven.'

I turned up on the dot. Schoeman had already bought two tickets and we went inside to sit in the back row. As Mickey Mouse pranced across the screen Piet Schoeman was full of apologies.

'I've been in contact with HJ and he confirms everything you say. I'm to look after you, give you a monthly salary of £80 plus all expenses you need.'

Schoeman explained that when I had first contacted him he had sent a short message to the Security Police in Pretoria and that it had been handled by its administrative head, 'Tiny' Venter. Quite apart from the fact that he was unaware of my secret deal with H. J. van den Bergh, Venter disliked me intensely. He had replied to Piet Schoeman's message by saying 'Don't trust this man one inch. He's an out-and-out rascal who was deported after being involved in a murder.'

Schoeman and I left the news theatre separately and met up again in his office at the Embassy a few minutes later. There he introduced me to a woman I should contact whenever he was not available. She was a tall, heavily built Afrikaans woman of about twenty-seven wearing thick-

rimmed spectacles. It was Charlotte Hamilton, who was listed at the Embassy as Piet Schoeman's private secretary. As well as being that, she was a member of Republican Intelligence and helped him run all South Africa's secret agents in Britain. A spinster, she lived alone in a flat in Dolphin Square, and her rent there was paid by the South African government.* She handed me £100 in crisp £5 notes and asked me to sign a receipt with my Republican Intelligence code number R017. Piet gave me a bottle of South African KWV brandy. The money and the brandy were to make up for the six weeks of anxiety I had experienced. As I left Piet Schoeman's office he handed me a sealed envelope.

'I don't ever want to see that damn thing again,' he said. Opening the envelope I found inside my small green South African press card. We both laughed. It had been a bad start. But now we were good friends and I could begin spying with a vengeance.

* From 1973 Charlotte Hamilton worked at BOSS headquarters in Pretoria for three years. She returned to the South African Embassy in London in 1976 as a spy controller with Mr J. Fourie, who was listed as a diplomat at the Embassy. Again, she occupied a flat in Dolphin Square.

13 · INFILTRATION

My cover while spying in London was that of a freelance journalist specializing in South African matters but also covering Black affairs in Britain. My first move was to send regular news stories to the Johannesburg *Sunday Express* about South Africans living in Britain. The editor, Johnny Johnson, who had set me up to be his messenger boy with John Vorster, was not fooled by my deportation. But he was not in any position to say anything. Realizing I must be spying for Vorster in London, Johnson was only too keen to appoint me as the official London correspondent for his paper.

It was a good cover but I wanted better. I started bombarding *Post* and *Drum* in Johannesburg with fascinating stories about Black South Africans who had made a success of life in London. It was only natural that Philip Selwyn-Smith, the new editor of *Post*, should appoint me as his London correspondent. Phil and I had worked together in Johannesburg and we were on good terms. He knew I had fabulous Black contacts throughout South Africa. He also knew I had been deported, so, in the eyes of *Drum* and *Post* readers, I was a good guy. With these prestige Black journals and the Johannesburg *Express* behind me I was free to move in on any South African living in Britain, whether Black or White.

At a later stage I established good contact with London's Black newspaper, the *West Indian World*, and supplied them with stories and photographs. This brought me new friendships with Blacks from all over the world, which in turn inevitably led me to Black South Africans they knew.

But my strongest ace was being a regular contributor to *Forum World Features*, run from Lincoln's Inn Fields,

London, by the former editor of *Post* and *Drum*, Cecil Eprile. This was the agency H. J. van den Bergh had wanted me to infiltrate because it was a CIA front organization. He was right. Nine years later, in late 1975, the Pentagon admitted that *Forum World Features* had been a complete CIA front. This fact was forced out in the open by Senator Frank Church's sub-committee hearing in Washington investigating America's intelligence services.

When I first started writing for *Forum* in 1967 I told my old friend Cecil Eprile that I knew it was a CIA front. He retaliated by making it clear he knew I was a spy for Pretoria. I didn't admit it, but I couldn't insult his intelligence by denying it either. I just shrugged my shoulders.

'That makes us even, then, if in fact we are both spooks,' I said. Cecil laughed, and our friendship was immediately strengthened. It went on to become a very close and trusting relationship which I still value today. Before *Forum* was exposed as a front, Cecil settled in America and started writing books on Africa.

A lot of nonsense was published about *Forum World Features* when the truth came out. One famous newspaper claimed that it had been set up solely to place 'right-wing propaganda' all over the world. Nothing could be further from the truth. Such activity would have immediately raised suspicion from the left and *Forum*'s credibility would have dropped to zero. On the contrary, *Forum* had sense enough to recruit dozens of well-known left-wingers in London as regular specialist writers, who gave *Forum* a balanced image.

The only time the CIA really 'used' *Forum* in a journalistic sense was when it placed disinformation stories (usually anti-Kremlin) or articles designed to test the attitudes and reactions of governments in various parts of the world. On at least two occasions I knowingly wrote such 'wind-testing' stories. One of these was aimed at finding out how much of a fuss the South African government would kick up about an American-backed plan to build a road between

Zambia and Botswana for trade purposes. H. J. van den Bergh was pleased when I submitted a secret report to him on this. It alerted him to the CIA's ulterior motive for the story.

Forum World Features was formed primarily to act as an information-gathering network for the CIA and as a conduit which laundered money paid to the CIA's journalist spies in various parts of the world. Forum was also useful when the CIA needed to get its top operatives to political hot-spots in a hurry with a temporary cover. One full-time journalist I know actually flew his own plane as far afield as Black states in Africa. One other big advantage was that if the CIA wished to compile an in-depth dossier on a newly emerged leader in a Black African state they could send one of their spy authors who would offer to write a book about him. Any author who spends a fortnight in the company of such a leader comes away with a very good insight into the man, his attitudes, weaknesses and intentions. That's gold dust to an intelligence organization.

The most surprising thing H. J. van den Bergh told me about Forum World Features was that its chairman, Mr Brian Crozier, was a member of British intelligence. And, for a change, HJ and the Communists were in agreement. In December 1968 the Russian newspaper *Izvestia* named several top British personalities as members of the British secret service.* One of them was Brian Crozier. If *Izvestia* and HJ were correct, then Mr Crozier was a British secret agent who ran a CIA front in London for nine years, which is quite a fascinating thought.

In 1970 Mr Crozier set up the Institute for the Study of Conflict. As well as compiling a vast card index of all known extremist movements, the Institute organizes seminars, lectures and study groups for business leaders and military men in various parts of the Western world. It also publishes a series of bulletins called *Conflict Studies* for subscribers throughout the Western world.

* *Izvestia*, 20 December 1968, and the British *Times*, 21 December 1968.

Brian Crozier is a brilliant man who has written in-depth profiles of such world leaders as Franco, Salazar and De Gaulle. His books are required reading in war colleges in a number of countries. One of his books, *The Rebels*, was the first study of post-war insurrections and it was used in America as a basis for counter-insurgency courses.

Mr Crozier reported on political violence in South-East Asia during the 1950s for Reuters, the *New York Times* and *Time-Life*, and later for the *Economist* in Cyprus, Algeria, the former Belgian Congo and elsewhere. From 1954 to 1964 he was the editor of the *Economist*'s foreign report.

When Forum World Features was admitted to be a CIA front in late 1975, Mr Crozier took its valuable library across to the offices of the Institute for the Study of Conflict. It certainly is a strange world.

When Forum first started its operations in London it offered newspapers a regular service of from four to ten 1,000-word specialist feature articles each week. It was a good business proposition to many small newspapers overseas, and once it got into its stride, Forum was supplying 250 newspapers and magazines in fifty-three countries. This opened many new doors for me. No matter how important the personage, if you say you want to interview him for publication on that scale, he smiles broadly and says 'You must come to my club for lunch, old boy.'

One of the regular assignments given to me by H. J. van den Bergh was to cover all public demonstrations held by South African political exiles in London. This also meant attending anti-Rhodesian demonstrations, as South African exiles joined in those. My job was secretly to take close-up photographs of every major participant, such as the front-rankers and obvious organizers. To allay suspicion I always stood with other pressmen covering the demo. To make me instantly recognizable as a journalist I had three Leica cameras hanging round my neck. One under the left arm, one under the right and the third flat on my chest. The latter was the vital one. It had a special wide-angle 'thief lens' costing

£500 which did not have to be focused.* It took pictures which were sharp from about 18 inches to infinity. This meant I did not have to lift it to my eyes when I wanted to pinch a picture of anyone; I had a remote-control attachment in my left trouser pocket, which also meant I did not have to lift my hand and press the shutter. Whenever I wanted to photograph any particular person I could stand within three feet of him, distract his attention by scratching my head with my right hand while shooting pictures from my trouser pocket. This was important. Demonstrators get very suspicious when anyone photographs them close-up. I once saw an idiot using a miniature Minox 'spy' camera at a mass demo in Trafalgar Square. I don't know if he was a secret agent or a member of the National Front, but I got a good picture when a group of angry demonstrators started beating him up and the police jumped in to save him.

While in London from 1966 to February 1974 I attended every major demo and submitted at least 4,000 negatives to Pretoria. At first I printed up the pictures myself and wrote the names of all demonstrators on the back. But this became too time-consuming and Pretoria decided I should submit all the negatives. They printed up three copies of each picture and sent them back to my spy handler in London. He kept one copy, I kept another for my private files and the third was sent back to Pretoria with identifying comments written on the back.

I had other spying aids. One was a specially constructed briefcase containing a tape recorder. The recorder was modified so that it operated by a remote-control device in the handle of the briefcase. If the handle was moved to the right the tape started working. A movement to the left stopped it. The microphone for the tape was another remote-control device cunningly hidden in the keyhole at the front of the briefcase.

I had a ballpoint pen for special interviews that wrote just like any ordinary pen but was also a transmitter. It operated on a wavelength not obtainable by radio sets sold

* Leitz Wetzlar 'Twenty One' Super-Angulon.

to the general public. The pen transmitted to a specially constructed portable radio which had a tape attachment fitted to it. The pen and radio, worth about £200, were used only on rare occasions when it would have been suspicious for me to walk into someone's office carrying a briefcase. No matter where you go there is always a toilet somewhere near by. When I used the pen transmitter I would have an accomplice who sat in the toilet operating the radio with earphones attached. A tremendous advantage the pen gave me was that when I was interviewing two people I could throw shock questions at them, put my pen down on my notebook, and leave the room on the pretence of going to fetch my cigarettes from the car or going to the loo. When I left the room the two men would discuss the questions I had thrown. While doing this they would let drop vitally important snippets of information - all picked up by the pen lying on my notebook.

I also had bugging devices for my own flat. When I had South African guests I would switch on the bug and leave the flat saying I was going across the road to buy a bottle of wine. I could then go to my car and switch on the car radio. This tuned into the bug in my flat. The conversation between my guests came across loud and clear and was often very revealing. But not always in a political sense. I sometimes heard things about myself I definitely didn't like.

Another regular assignment was to get the home addresses of any South Africans living in London who had any connection with exiled South African movements. These addresses often helped Pretoria to trace underground political activists operating inside South Africa. Once Pretoria had the full address of a South African political figure in London it could, in various ways, monitor that address. Sometimes it could also intercept letters sent to South Africa from that address, particularly when the sender put his address on the back of the envelope. Knowing the sender's address, South African intelligence could intercept it on arrival at Johannesburg's Jan Smuts airport, photocopy the contents and then post the letter on its way

through the mail in the normal manner. There are an estimated 70,000 South Africans living in the Greater London area. Not all of them are politically involved, but Pretoria likes to keep tabs on any who regularly attend anti-South-African demonstrations.

I also took the registration numbers of all cars parked within three streets of evening meetings held by the British-Anti-Apartheid Movement at places like the Conway Hall in Westminster. The streets in this mainly business area were usually empty at night and people attending the meetings parked their cars as near as possible to the hall. My London spy-master, Piet Schoeman, had an ally in the Greater London Council's licensing department and the names and addresses of the car owners were thus easily traced. Anyone attending an Anti-Apartheid Movement meeting is of great interest to Pretoria, and, again, 'cover' addresses they may be using are discovered. This kind of obsession for detail is typical of Pretoria's efficiency. It's hard-slogging routine police work, but H. J. van den Berg likened it to being a prospector: 'If you sift through the dirt and dust meticulously you are forced to find a gem one day, and every now and again you fall into a gold mine.'

Another task was to get all leading newspapers and weekly magazines of a political nature delivered to my flat every day. I would lie in bed for three hours every morning until I had finished them all. It was pointless getting up to wash before I'd done that, as the printing ink rubbed off all over my hands and the sheets. It was heavy on my laundry bill, but Pretoria paid for that – and for all the newspapers. What I was looking for was any mention of the words 'South Africa'. After a couple of months I could skim a newspaper quickly, as the words jumped out of the page as if by magic. I read everything, including all letters to the editor columns and all Personal Column insertions.

I also perused all left-wing and far-left newspapers or journals I could lay my hands on. These I obtained weekly from a little back room at Collets Bookshop in Charing Cross Road. The staff there got to know me so well that

they even pointed out members of Scotland Yard's Special Branch, who also collected all the far-left literature twice a week.

The South African Embassy in London subscribes to a major press-clipping agency and all mentions of South Africa are carefully scrutinized in Pretoria. But bureaucracy being what it is, these are often not processed until a week or fortnight has elapsed. It was my job to read the papers looking for anything which might necessitate immediate action. If a South African was mentioned in any politically orientated story I would try to contact him by telephone and, as a journalist, pretend to be interested in writing a story on him for a newspaper 'back home'. This was of enormous value to Piet Schoeman and his fellow spooks in the London Embassy. If the man I had interviewed was involved in something constituting 'danger potential' to South Africa, Piet Schoeman would be alerted by me within the hour. Forewarned is forearmed.

Another 'instant action' job was to get advance copies of any books being published in Britain which Pretoria knew would contain material critical of the South African government. As a journalist it was simple for me to contact the publishers and arrange to get review copies of the books on the day before their official release, or even earlier. I would quickly read a book for 'danger content'. If it was a serious matter I would type out a backgrounder giving details of the controversial subject and the number of the page on which it appeared. I would deliver this backgrounder, along with the copy of the book, to Piet Schoeman as quickly as possible. He would signal my brief details to Pretoria by telex so that relevant South African government officials and cabinet ministers could be 'educated' on the subject.

I once delivered such a backgrounder to Piet Schoeman on a book about to be released in Britain. Schoeman signalled Pretoria. The next day, when the book was released, a South African journalist based in London read it and cabled a story to his newspaper in Johannesburg. There,

a senior political writer telephoned a cabinet minister and asked him to comment on the controversial story. The cabinet minister, having been briefed in advance, had his defence well prepared. It was his answers to the book's allegations which made the headlines. If the minister had not been forearmed he would have had to say 'No comment.' And then the allegations in the book would have predominated.

While on the subject of books I can give another good indication of Pretoria's efficiency. If an anti-South-African book bears a cover drawn by an artist, South African intelligence opens a file in that artist's name. This also applies to any cameraman whose photographs appear in the book, or any person the author has thanked, in his preface, for having helped him type or proofread the manuscript. If you are the enemy, Pretoria wants *all* your friends and acquaintances to be on their files.

Some people may laugh at the thought that the mighty South African regime could be frightened of British comedians like Spike Milligan, Dickie Henderson, Ronnie Fraser and Charles 'Carry On' Hawtrey; or of top personalities such as singer Sandie Shaw, 'Dracula' actor Christopher Lee, playwright Robert Bolt, Hayley Mills, Ringo Starr, Susannah York and the Israeli spoon- and mind-bender Uri Geller. But I spied on these and several other showbiz people. Not because they are in the same league as the politically aware stars, like Vanessa Redgrave, Jane Fonda and Marlon Brando, but because they were known to be opposed to the South African policy of apartheid.

Pretoria has a raging phobia about famous stars who visit South Africa, as they have high-voltage publicity potential. A politician might knock apartheid but when a famous star does so it usually rates headlines in newspapers all over the world. British singer Dusty Springfield can be directly blamed for Pretoria's phobia. She started it all when she toured South Africa in the early 1960s and refused to appear

before segregated audiences. She got world headlines and the South African government got a hiding publicity-wise. Pretoria vowed that no overseas star would pull that kind of trick again.

Until 1978 any showbiz personality was carefully vetted by Pretoria, in one way or another, before they were allowed to tour South Africa. But today, the South African government has devised a far subtler solution. In cases where a South African impresario is responsible for importing a famous star to the country, a little blackmail is applied by the Department of the Interior in Pretoria. Officials make it clear to the impresario that his 'future business' with the department – obtaining work permits and visas, etc. – rests on the fact that his star 'behaves' while in South Africa. Only a very courageous South African impresario would dare to admit the truth of this. If he did he would be out of business overnight. Apart from the Department of the Interior and its all-important visas, the impresario must also have good relations with other government departments, particularly those dealing with Black Affairs. If the star is to appear before Black-only audiences it is often vital for the impresario to obtain permits in various areas. Even more important, the South African tax man has a great interest in the substantial earnings a star receives during his or her tour. If a star starts making political statements while in South Africa, the impresario will suddenly find himself being hammered by the tax man as well. So the South African impresario is hogbound on all levels by the government.

I know of one impresario living in Johannesburg who is a strong supporter of the South African government. In collusion with the South African Information Department he devised a far better method of 'muzzling' stars visiting South Africa. Before the tour starts he shows them a large diamond worth £10,000 and tells them: 'If the tour goes well and there's no trouble, you get this as an extra present.' And that is why some world-famous stars, even Black ones, have toured South Africa without commenting adversely on

its racial policies. It's a marvellous deal for all sides. The diamond is delivered to the star when he returns to Britain, so he has no 'smuggling' problems. Even better, the gem is a secret gift and does not have to be disclosed to the British tax man. The impresario doesn't fork out a penny for the diamond. It's bought and paid for, at much less than half the retail value, by slush funds from the South African Department of Information. So, for a relatively small 'investment', there are five spin-offs for the South African government:

The taxpayer bears the cost of the diamond.

It's a major blow against the British actors' union Equity, which dislikes the idea of its members agreeing to appear before segregated audiences in South Africa.

It gives the outside world the impression that South Africa can't be such a bad place after all if one of its favourite stars goes to perform there without complaint.

It helps to cut the ground from under the British Anti-Apartheid Movement, which constantly urges a total boycott of South Africa on all sporting and cultural levels.

Fifthly, and equally important, the star's visit gives immense reassurance to countless thousands of (White) voters in South Africa who worry about being ostracized and condemned by civilized countries overseas. The South African government tries everything in its power to show it is not isolated from the outside world, because it needs the English-speaking White vote. That is why Pretoria chuckles up its sleeve merrily when the British Lions or the Irish rugby team tour South Africa in spite of protests back home.

London has long been the main headquarters for political movements and refugees from many countries. There are several reasons for this but the main one is that the city is the very centre of the world's publicity network because of the freedom enjoyed by the British press and in particular the excellence of the BBC, which beams out a constant flow of information on all subjects throughout the globe.

All South African political movements have an office of some kind, however small, in London. The most important is that of the outlawed African National Congress. In the eyes of Pretoria this is the most dangerous group, as it is responsible for regular guerrilla attacks inside South Africa such as the daring blowing up of the massive Sasol oil-from-coal refinery near Johannesburg in June 1980. Other political organizations hated by Pretoria are the Pan-Africanist Congress (PAC), the South African Coloured People's Congress, the South African Indian Congress, the South West African People's Organization (SWAPO), which, among others, have offices in London. As a spy for South Africa it was part of my job to get close to these movements whenever possible.

The only group I kept well away from at all times was the South African Communist Party (SACP), which had a small office in Goodge Street, London W1. I never visited that office. The SACP is the oldest and most experienced Communist Party in the whole of Africa. It was officially formed in South Africa in 1921, although seasoned comrades had been active several years before that. The South African government declared it an illegal organization and banned it in 1950. My various spy handlers in London asked me several times to try and move in on members of the SACP but I always refused. A man must be aware of his limitations. The bulk of the SACP is composed of highly-intelligent men and women whose only religion is politics; they were far too disciplined and security-conscious for me. Within days of arriving in London I accidentally discovered that the SACP subscribed to all major newspapers in South Africa and made a careful analysis of every political story in them. Clearly, then, they would have noticed some of the cunningly angled stories I had written for John Vorster and H. J. van den Berg and drawn their own conclusions.

Moving in on other South African groups and exiles in London was relatively easy, though a slow process. When-

ever I could I discreetly wined and dined any youngster remotely connected with them. Very few young people understand the real meaning of the word security. They think they do, but they don't. Even when they are politically aware they unwittingly let drop fascinating little snippets and clues which an experienced fact-finder can piece together. And it's not always the young who are indiscreet. All journalists know the art of 'pumping' information. We have all interviewed people who tried hard not to say anything 'quotable' yet in their desperation to get rid of us have said something newsworthy. There are thousands of bugged telephone conversations in the files of BOSS where someone begins by saying 'I think we'd better be careful in case this line is tapped', and then, within a matter of minutes, starts dropping names and clues of vital importance to South African intelligence. H. J. van den Bergh had a favourite saying relating to this subject: 'If you are an intelligence operative or a magician, you're geared to deception. If you're not, you're not.'

H. J. van den Bergh assigned me to join the Foreign Press Association (FPA), based at Carlton House Terrace. All foreign journalists of any note belong to this prestigious association, which sets up regular top-level luncheons and dinners with VIPs from all over the world and arranges interviews and off-the-record briefings with whichever prime minister is in office and with a host of other important British politicians. HJ urged me to join the FPA because its membership includes over 400 top foreign journalists and 300 journalist organizations from all over the world, including radio, television, publishing groups and news agencies. FPA get-togethers are amazing hives of political gossip, and HJ claimed that most of the journalists based in London as correspondents for newspapers in Russia, China, and Iron Curtain countries were 'intelligence agents'. He was adamant that Communist countries use the FPA as a cover for their journalist spies. 'They'd be stupid if they didn't,' he said. Another advantage of belonging to

the FPA was that it arranged regular luncheons with MPs at the House of Commons, which were always useful for making contacts and picking up political gossip.

The fact that I was the London correspondent for South Africa's *Drum* magazine was listed in the Foreign Press Association's membership book which is sent to government departments in Britain, and this also opened many doors.

In June 1971 Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth sent a large engraved card inviting me to have tea with her in the gardens of Buckingham Palace. She invited 10,000 other people as well, but that wasn't really important. Highly honoured, flattered and tickled pink, I moved the old clock from my dusty mantelpiece and placed the royal invitation card there for all to see. And to make sure they saw it I invited many friends for drinks, dinner and even breakfast during the intervening two weeks.

Traffic control for the estimated 5,000 cars conveying guests to the garden party on 15 July was superb. The special yellow recognition sticker on my windscreen sped me through police road blocks and into the Mall to Buckingham Palace. The royal garden was fabulous, with beautiful flamingoes at the lakeside ignoring the milling crowd and daintily fishing with their long elegant necks under water. It was a ravishingly poetic scene. I didn't meet Her Majesty actually, but on the lawns I talked happily with Fritz Joubert, another Foreign Press Association member who was the London correspondent for South Africa's pro-government Afrikaans newspaper *Die Burger*. Oh yes, it was a delightful party and I really felt proud of myself. Then, the next day, when I walked into the Foreign Press Association my vanity got a very nasty kick in the teeth.

The FPA secretary, Mrs Mary Crang, a very dignified and cultured lady, took one look at me and burst out laughing. As I frowned and asked this normally self-possessed woman what on earth she was laughing about she shrieked 'I can't, I just can't . . .' with tears of laughter rolling down her face. When I became insistent she placed

her face down on her large leather-bound blotting pad and covered her head with her hands. I heard a muffled voice saying 'They thought you were Black. They thought you were Black.'

I thought she was mad. But she wasn't. As Mary slowly regained her composure she told me about a telephone call she had just received from Anne Hawkins, the public relations officer at the Palace. Miss Hawkins had skimmed through the Foreign Press Association's membership handbook to choose two journalists who would be invited to the Royal Garden Party.

'She saw your name at the side of South Africa's Black magazine *Drum* and automatically presumed you were Black. Thinking it would be nice for a Black South African journalist to be invited to the Palace, she looked through the handbook again and neatly balanced that by inviting Fritz Joubert of the Afrikaans newspaper *Die Burger*'.

I took it very badly. So badly that I got my revenge on the Palace by writing a nasty little send-up story about all the lavatories at Buckingham Palace. Miss Hawkins said I would never be invited again.* But H. J. van den Bergh loved the story. From that moment on he teasingly called me 'our man at the Palace'.

I joined the Parliamentary Association of Overseas Correspondents, based in the House of Commons, which gave me access to its press dining room and library. For my purposes, however, the best political library in London was the one on the top floor of the Royal Institute of International Affairs in St James's Square, and I took advantage of its facilities on dozens of occasions when I needed detailed information about British VIPs for my secret reports to Pretoria. Joining the ultra-swish Institute, known to the 'in' folk as Chatham House, is not easy, but my membership was speedily approved when I got CIA editor Cecil Eprile to act as my proposer.

Another important source of information was the British

* Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 25 July 1971.

National Union of Journalists. H. J. van den Bergh told me to attend all branch meetings of the NUJ and slowly jockey for power in its ranks. It didn't take long. British journalists are lazy when it comes to attending their union meetings, and I soon got myself elected on to the committee of the London Freelance Branch. It was only a matter of further jockeying before I was appointed an Officer of the Union. I was the Membership Secretary of the London Freelance Branch for several years. This post gave me access to the private files kept at the union's headquarters, Acorn House, Gray's Inn Road.

It was a simple matter to build up a long 'suspect list' of all British journalists who were left-wing in their politics, worked for leftist or liberal journals, or submitted regular articles to them under pen names. In many cases I was able to determine whether they had strong feelings about South Africa. This again was gold dust to Pretoria. Several of the journalists on my suspect list, like James McManus of the *Guardian*, were refused entry to South Africa. Others, like Dennis Kiley, now working for the *Financial Times* in London, John Goldblatt, a freelance photographer working for the British *Sunday Times*, and John Pilger of the *Daily Mirror*, were sent 'keep-out' letters.

Several journalists were kicked out of South Africa, like Dave Garner, a television journalist in London, and Dennis Herbstein of the British *Sunday Times*. Some, like Elaine Potter, also of the British *Sunday Times*, had their baggage searched, with or without their knowledge, when they entered and left South Africa.

One young man was arrested under South Africa's Terrorism Act and heavily quizzed by Security Police interrogators in November 1971. He was Quentin Jacobsen, a freelance photographer.

I must confess that I was not always right in my assessment of all these journalists and their 'danger to the state'. But Pretoria didn't mind. All they cared about was that my heart was in 'the right place'.

Before I left South Africa to start spying in London, H. J. van den Bergh warned me that if I was ever quizzed by British intelligence I should deny being a secret agent for Pretoria. If British security gave me a hard time I should threaten to go to a Fleet Street newspaper with the story that I was being 'harassed' because I was pro-Black.

'That will frighten the life out of them,' smiled H.J. 'The last thing they want is any bad publicity with racial overtones.'

But, he added, if British security made a sudden raid on my flat at a time when I was typing out my secret reports and caught me with them I should 'confess' to being an agent for Rhodesian intelligence. In this way HJ would have been spared embarrassment and when I was released from custody, or jail, he would have retired me on a pension and used me as a pro-government propagandist in journalism.

My 'fall-back' story of working as an agent for Rhodesia was changed shortly after I started working for the CIA front, Forum World Features. My London handler, Piet Schoeman, told me I should 'confess' to being a CIA agent if I got into serious trouble with British security.

'It's a natural,' he explained. 'The British won't be able to do anything to you if you say that. They know all about Forum being a CIA front, just as we do, but their special relationship with the CIA was badly hurt by the Kim Philby thing and they won't want to damage it further by exposing Forum.'

This was something I remembered later and put to good use when the girl-friend I was living with suddenly realized I was a spy.

She was Jill Evans, a talented Welsh-born journalist who worked for the *Daily Mirror*. I had met her at an anti-Rhodesian demonstration in Trafalgar Square in February 1967. We fell in love on sight and I moved into her Highgate flat within a week. She had never been to South Africa and knew nothing about the country, so I was able to continue my double life for quite a while until, as any loving woman would, she worked it out that there was something very odd about me.

Jill's long-harboured suspicions surfaced when the telephone woke us one night in October 1968. It was just before midnight and the caller was my handler, Piet Schoeman, who gave the name 'Alphonso'. Jill passed the phone to me and became very curious when I jumped out of bed and started to dress in a hurry after replacing the receiver. She wanted to know where I was going and who the man was with the ridiculous name Alphonso? When I made some excuse about a 'big story' Jill sat up in bed angrily.

'Don't give me that rubbish,' she snorted. 'I don't think you're a real journalist at all, I think you just use journalism for your own ends and it's something to do with spying.'

I was shocked by her perception but in a strange way relieved. I loved Jill and grabbed at the chance to end at least some of the deceit in my life with her. I confessed I was a spy. But not for South Africa. At that time I wouldn't have admitted that for anything or anyone. I told her I was a secret agent specializing in Black affairs for Forum World Features which, I added with relish, was a CIA-front organization. When she didn't believe me, I introduced her to Dennis Kiley, a sophisticated South African journalist who had somehow found out about Forum. He told Jill I was correct in saying that Forum was a CIA front – although he didn't know I had told Jill I was a CIA agent. To convince Jill further I insisted she meet Cecil Eprile and judge for herself. She did so and liked the man. They were

both sensitive and enjoyed the same delicate sense of humour. So much so that Jill agreed to write the odd story for Forum World Features as a freelance at £25 a time.

Then I had a lucky break which helped me to convince Jill that Forum really was a CIA front. In November 1968 Cecil Eprile invited Jill and me to dinner at his North London flat. During the meal he talked about Margaret Thatcher as a woman who was on her way up in the British political scene.

'There's a feeling in America that she could become Britain's first woman prime minister,' said Cecil.

Jill gave me a funny look and I realized that she had noticed Cecil's use of the phrase 'there's a feeling in America'. He went on to suggest I should interview Mrs Thatcher and write an in-depth story on her for Forum World Features.

'You know the kind of thing I want, Gordon, extra stuff such as which schools her children go to. How much are their school fees? Is Mrs Thatcher well off? Where does she buy her clothes? What's her favourite perfume?'

I told Cecil this was more in Jill's line – better for a woman to interview a woman. Cecil asked Jill if she would do it and she agreed.

In the car on the way home Jill started in on me.

'What on earth does Cecil want to know about Margaret Thatcher's financial position for? What kind of story does he expect me to write from silly questions such as how much she pays for her kids' school fees and which scent she prefers? It all sounds daft to me. Does he think I'm still working for a little provincial paper up in Aberdare or Cardiff, or something?'

It was my big chance and I grabbed at it with all the persuasion I could bring to bear.

'Don't be naive. I've told you time and again that Forum is a CIA front. All those questions he asked you to put to Mrs Thatcher are intelligence-type pumping questions. Of course it's important for the CIA to know whether Mrs Thatcher is well off or not. If she's not, they might decide

to finance her political career and push her right to the very top of the political tree in Britain.'

Puzzled, Jill asked me what the CIA could gain from that.

'A lot,' I said. 'What better for the Americans than to have someone in power who was groomed by them? It wouldn't be the first time they've done it.'

Jill saw this made sense, although she didn't really believe that kind of thing happened in real life.

'But what possible use could it be to the CIA to know which is her favourite scent?'

Fortunately, I knew this trick was used by H. J. van den Bergh when he met important women visitors from overseas.

'It sounds a silly question, but it's not,' I said. 'Imagine you are the American President Lyndon Johnson and you know you're about to meet a promising politician like Margaret Thatcher. Wouldn't it be a lovely gesture to hand her a packet containing her favourite perfume the minute you greet her? It would show that you were thoughtful and that you had done your homework.'

Then Jill got angry. 'Well, if that's the reason Cecil wants me to find out which scent Margaret Thatcher uses he can go to hell. I'm not going to ask those questions, and I don't even want to do the interview. I'm a journalist, not a spy.'

I finally placated Jill and begged her to do the story, saying that if she didn't it could affect my position with Forum. We met Margaret Thatcher in her Westminster flat on 19 November, and I took the photographs. Jill is a journalist of integrity and she didn't ask Mrs Thatcher any of the pumping questions wanted by Cecil – except about the scent. She had a subtle reason for that. She took the mickey out of the CIA beautifully by starting her 1,000-word news feature on Mrs Thatcher with the words 'She smells of Ma Griffe . . .' Cecil Eprile got the message.

An only child, Jillian Hazel Evans was born in the small Welsh coalmining town of Aberdare. Her father lost the

use of his legs when she was a young girl. This brought great hardship to her parents, to the point where her mother would scavenge small pieces of coal from a slag tip one mile away to keep the family warm in the cold winter months. Newspapers, cinemas, concerts and the like were too expensive, so Jill and her parents spent their evenings carefully analysing programmes they heard over the radio. Another pastime was the detailed dissection of neighbours and friends: what they said, what they wore, their weaknesses and strengths. It was marvellous training for Jill, who became an acute observer of people and a superb storyteller. It was only natural that she should become a journalist, working first on a small newspaper in Merthyr Tydfil before her immense talent was spotted by the *Daily Mirror*. She did so well that her photograph soon appeared on hundreds of London Transport buses urging commuters to 'Read Jill Evans in the *Daily Mirror*'. Today she works as a top-flight journalist in Los Angeles, California.

My romance with Jill led me to make excellent contacts in Fleet Street - contacts who were unwittingly helpful to my spying activities. Even better, some of Jill's writing ability and keen powers of observation brushed off, making me a better journalist and a more versatile spy. She also managed to instil in me an awareness of that all-important attribute, sensitivity. This was an intangible something I had only vaguely known about and was unable to comprehend. I had always recognized the people who possessed it, but before meeting Jill I had regarded them as weaklings. To me, sensitive people were whiners not winners. They were unable to cope with the cruel truths of life - which I understood only too well.

Jill Evans, then, had a massive influence on my life and in various ways came to know more about me than any other person up to that time. And that includes my mother who hardly saw me after I ran away from Yorkshire at the age of fifteen. But, true to form, I did not allow Jill Evans to weaken me with her sensitivity. Instead I battled long, hard and painfully to learn some of the mystique from her

so that I could use it as another weapon in my armoury. I learned not to switch off when people bored me stiff with their love of opera, classical music, poetry or their personal problems. I found myself listening in open-mouthed fascination. It was a new world. The result was devastating. I started operating on a much higher level as a spy simply because I was able to give the impression that I was an 'aware' human being.

15 · WILFRID BRUTUS

One night in early November 1967 Jill and I were sitting by the fire playing the word-game Scrabble when we heard a gentle knock on the front door. Opening it I saw a short, stocky man with greying dark curly hair, holding a small suitcase and looking worn out.

It was Wilfrid Brutus, a famous political figure who was supposed to be under house arrest at his flat in Cape Town. He had escaped from South Africa by venturing out into the vast Indian Ocean alone – and in a small rowing boat!

Excerpt from secret BOSS files (1978):

'BRUTUS, Wilfrid Cecil Joseph. Adult Coloured Male born Salisbury, Rhodesia 14/10/1926. Profession teacher. Banned for indoctrinating schoolchildren. Also known to have collected old alarm clocks to be used for timing mechanisms in delayed-action bombs planted outside Government establishments in the early 1960's as part of the ANC's "Spear of the Nation" sabotage campaign. Brutus is banned under the Suppression of Communism Act. House arrest restriction imposed May 1965. Convicted July 1965 under Suppression of Communism Act and sentenced to three month prison term suspended for three years. Known to be a member of Coloured People's Congress and the proscribed African National Congress. Convicted November 1965 for furthering aims of Communism and sentenced to 15 months. House arrest restriction re-imposed on release from Robben Island Prison March 1967. Convicted August 1967 for contravention of banning order by illegally permitting a visitor to enter his Cape Town residence in June 1967. Sentenced to three years imprisonment. Released on bail of

R500 pending appeal against length of sentence. Abandoned bail by leaving South Africa illegally by sea on 19/10/1967. Arrived Heathrow Airport, London on 3/11/1967 on British passport numbered C524080 issued to him at British Consulate Cape Town on 14/9/1967 by virtue of his Rhodesian birth. Allowed to remain in Britain through the personal intervention of David Ennals of the British Home Office. Brutus and wife Martha, a Coloured South African citizen, born Martha Magdalena Koopman, 14/8/1934, live at 34 Stanhope Avenue, London N3, with their daughter Margaret Cecilia Brutus, born London 14/1/1972. Brutus is still active in the Communist-inspired sporting organisation "South African Non-Racial Olympic Committee" (SANROC) with his brother Dennis Vincent Brutus, president of that body.'

The above BOSS excerpt makes much of the word Communism, but there is a little-known fact which ridicules the South African government's claim that Wilfrid Brutus is a Communist. The twelve-hour house-arrest order imposed on him in May 1965 stated that Wilfrid could leave his flat only between six in the morning and six at night. This was so that he could go out and work. But on Saturdays and Sundays he was subject to twenty-four-hour house arrest, which meant that he could not step outside his front door from 6 p.m. on Friday until 6 a.m. on Monday. He was forbidden to have any visitors except a doctor in an emergency. It was a bitter experience for Wilfrid to be a prisoner in his own home, but there was something Pretoria had overlooked. Being locked up in his flat all day on Sunday meant that he was unable to attend church.

So Wilfrid complained bitterly to Justice Minister John Vorster by letter. He asked 'How can you, a God-fearing Afrikaner, stop me from worshipping God? I am a practising Catholic and request permission to attend Mass every Sunday morning as I have always done. Please reply before Sunday. Yours respectfully ...'

This flummoxed Vorster. The Security Police docket on Brutus, Wilfrid Cecil Joseph, described him as a Communist Party member and he was banned as a Communist. But Communists don't believe in God. They are atheists. So what the hell was this man Brutus talking about? Was he denying his Communist principles? Vorster thought long and hard on the subject and finally came up with a typical answer. It was simple. Brutus wanted to go to church so he could whisper secret messages in the pews to his Communist comrades.

I know about this case because I interviewed John Vorster about it after Wilfrid Brutus had phoned me to say 'It's a good story for you whether Vorster allows me to go to church or not.' When I saw Vorster in his office he said he could not give me a definite answer as he had a 'nice little surprise' up his sleeve for Wilfrid Brutus. 'I have asked the Security Police to interview the priest in the area and the congregation, to confirm my suspicion that Brutus is not a regular churchgoer.'

But Vorster was wrong. Intensive questioning by the Security Police in Cape Town confirmed without a shadow of doubt that Wilfrid Brutus was a keen and practising Catholic who had attended the 7 a.m. service at the Witte-bome Roman Catholic Church every Sunday without fail for many years.

Vorster had to give in and instructed the Chief Magistrate of Wynberg, Cape Town, that Brutus should be allowed to leave his home on Sunday mornings. Wilfrid telephoned me jubilantly with the result and I wrote a story stating that he was the first listed Communist in South African history to be granted the right to attend church.*

The lessening of Wilfrid's house arrest on Sunday mornings may perhaps give the impression that John Vorster could be a tolerant man. Not so. Wilfrid was given strict orders about his visit to church. It was rather like one of those instruction cards in the game of Monopoly which tell you to 'Proceed to Pall Mall. Do not pass Go . . .'

* Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 4 July 1965.

The Security Police told him: 'When you go to church you walk down the main streets. Not the side alleys. You turn left up this street and left again at the top. You do not stop. You keep walking. If you stop you go to jail. You do not accept a lift from anyone. You do not speak to anyone. If anyone greets you, just smile and keep walking. Once inside the church you sit alone. Edge ten feet away if anyone sits next to you. You can speak to God and the priest, but nobody else. We will be watching. When you leave the church you return home immediately by the same route. No, you can't stop to smell a flower, Brutus, don't argue. We have timed your walk and you must be home by the designated time. If you are not, you go to jail.'

Wilfrid's long battle with the South African Security Police really started when he began teaching non-White schoolchildren. He was not surprised that the apartheid theory of White supremacy was perpetuated in the classrooms. But he was horrified to discover that it also permeated the children's Bible classes. When reciting Psalm 23, the Psalm of David, the kids had been taught to say 'Baas David' and when referring to Jesus they said 'Baas Jesus'. 'Baas' is the Afrikaans equivalent for the word Boss or Master; it is a term all Blacks are taught to use almost from birth when addressing any White. The idea is to emphasize the White man's superiority. Biblical characters are superior beings, so they must be White, says Pretoria.

The school Wilfrid was teaching at was the St Columba School for Coloureds in Athlone, Cape Town. When he bridled against this indoctrination of his twelve-year-old pupils he received a visit from Mr J. H. van der Westhuizen, a former rugby Springbok who had been given the cushy job as Inspector of Coloured schools in the Western Cape. The inspector shocked Wilfrid rigid by giving him yet another ridiculous instruction. 'When the children read the Lord's Prayer they should not be taught to say "Our" Father which art in Heaven, but "The" Father.' When Wilfrid asked why, Inspector van der Westhuizen explained

'God can't be a father of non-White kids because He is a White. So they must refer to him as The Father.'

Wilfrid Brutus hated the idea of apartheid tainting his Bible in this way, so he said to hell with it and taught the children what an abominable policy it was. It cost him his job, and he became a marked man. He realized that the Security Police kept him under observation after that, but it did not stop him from standing up to be counted. The more he spoke out against apartheid the more the police harassed him. The result? Wilfrid joined the underground African National Congress. I think he did this partly out of anger but he says the main reason was that he had come to realize that the ANC was right. It was a movement which, like him, had started out with the objective of bettering Black conditions and fighting apartheid legally but had been forced underground in self-protection when the South African government had mounted a Security Police terror campaign against it.

I suspect that Wilfrid Brutus might well have collected old alarm clocks knowing they would be used by the ANC's militant wing for the planting of 'no loss of life' bombs outside empty post offices at midnight. But only he can confirm that. I do know, however, that he was once guilty of handling ANC dynamite. It was a midsummer morning in 1963 and Wilfrid was walking through the centre of Cape Town on his way to work. He heard police whistles and saw ANC member 'Joe' running towards him. Joe thrust a thin parcel into his hands gasping: 'The Security bastards are chasing me. Look after that. Don't lose it.' As Wilfrid stood there gawping three cops came running round the corner and galloped after Joe. Opening the parcel, Wilfrid found three small sticks of dynamite. Knowing that the area would be swarming with police in a matter of minutes and one of them might recognize him, Wilfrid thought quickly. He knew the dynamite was valuable to the ANC and he must not throw it away.

He was standing near a butchery at the time and that reminded him about a lost packet of meat he had once taken

to a police station. Chuckling to himself he dashed into the butcher's shop and bought 4 lb of third-grade mince meat saying it was for his dog. Stuffing the dynamite into the mince he ran to the police station round the corner and handed it in at the counter, saying he had seen the parcel drop out of a Black woman's shopping basket as she boarded a moving bus.

As Wilfrid anticipated, the White sergeant on duty said 'Ja, it's lost property all right, but we haven't got a fridge here; so if it's not been claimed by tonight you can have it. I don't want Kaffir meat stinking my station out all night.'

Walking out into the street Wilfrid saw Security officers everywhere but he now had nothing to fear. That evening, when everything had quietened down, Wilfrid called in at the police station after work and was given the meat, which really had started to stink after a blazing hot day. Wilfrid returned the dynamite to a contact in the ANC, and his audacity in using the police station as a 'safe house' became legend in Cape Town's political circles.

On another occasion Wilfrid was at a party in a Coloured builder's house in Cape Town. It was not a political gathering, but the police raided it after receiving complaints from neighbours about the terrific noise. One of the guests was Willie, a Coloured friend of Wilfrid's who was wanted by the Security Police. As the CID rushed into the house Willie jumped out of the window. Seconds later Wilfrid Brutus heard a strange gurgling noise. Looking out of the window he saw Willie laboriously clambering out of a forty-four-gallon drum of lubricating oil, covered from chest to toe in messy goo. As Willie squelched away across the concrete-floored backyard towards a thick hedge, he left a tell-tale trail of black footprints. Wilfrid did not hesitate for a second. Slipping out of the window he lowered himself into the drum of oil up to his thighs, jumped out and walked towards the hedge carefully stepping on Willie's footprints all the way.

Reaching the hedge he deliberately stood there until the back door opened and a constable peeped out, saw Wilfrid

pretending to run away, grabbed him and pulled him inside the house. Taking one look at Wilfrid's oil-covered clothing a senior police officer laughed and said 'Now you really are a Black man. That will teach you to try running away.'

Wilfrid Brutus has his weaknesses. One day he found a £10 note lying on the pavement and, instead of taking it to the local police station, treated several of his political friends to lunch. They had a splendid time but next morning Wilfrid had trouble with his conscience. The following Sunday he made a full confession to his priest, who forgave him when he placed £10 in the church poor box.

Wilfrid is a remarkable man, and the Coloured people of Cape Town could relate many more fascinating tales about his exploits. But the worst story only I can tell. It all started in early 1965 when I wormed my way into Wilfrid's confidence by writing several anti-government news stories which clearly 'proved' my liberal attitudes. Trustingly, Wilfrid gave me secret cover addresses in Cape Town and Johannesburg which he used to keep in touch with his underground colleagues in the ANC. I handed these addresses to Republican Intelligence, and all the letters passing through them were carefully monitored. As a result the Security Police discovered the identities of all the political activists connected with Wilfrid. I still have several of those intercepted letters, including photostat copies given to me by Republican Intelligence. They make sad reading indeed today. By August 1965 the Security Police had enough evidence, from all the intercepted letters, to move in on the whole group. In a series of dawn raids they captured Wilfrid and ten of his Coloured friends. Wilfrid's wife Martha telephoned me in a panic and warned me not to write to the secret cover address Wilfrid had given me. She was worried I might be arrested. But she told me something else:

'Wilf has another cover address. It is a post office box he's rented under a false name. The police don't know about this, and if they find out, at least another fifteen men will be arrested.'

Saying this, Martha Brutus begged me to write a story about Wilfrid's arrest. In the story I should mention the fact that the Security Police had taken possession of a post office box key.

'That will warn all Wilfrid's other friends to stop writing to the box,' said Martha.

I did write the story and I did mention that the police had taken possession of the key.* This not only saved Wilfrid's other fifteen political colleagues, it saved my bacon too. When he was arrested, Wilfrid thought long and hard, trying to work out who had betrayed him. Because of the story I had written at his wife's request, he knew I could not be the traitor. That was impossible. Hadn't I saved his other fifteen friends from certain arrest?

Shrewd H. J. van den Bergh also helped to *swerve* suspicion away from me. He got Security Police interrogators to 'persuade' two of the arrested men to give evidence against Wilfrid and Co. They were Basil de Vries and Albert Thomas, who finally agreed to give evidence when the police showed them proof that they had a cast-iron case against Wilfrid. What the two men did not realize at the time was that they were being set up by H. J. van den Bergh to take the rap as the 'real traitors' who had exposed Wilfrid's group right from the start.

Wilfrid Brutus was sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment for 'furthering the aims of Communism'. He spent most of his sentence in South Africa's most notorious jail on Robben Island. On his release he was again placed under house arrest. He continued to trust me and still wrote to me through various cover addresses. Those letters I also handed to Republican Intelligence. Then the Security Police in Cape Town really got tough. They never gave Wilfrid Brutus any peace. In one four-week period Security men raided Wilfrid's flat three times and turned it upside down searching for proof of his 'subversion'. They found nothing.

A few days later a small advert appeared in a Cape Town * Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 22 August 1965.

newspaper.* It stated: 'Interior decorating and house repairs. Telephone Cape Town 77-0157.' That happened to be Wilfrid's telephone number at home, so Security Police Captain D. K. Genis dashed round to Wilfrid, who was ill in bed with severe bronchitis. Pulling him out of bed, Genis beat him on the neck and shoulders as he lay on the floor.

'We've had enough of you. What's this house repairs advert all about? Is that a secret code you are using to keep in contact with your subversive Commie friends these days?'

When Wilfrid repeatedly denied any knowledge of the advert Genis stomped out saying he was going to the newspaper to 'get enough proof to send you back to Robben Island'. Next day Wilfrid received a telephone call from the newspaper: 'We are awfully sorry. There was a mistake in our advert and we apologize for any inconvenience it may have caused you.'

Wilfrid Brutus knew his days were numbered. A few weeks earlier a nurse had called at the flat to have tea with his wife. The police had rushed in and charged Wilfrid with breaking his banning order by having a visitor in his home. There was no doubt the Security Police would build this up into another big case against him and he would go back to prison. He was right. In late August Wilfrid was brought to trial and sentenced to three years' jail. He appealed against the sentence and was allowed out on £250 bail.

Wilfrid Brutus may be a tough political warrior but physically he has long been in bad shape. He suffers from a chronically weak chest and failing eyesight. He knew he could not survive three years on Robben Island, so he decided to flee from South Africa. His escape was, without doubt, the most preposterous in South African history. I still cannot believe that an intelligent man like Wilfrid could embark on such a hare-brained scheme. But it happened.

* *Cape Times*, 14 July 1967.

Before dawn on 19 October 1967, Wilfrid's wife gave him a large packet of sandwiches and two wine bottles full of water. He slipped out of his home, jumped into the back of a furniture van, and one of his ANC colleagues, Toufie Bardien, drove him to the first stage of a 1,000-mile trip which ended on the East Coast of Natal. There, Wilfrid pushed a rowing boat down a sandy incline into the sea. Leaping into the boat in a last-minute attack of nerves Wilfrid shouted 'Good-bye' to one of his colleagues through the darkness and rowed out to sea as fast as he could. Calamity. In his haste he had left his parcel of sandwiches and the bottles of water on the beach. But there was no going back.

Anyone who knows the Pondoland coast will agree that Wilfrid's escape was suicidal. In that vast expanse of shark-infested water even yachts go missing and experienced spotter pilots have great difficulty finding them among the high waves. Imagine, then, a forty-one-year-old man in ill health, with no food and nothing to drink, drifting out there in a rowing boat. But God repaid him for all those Sundays of devotion and, perhaps, for his long struggle against the Godless policy of apartheid. Wilfrid's wife Martha had slipped a bottle of vitamin pills into his overcoat pocket. They kept him going, although it was tough.

He sweated under the blazing sun for two and a half days and was unable to sleep for two long nights. Then on the morning of the third day, as he was miles away from land he sighted a large oil tanker high out of the water. From this he judged it was heading away from Cape Town after unloading its cargo. Wilfrid waved, screamed and shouted without luck. Then he used his brains. In the small portable leather shaving kit he had placed in an inside pocket of his overcoat was a small steel mirror. It saved his life. Holding it up against the sun Wilfrid aimed it at the tanker's quarterdeck. An alert seaman on watch duty spotted it and the tanker turned to pick him up. Wilfrid's luck really was in. The tanker was heading for Bahrain and most of the crew were

of mixed race or Black. They approved of his daring escape so much that they had a whip-round which raised £150. The price of an air ticket from Bahrain to London.

Wilfrid Brutus came straight to my flat because I was his friend. By writing about that post office box key I had saved fifteen of his friends from going to jail. And, of course, I had been deported from South Africa. Yes, there was no doubt about it. He felt he could trust me. Wilfrid stayed the night and next morning managed to contact his brother Dennis by telephone. I took photographs of the two men as they hugged each other during a joyous reunion in the lounge of my flat. Then they went out to see a friend. While they were away I went through Wilfrid's things and found a small diary. It contained several cover addresses he intended using when writing to his political friends back in South Africa. I photographed all the pages and submitted them to Republican Intelligence.

Wilfrid's dramatic escape gave me a front-page story.*

The South African government had good cause to regret Wilfrid's escape to Britain. Working with his brother Dennis, in league with other South African exiles, he went on to score some of the biggest victories ever against the Pretoria regime. Using the organization SANROC they protested against sporting links with apartheid and succeeded in getting South Africa kicked out of FIFA, the world soccer body, and world athletics. SANROC also got South Africa barred from competing in the Olympic Games. This is important when you know that most White South African males are sports crazy. Today Wilfrid works for an advertising company in central London and, although his weak chest causes him to be hospitalized every year or so, he's still very much a political activist. He devotes much of his spare time to travelling round Britain lecturing on apartheid.

Somewhere in the twelve-inch-thick BOSS file on Wilfrid Brutus I once saw an interesting description of the man. It said he was a 'danger to the State and terrorist

* Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 5 November 1967.

who would use any weapon which suited him'. In a way, that's true. In June 1971, when the South African Premier Mr P. W. Botha (then Defence Minister) visited Britain, Wilfrid Brutus was on hand to watch Botha make a 'courtesy call' at the Ministry of Defence building in London's Northumberland Avenue.

As Botha walked through the front door with a bevy of South African dignitaries, Wilfrid took a weapon out of his pocket and let fly. Two things happened simultaneously. A lifeboat smoke flare burst above the crowd, covering everyone in smoke, and a soggy, over-ripe tomato hit the South African Ambassador, Dr H. G. Luttig, full on the back of his neck.

Wilfrid later appeared at a Bow Street court, was found guilty of threatening behaviour and conditionally discharged for one year. The court found that Wilfrid had thrown the tomato, but I am sure this was wrong. I think Wilfrid took the blame for his wife, Martha, who had really thrown the tomato. I say this because my spy handler, Alf Bouwer, was on the scene at the time and he told me Martha had thrown the tomato. He said he had seen Wilfrid throw the smoke flare into the air, no doubt to give the press photographers a dramatic picture of the South African group wreathed in smoke.

The most thought-provoking story I can tell about Wilfrid Brutus and his battle against racial discrimination happened a few days after he had arrived in Britain. Full of enthusiasm and raring to go, he asked me to photograph him at his very first anti-South-African demonstration in London. He wanted to post the photograph to his political friends in Cape Town. It was a public protest mounted by the Anti-Apartheid Movement against a large supermarket in Camden Town. The store's windows were full of Outspan oranges, and its multi-millionaire owner was known to have substantial investments in South Africa. I must point out that, unless you have racial light meters in your eyes, Wilfrid Brutus looks like a White man. He does not have a Black skin.

As he stood outside that supermarket his face beamed with delight and he was full of pride. I took several photographs of him holding a large protest placard bearing the slogan 'Don't Buy Outspan Oranges.' At that moment a little grey-haired Cockney woman walked up to him and peered intently at the placard.

'Why shouldn't I buy Outspan oranges then?' she asked.
'Because they are from South Africa, madam,' Wilfrid politely replied, pausing for breath before he gave her a quick lesson on apartheid.

'Oh, yes,' she said as she shuffled away. 'Quite right too. We don't want oranges that have been handled by all those bloody Blacks over there, do we now?'

16 · DENNIS BRUTUS

Wilfrid's brother Dennis was probably the shrewdest South African exile I met in Britain. Suspecting I was a spy, he cleverly used me as a weapon against Pretoria.

Excerpt from secret BOSS files (1978):

'BRUTUS, Dennis Vincent. Adult Coloured Male born 28/11/1928 in Salisbury, Rhodesia. One of the 20 most dangerous South African political figures overseas. Educated at Fort Hare University College, Cape, where he was influenced by the Leftist Lecturer Z. K. Matthews, Brutus became a teacher. Mounted a campaign of hatred against White South African sportsmen and sporting events in 1958 by forming the Communist-inspired agitation group "South African Sports Association", later renamed the "South African Non-Racial Olympic Committee" (SANROC). Brutus claims to be a Catholic. He was banned under the Suppression of Communism Act in 1961. Arrested 1963 for violating the terms of his banning order by illegally meeting Swiss journalist Balsiger in Johannesburg. Released on bail pending trial. Estreated bail and left South Africa illegally. Extradited to South Africa by Portuguese Security police in Mozambique. Escaped from police custody in central Johannesburg and was shot during recapture. Taken to Coronationville Coloured Hospital where the Johannesburg Security Police foiled a plot mounted by Communist Richard Triegardt to carry Brutus out of the hospital in a coffin after bogus doctors falsely declared him to be dead. Plot called off by Bram Fischer when it was discovered that an agent of Republican Intelligence had infiltrated them. Brutus sentenced to 18 months on

Robben Island. House arrested on his release in July 1965. Left South Africa on an Exit Permit 1966. Settled in London where, with the help of Canon Collins he re-activated SANROC. Brutus is chairman of the "International Campaign Against Racism in Sport" (ICARIS), a group used to agitate against South African sports on the international front which liaises with other similar Communist-inspired sports bodies in America, Australia, and New Zealand including anti-apartheid bodies in France, Germany, Holland and Switzerland. Brutus is a close friend of Jean Claude Ganga of the "Supreme Council of Sport in Africa" and through him lobbies for the full support of the Afro-Asian bloc agitating against SA sports. Brutus is now lecturing in English at the North Western University, Evanston, Illinois, USA.* When writing to people overseas his envelopes bear the postal franking machine stamp PB 627475. Brutus is married to South African Coloured May Brutus (nee Jagger) and they have eight children by their 22-year marriage.'

That is the Pretoria view of Dennis Brutus, but before I give a different version of the man, it is necessary to explain why BOSS mentioned the postal franking machine he used in America.

Isaiah Stein is a Black from Cape Town who was banned, jailed and then house-arrested for his opposition to the South African government. He left South Africa in 1968. I met him on 21 February, the day he arrived in Britain with his wife and eight children, and mainly because of this he presumed I was trustworthy. As soon as he settled in, Isaiah became very active with Dennis and Wilfrid Brutus and their SANROC organization. At the same time he was also active in the affairs of the African National Congress in London.

* Dennis Brutus is still lecturing at North Western University. When his ten-year contract expired in mid-1980 he was made a Life Professor by that institution.

To earn a living Isaiah took a job as a clerk at Heinemann Educational Books in Charles Street, Mayfair. One of his duties was to look after all incoming and outgoing post. Visiting him in his basement office one day I saw several large brown envelopes on his desk. They were all addressed to people living in South Africa. It was clear these were not connected with Heinemanns. Next to them was a postal franking machine. It did not take any great powers of deduction to work it out. Isaiah was posting letters to South Africa for members of SANROC or the African National Congress. By using the franking machine rented from the GPO by Heinemanns, Isaiah was saving his political friends the cost of buying postage stamps — a considerable saving when twenty letters are being sent by air mail.

The letters were clearly being sent to cover addresses in South Africa. It was impossible to make a note of all those vital addresses, so I did the next best thing. I took the franking number of the machine, which was 'NO 853'. Every envelope fed through the machine bore this number just underneath the stamp imprint. I submitted an urgent report to Pretoria warning them to watch out for any letters arriving in South Africa bearing that franking number. They did. All were intercepted and photocopied before being posted on. Pretoria kept watch on this franking number for nearly two years and monitored all the letters posted by Isaiah and his friends. When he reads this, Isaiah will realize why some of his political contacts in South Africa were detained, banned or house-arrested during that period.

H. J. van den Bergh instructed me to extend this idea by drawing up a list of all companies in London which employed known enemies of South Africa. This was done in the hope that they would also use their firm's postal franking machine when sending mail to South Africa. Then H. J. van den Bergh realized there was yet another spin-off from all this. I was told to get the code numbers of all the postal franking machines used by Fleet Street's major newspapers. Most of the newspapers have full-time correspondents working for them in South Africa, but some also

have extra 'stringers' who submit news on a part-time basis. The identities of these South African stringers are often kept secret, for obvious reasons. But they have to be sent cheques as payment for the stories they have submitted, and that was what H. J. van den Bergh was after. Any letter posted to South Africa by a Fleet Street newspaper was opened. The name of the stringer appeared on the cheque inside. Also enclosed in the letter would be a payment slip which itemized all stories the stringer was being paid for, with the dates on which the stories had been published. From all this H. J. van den Bergh was able to compile a list of the secret stringers who regularly sent out news stories embarrassing the South African government. If the stringer was a British subject he could be given his marching orders. If he was a South African his telephone could be bugged and he could be harassed if necessary. On a few occasions some of the Fleet Street newspapers wrote to their stringers and asked them to write special feature articles on a particular subject. If it was potentially controversial H. J. van den Bergh could take steps to make sure the stringer did not get exactly the story his newspaper wanted. When I defected from South Africa, BOSS was still using this franking code trick and I am sure they are still doing so.

The excerpt I have included from BOSS files on Dennis Brutus clearly shows that the South African government regards him as a Communist. I have no proof that he was or is a Communist, and neither has Pretoria. They banned him under the Suppression of Communism Act without giving the public any proof whatsoever. BOSS did not believe Dennis was a Catholic. Yet after Dennis left South Africa he was granted a private audience with the Pope in the Vatican. I wonder how Pretoria will combat that awkward item of information? They can hardly smear the (then) Pope as a Communist or a Communist dupe.

Like his brother Wilfrid, Dennis Brutus is a fascinating character. Not only is he an able writer and a talented poet,

with four published books to his credit, he also has a law degree. Back in 1965, when he heard that John Vorster had allowed his brother to go to church, Dennis also applied for permission to attend Mass on Sundays. Vorster refused. If that sounds absurd, something even more ludicrous occurred. Dennis lived in Port Elizabeth, which is 485 miles (776 km) from Cape Town and, being under house arrest, was unable to visit his brother. In the banning order Vorster had imposed on him, a clause clearly stated he must not communicate in any way with Wilfrid. Yet Wilfrid's banning order specifically stated he could communicate with Dennis. This meant that when Wilfrid telephoned Dennis he could tell him all the family news, but Dennis was not allowed to answer.

I may have been a spy, but I still had a sense of humour and couldn't resist poking fun at this nonsensical state of affairs by writing a story on the subject.* Some government officials were not amused, but my spy-master, H. J. van den Bergh, didn't mind in the least. He knew the story would please the liberals and leftists and make them trust me all the more.

I also wrote about another example of bureaucratic stupidity. Brutus Street in the Port Elizabeth Coloured district of Gelvandale was named after Dennis Brutus in recognition of his services to the city. Yet Dennis's banning order precluded him from entering that street.

When I arrived in London to start spying I tried to infiltrate Dennis Brutus and met him for lunch in a small café near St Paul's Cathedral. He was quite friendly at first but then became rather cool and aloof. I do not know if I said something which gave me away. Only he knows that. But he kept me at arm's length, and try as I might I got nothing from him. Then, about a year later, he started giving me items of news about his SANROC sports group and the attacks it was planning to mount against South Africa. I thought this was valuable information, not only for Republican Intelligence but also for the *Sunday Express*

* Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 18 July 1965.

in Johannesburg. I cabled dozens of stories given to me by Dennis Brutus, and all were published prominently. Writing such anti-government stories suited me perfectly. Not only did I earn money from them, they also helped to maintain my vitally important cover as a liberal journalist. It took years before Pretoria got wise to Dennis and when they did I got another nasty blow to my pride.

'Dennis Brutus has been using you in a very clever way,' they told me. 'We are worried that you have been writing propaganda stories for his SANROC group and its successes. The worst part is that you are proving to South African Blacks that Brutus and his exile friends are working hard in Britain against the South African government.'

This really was a cunning ploy by Dennis because Pretoria goes out of its way at all times to convince the South African public that political exiles in London are collecting funds from the British public to fight apartheid but are really using the money themselves so that they can continue to live in luxury flats, drive expensive cars and attend trendy left-wing cocktail parties. It may sound silly, but this propaganda is widely believed by South African Whites, and it makes the Blacks of the country feel they are being betrayed by their own people in Britain.

While spying in London I was kept well informed about Dennis Brutus and his activities. From time to time Piet Schoeman gave me snippets of information which had been monitored from the telephone at Dennis's home in North London. I do not know how Pretoria obtained these details, but I do know that BOSS did not bug his phone. I did not keep a record of all the snippets given to me, only of the ones I was asked to follow up. These show quite clearly that someone did bug Dennis's phone.

In 1968 a telephone intercept disclosed that Dennis was planning to take up a position as a lecturer in Denver, Colorado. Piet Schoeman told me that, on hearing about this, H. J. van den Bergh had sent a full dossier to the American Central Intelligence Agency warning them that Dennis Brutus represented a security threat to the US

government if a visa was issued to him. This dossier included the fact that Dennis had been a delegate to the cultural congress held in Cuba in January 1968. The CIA replied by telling Pretoria they knew about Dennis being in Cuba and added something Pretoria did not know.

While in Cuba Dennis had met Fidel Castro and had obtained from him a £10,000 grant for the 'relief of political prisoners in South Africa'. The CIA said this money had been channelled through to South Africa by Canon Collins' International Defence and Aid Fund in London for the defence costs of Black political accused.

Shortly after this information from the CIA, another telephone intercept on Dennis's telephone disclosed that he had been interviewed by an official at the American Embassy in London in late 1968. The official told Dennis that the Pentagon was 'not happy' about his application for a visa to enter and work in the United States.

Another telephone intercept on Dennis's telephone at about this time showed that he was angry because the American authorities were repeatedly delaying the issue of his visa. He told someone (identity not known to me) 'I could raise an international stink about this by recruiting the help of my friend Sean McBride and the International Court of Justice . . .' Much later the American government finally decided to allow Dennis Brutus a precautionary three-month visa renewable every three months.

In another telephone intercept Dennis Brutus told someone: 'I was privately warned by an American official that my visa would not be renewed if I started agitating politically in the United States.'

In June 1969 my handler, Piet Schoeman, gave me a detailed backgrounder on Dennis Brutus compiled from intelligence files in Pretoria and asked me to type it out afresh and give it to someone at the American Embassy in Grosvenor Square. I cannot remember why Pretoria wanted me to do this. I visited the American Embassy on Monday, 30 June, and had a chat with Gerald E. 'Cal' McKay, an Assistant Army Attaché, in his office, room number 409,

on the fourth floor of the Embassy. I showed him the report on Dennis Brutus and told him it was all my work. He handed it to his secretary, Patricia, and she made a photocopy of it at once.

Another telephone intercept had Dennis telling someone that the British Liberal MP David Steel had warned him that his telephone was 'tapped in connection with his public protest against the Queen attending a British sports meeting in July 1968'. (Prior to this, on 12 July 1968, Dennis Brutus, accompanied by British Labour MP Mr Frank Hooley, had handed two letters in to Buckingham Palace asking the Queen not to support the Amateur Athletics Association Championships being held in London. In addition, Dennis and his brother Wilfrid, along with Peter Hain and other exiled South Africans, had mounted a public demonstration against the championships held at White City on 13 July.)

Another telephone intercept I was told about disclosed that the then leader of the British Liberal Party, Jeremy Thorpe, had asked Dennis Brutus if he would consider standing as a Liberal candidate in the British elections. In this telephone conversation Dennis Brutus was heard telling a friend that 'Mr Thorpe tells me that if I decide not to stand he will have to choose Learie Constantine instead.' Dennis Brutus did decline and Mr Thorpe then approached Learie Constantine, the former West Indian cricketer.

Another intercept on Dennis Brutus's telephone showed that in July 1969, after a visit to Algeria, Dennis had flown to Dar es Salaam, Tanzania, and while there had met Henry de Bruyn from South Africa. Mr De Bruyn, a former ANC member in Port Elizabeth and Johannesburg, was then training as an intelligence officer at a camp in Tanzania, and he had received his initial training in Moscow.

Dennis Brutus still fights the South African government and its continuing apartheid in sport attitudes. The last story I wrote about him disclosed that he had masterminded a plan to stop Muhammad Ali, the world heavyweight boxing champion, from making a visit to South Africa in 1975. In early February of that year Dennis had heard that

Ali was planning to fly to South Africa to box in two exhibition bouts, to raise money for Black schools.

Dennis immediately flew to New York and interviewed the Louisville Lip. The picture he painted of South Africa was very bad and Ali started worrying about the advisability of his proposed trip. Shortly afterwards Ali flew to London on a business trip, so, to press home his point, Dennis telephoned Chris de Broglio, SANROC's London-based publicity officer, and asked him to educate boxer Ali further about apartheid in South Africa. Mr De Broglio had a brainwave and instructed another SANROC member named Omar Cassem to gatecrash Ali's suite at the Hilton Hotel in Park Lane. Mr Cassem, the owner of a successful building company in London and president of the British National Federation of Master Painters and Decorators, was chosen to approach Ali because he had been a Muslim priest when he lived in South Africa several years earlier.

Muhammad Ali was not annoyed when Mr Cassem invaded his suite. The two men talked for nearly an hour, during which Mr Cassem told Ali that any improvements for Blacks in South African sport were 'mere window dressing for the outside world'. As a result Ali cancelled his trip to South Africa. It was an excellent news item, so I wrote a story on the subject.*

In that story I quoted Muhammad Ali on his sudden change of mind. 'I had decided to fight in South Africa,' he said, 'because I had been told, while I was in Zaire, that conditions had improved for Blacks in the Republic. Now, I have been convinced that conditions have not changed at all.'

The cancellation of Ali's trip disappointed thousands of South African fight fans, but SANROC was overjoyed and South African exiles in London celebrated by holding a party to toast Dennis Brutus's dramatic success.

Dennis Brutus hates any form of discrimination, and the best way I can describe this is to relate an incident which

* Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 4 May 1975, headlined: 'Banned Poet Told Ali: Stop SA Trip.'

occurred while he was serving his eighteen-month sentence. One afternoon the commanding officer ordered Dennis to be brought to the main office. Fearing the worst, Dennis combed his hair as he was being escorted there. As he stood to attention before the big desk the commandant handed him a cheque for £150. With it was a letter stating he had won the money as the first prize in a Nigerian poetry competition. Dennis was jubilant. The money was desperately needed by his wife and children, who, to put it starkly, were living on the breadline. But then came gloom. As Dennis ran his eyes over the accompanying letter he noticed something which caused him to hand the cheque back to the commandant. 'I'm sorry, sir, but I must ask you to return this to the sender.'

When the astonished commandant asked why, Dennis pointed to a clause in the rules stating the poetry contest had only been open to non-Whites.

'Well, that's all right,' smiled the commandant, 'you are a non-White.' Shaking his head, Dennis replied, 'It's true that I'm classified by Pretoria as a Coloured person, but it's not all right. The contest was not open to Whites. That makes it racialistic, and I will not associate myself with anything of that nature.'

The much-needed cheque was sent back.

17 · BOSS IS FORMED

'South Africa's New Gestapo' was the description given by the British journal *New Statesman* when the Bureau of State Security was officially formed in May 1969 by General Hendrik van den Bergh. But it was, in reality, just the old Republican Intelligence network given a new name and legalized by parliament.

BOSS was allocated a magnificent headquarters called Concilium in central Pretoria, and all the senior officers and desk men who worked for Republican Intelligence moved in with all their files. The new name BOSS made little difference to me or other agents in the field. Most of us kept the same code numbers, the same handlers and collected the same information, but we were told we could go heavier on our expenses, as BOSS had about £20 million to play with in its first year. (The South African public was told the figure was less than a quarter of that.) For H. J. van den Bergh, however, it meant he was suddenly elevated to South Africa's spy-master number one. He became the overlord of all intelligence networks, including the Army, Navy and Air Force, and was answerable only to Premier John Vorster. It was a tremendous promotion, so I wrote an in-depth profile on 'South Africa's New Strong Man' which was published worldwide by Forum World Features.

I knew about BOSS being formed as early as 19 April 1968. On that night I secretly met H. J. van den Bergh in room 856, or 658, at the Grosvenor House Hotel in London and he mentioned that our new spy agency was being organized. Brigadier P. J. 'Tiny' Venter, the executive head of the South African Security Police, sat in on the conversation, but not for long. I made an enemy of him that night. First I complained about the mix-up Tiny had caused with

Piet Schoeman when I first arrived in London. HJ tactfully solved that by saying it demonstrated how well South Africa kept its secrets. Then I criticized Tiny for moving in too quickly whenever I submitted a report on anyone. I pointed out that so many bad things quickly happened to South Africans soon after they met me that this would inevitably create suspicion. In particular I mentioned the names of two journalists in London, Dennis Kiley* and John Goldblatt, who both received official 'keep-out' letters from the South African government within weeks of my reports on them. I said this kind of banning was silly, because neither of them was a Communist and I had only casually mentioned in my reports that they were anti-apartheid. HJ turned to Tiny and said 'He's right, you know . . .' Tiny became quite petulant and left the room, claiming he had to telephone a friend. This suited me perfectly; I liked HJ and he always told me fascinating things when we were alone. We were so close that once, for his young daughter's birthday, I bought 'Randy', a transistorized dog from East Berlin which walked, barked and wagged its tail by remote control whenever a whistle was blown. I will never forget how the two of us got down on our knees and played with the toy when I gave it to him. I shudder to think what one of his vicious Security Police interrogators might have thought on walking into HJ's office that day.

As I sat in the Grosvenor House Hotel bedroom H. J. van den Bergh told me not to waste any time submitting reports to Pretoria about Amnesty International (the London-based human rights organization, founded in 1961 to aid and draw attention to the plight of political prisoners in all countries). When I asked why, HJ said 'Our American friends know most of Amnesty's secrets. They have in-

* Dennis Kiley was the first journalist to be fined under the Prisons Act when in 1960 he exposed the fact that several Black prisoners died of pneumonia in Modder B Jail because of a lack of blankets on a bitterly cold winter night. He is now syndication editor of the British *Financial Times*.

filtrated it so well that in several countries they run Amnesty groups and use them to their own ends.'

When I registered surprise, HJ smiled in a paternal way. 'If you think about it, the CIA would be stupid if they didn't take advantage of an organization like Amnesty.'

He then educated me briefly on the subject by pointing out that Communist and left-wing activities were a problem in most countries and that activists were being arrested and jailed every day. HJ said that the leftists could be commended for one thing: they went out of their way to remain loyal to any comrade who was jailed.

'They agitate on his behalf, they arrange escapes, they look after him when he's released, and they never fail to use his imprisonment for political propaganda purposes.' This, said HJ, was why the CIA was so clever in using Amnesty. By infiltrating its groups in various countries the CIA harvested a huge amount of information: who visited political prisoners, who financed their defence in court, who paid for their appeals, who agitated for their release and who organized escapes etc. H. J. van den Bergh said that the answers to these and other questions often unmasked many other Communists, leftists and people 'used as tools by the Communists'.

HJ smiled as he told me how the CIA had floated a highly successful rumour that Amnesty was a KGB-front organization formed to aid Communist prisoners in various parts of the world. What amused HJ most was that his own propaganda experts in Pretoria used this same rumour whenever an Amnesty report criticized prison conditions in South Africa. Apart from pleasing the CIA, this had another good effect. It proved to the South African voter that the 'Communist menace' was a very real one and helped to take the domestic heat out of Amnesty's reports on South Africa.

Ending his speech, HJ told me that some of the snippets on Amnesty sent to him by the CIA often had loose ends which sometimes needed tying up. If I liked he would send some of these to me regularly from Pretoria. Fascinated at

the thought of receiving regular CIA-sourced information, I told HJ I would appreciate that. He kept his word. Within three weeks of his return to South Africa I was sent regular items concerning Amnesty. These were delivered to me by my London handler. In some cases there was a recognizable South African angle to the information, but in others I was often unable to work out why the CIA had sent the snippet to Pretoria. Some were so remote I wondered if the officer in Pretoria who was designated to send them to me had even bothered to read them.

I received hundreds of items about Amnesty from 1968 to 1974. Whenever I was able to give Pretoria further details or answer a question posed I had no further need to keep the snippet and burnt it. But when I was unable to answer a query immediately I kept the information in the form of brief 'memory-jogging' notes. To give some idea of how much BOSS knew about the confidential affairs of Amnesty in many parts of the world, particularly London, I give a few of the many snippets BOSS sent me shortly after HJ returned to South Africa:

A professor named Michael 'Mike' Pentz, who was a computer expert, had once started a night school for non-Whites in Retreat, Cape Town. He had left South Africa in 1947 after an attempt had been made to have him prosecuted for forming the Cape Peninsula Night Schools Association. By attending classes there, most Blacks would have been breaking the Urban Areas Act, which precluded them from entering certain areas.

Mike Pentz had settled in Switzerland, where he had become active with the Swiss branch of the Anti-Apartheid Movement. BOSS told me: 'We had it from a good source that Pentz had applied for a post at Cambridge University and it was suspected by our section that his motive was to infiltrate himself into some nuclear research programme being conducted there under British government authority.' BOSS added that it had passed this information on to 'the British firm' (British security) and the application by Pentz had been nixed 'on security grounds'.

Pretoria wanted to know from me if Professor Pentz was connected with anti-South-African exiles in London, because it was known that he had 'visited Cuba in January this year' (1968) and attended the cultural congress there, where he had become friendly with Dennis Brutus and Alex La Guma, both banned under the Suppression of Communism Act in South Africa.

The next message I got from BOSS on the subject of Mike Pentz was in March 1970. I was told that Professor Pentz was now Dean of the Faculty of Science at the Open University and that he was friendly with Canon Collins of the Defence and Aid Fund. I was asked: 'Pentz was living at a house in Henley but has now moved to an address near Milton Keynes, Buckinghamshire. Please obtain full address.' At about this time BOSS also asked me to find out how friendly Professor Pentz had been in Switzerland with Pastor Pierre Bungar, a founder member of Amnesty.

At another stage BOSS sent me this message on a different subject: 'Amnesty claims it will not adopt or help prisoners who have advocated or been found guilty of acts of violence. If this is so, please find out why Coloured Male Adult South African Subject George Peake, who served a sentence in SA after being apprehended in the act of planting a bomb, gets £30 a month from Amnesty.'

Acting on this request from BOSS, I tactfully quizzed George Peake on the subject. As it happened, I knew George quite well and liked him because he had a great sense of humour and was a superb storyteller. He told me he had asked Amnesty for financial aid because he had defected from the ANC and gone over to the rival Black movement, the PAC, which was very short of funds.

'The £30 a month I get from Amnesty is actually paid to me by Amnesty man Peter Benenson as a private donation out of his own pocket,' he explained.

In October 1971 BOSS sent me this snippet: 'A Miss S. Goldberg, of 2 Fisher House, Ward Road, London N19, was involved in the sale of a bronze horse and some antique African weights from South Africa at Sotheby's and Co,

34 New Bond Street, London, on 2/9/1971. The bill number was 5824. Miss Goldberg is connected with Amnesty in London and it is suspected she is sending money to a Black activist in SA. Question: Can you ascertain where the antique South African weights came from originally?

In January 1972 BOSS sent me this: 'A Mr and Mrs C. Marshall of 13a Overbury Avenue, Beckenham, Kent, are receiving letters from Israel in connection with a political prisoner there. The above address is believed to be a cover address used instead of the Amnesty address. There is a South African connection. Please check the Beckenham address.' I went to this address and a neighbour told me that Mrs Bella Marshall, an Amnesty worker, lived at the address.

Later, I received another request from BOSS which told me: 'Bella Marshall went to Norway from September 1 to 5 last year and while there her contact number was Oslo 556806. Please ascertain reason for trip.'

In late 1971 BOSS sent me this: 'Anthony Mascarenhas, a British *Sunday Times* journalist, telephone number 969-9552 London, has told Amnesty that he is disturbed about Amnesty choosing a man named Brohi or Broni as Mjuijib's defence lawyer. (For full background see *Guardian* 24/8/1971.) Mascarenhas has told Amnesty, as long as they treat it with the 'utmost confidence', that Brohi or Broni is not to be trusted politically. Query: Is Mascarenhas suggesting that Brohi is an intelligence operative?'

In October 1971 BOSS sent me this: 'On 20/9/1971, the safe at Amnesty's London office was opened so that certain documents could be photographed. The person who did so was unable to close the safe door properly so he left it wide open and to allay suspicion against himself, opened several windows in the office. Query: Did the Secretary-General suspect this was an inside job?'

I was unable to answer this question, but BOSS later sent me its own answer which stated that when the Secretary-General had returned to his office and found the safe open he had presumed that he had left it so himself.

But he was angry that the staff had gone home leaving all the windows open overnight, and next morning he had posted a security notice up on the board warning all staff to make sure they closed the windows before they went home in future. BOSS thought this was very humorous.

In March 1972 BOSS sent me this: 'Kathy Pick was in ward ten of the Western Hospital, Fulham, London, suffering hepatitis. Was visited by "John" of Amnesty in February. Please confirm if John was John Humphreys as there is a South African connection.' Later, I received a follow-up from BOSS which stated: 'John Humphreys on 10/2/1972 wrote a very confidential letter to J. D. R. Kelly of the United Nations High Commission for Refugees at 14 Stratford Place, London W1, asking for information about four South African Bantu. They are: Moses Sikoetho (alias Nkomo), Nimrod Mabija, Max Mgomezulu and Fred Mahlatini. Query: Will attempts be made to get these four to travel overseas on a United Nations grant via Lesotho?'

I also received this from BOSS (date not known): 'Rebecca "Becky" Babcock, from America, now at Amnesty office London. Works in the Research Department and is friendly with John Humphreys who oversees the Southern Africa Section. We have Babcock's address as: 7 Richmond Crescent, London N1. It is necessary for us to have this address confirmed without any possibility of error.'

I checked the address. It was not correct. I reported back to BOSS that Rebecca Babcock had moved to 112 Leighton Road, London NW5.

In early 1970 BOSS sent me this: 'Dick, Nancy Graham, White Female Adult banned in SA and now in Britain. Does not work on staff at Amnesty's London office but is known to be using their address as a cover. A letter arrived there for her recently. Contents involved leftists in SA. Please investigate.'

BOSS also sent me this (date unknown): 'Father Cosmas Desmond, author of the *Discarded People* book by

Penguin, has been adopted by the Aylesford Group of Amnesty. Monies for him are sent to Kate Rorke of 1 High Street, Aylesford, Kent. She is the only person who knows the identity of the man who acts as conduit for cash to Desmond. Please investigate.*

In June or July 1972 I received this from BOSS: 'Stephen Bubb, c/o 19 Gladwin Close, Wigmore, Gillingham, Kent, is connected with Amnesty donations to a prisoner convicted in Pietermaritzburg, Natal, in April 1972. These donations are sent to "Medway Towns Amnesty International Group." More details if possible please.'

BOSS also sent me this (date not known): 'Stella Joyce, believed to be a member of the CIA by South African political activists in London, has left Amnesty to run a set up known as "The Primitive People's Fund". Not to be confused with Stella Sweetman, an Amnesty worker now married to John Cavill, a male White South African journalist based in London. Query: Who is spreading the rumours about Stella Joyce being a CIA operative. Is it Barney Zackon, a South African activist now living at 12 Kidderpore Gardens, London NW3?'

BOSS had some link with the Spanish Security Police in 1972. In that year I was asked to check on a woman. The message I got from BOSS clearly indicated to me that there was no South African connection. I was told that anything I gleaned on the subject would be 'passed on to our friends in Madrid'. This is what BOSS told me:

'In early 1972 Mrs Thelma E. H. Pahahi, of 4 The Greylands, High Rickleton, County Durham, contacted Amnesty to say she wished to write an article about Spain's Segovia Prison. Amnesty's London office wrote back to her, in a letter dated February 1972, saying there was no reason why an article on Segovia Prison, and a prisoner there named Jose Sandoval, should not be published. Then, in this letter

* Mr Desmond was appointed director of the British Section of Amnesty in June 1979 and now lives in London with his wife and two children.

to Mrs Pahahi, Amnesty told her something which is of great interest to Madrid. Direct quote from Amnesty letter follows: "But, because of Amnesty's special relationship with the Spanish government, which allows Amnesty group members to visit their adopted prisoners in prison, it is important at this time that Amnesty should not be connected with publicity about prison conditions in particular and especially those details which we are able to gather through the visits. Individual groups do call attention to the situation of their own prisoners - being careful not to suggest that the information has been acquired through a visit to the prison. We are, however, planning to do a major prison report in future, when much of the material sent to us by prisoners' families and friends will be 'brought to the surface'." Etc. . . .'

BOSS wanted me to discover when the major report on Spain's prisons was to be issued by Amnesty. This request puzzled me greatly, as, if BOSS was receiving regular high-level information from some agent or agents planted in Amnesty, why should they ask me, who had no friends in Amnesty, to obtain information about its confidential affairs?

In February 1972, BOSS sent me a long message concerning Mr John Martinus Ferus, which showed that Pretoria was remarkably well informed about the activities of Amnesty members in Germany. BOSS told me: 'Ferus, John Martinus, Adult Coloured Male alias "Hennie" of 14 Hamner Street, Worcester, Cape Province. Member of the S.A. Congress of Trade Unions (SACTU), detained on 1/10/1963, released on bail 30/12/1963 after being charged with sabotage activities connected with the African National Congress. Charge dropped January 1964. Served with banning order in terms of Section 9(1) of the Suppression of Communism Act (Act 44 of 1950). In April 1966 he was prosecuted for contravening the banning order. Details of his banning are relevant as we understand Ferus is to be visited at his home address in South Africa by a member of Amnesty. Yet his banning order makes this

proposed visit illegal. Ferus continues to be restricted to house arrest in terms of his previous banning order.'

BOSS then gave me details about the proposed visit to Mr Ferus by a member of Amnesty. They stated: 'Our information is that Herr Claus-Rudiger von Hertzberg, a member of Amnesty International, is planning to visit Ferus. No official request has been made in this connection and we are therefore anxious to know when Von Hertzberg is intending to travel to South Africa. Our indirect source at Amnesty could be open to suspicion in this specific case so here are the necessary details to help you guard against approaching the wrong person during your investigation. Source states the following: The German Section of Amnesty International (Group 45) had the case of Ferus in hand at one time but Von Hertzberg of that group moved to the Amnesty Group 208 in Wolfhagen and retained his interest in Ferus. Group 208 closed down in November 1970 when Von Hertzberg moved to Munich and took the Ferus file with him. He has been in contact with the mother of Ferus and has also made contact for Ferus with the Swedish Amnesty Group. Von Hertzberg also arranged for a friend of his to visit the mother of Ferus to make arrangements for Ferus after his release from prison. The identity of the friend is known to us and during his visit, discussions took place on the subject of Ferus leaving South Africa permanently. But when Ferus was released he confused Amnesty by making it clear he had no intention of leaving SA. This was apparently based on the wishes of the girl-friend of Ferus.

'The speaker of the Swedish Amnesty Group, one Herr Stephan Rosenstrom, subsequently met Von Hertzberg in Munich and they discussed what was described to us as 'further steps' to be taken in connection with the Ferus case. According to a letter sent to Martin Enthoven at Amnesty in London, dated 7/2/1972, from Theresia Becker of Amnesty Group 45 (75 Farmstrasse, Walldorf 6083, West Germany), Herr von Hertzberg and Herr Rosenstrom will "continue to take care of the Ferus case" although Ferus

still does not wish to leave SA. Von Hertzberg now says he will make personal contact with Ferus "before long" during a special visit to South Africa.*

In 1973, BOSS sent me this: 'Abraham, Eric Antony, White Male South African subject, a student, aged 19. Was National Chairman of the "National Youth Action" in 1971 and a member of NUSAS at the University of Cape Town. Problem child. Now working for Amnesty in Britain. Last known address: 42 Southfield Road, Oxford. Telephone 42602. Has a friend David King living there.'

I asked my London BOSS handler what 'problem child' meant, and he replied 'It's a BOSS euphemism for a youngster who refuses to spy for us.' Eric Abraham was later banned and placed under house arrest when he returned to South Africa (see Chapter 24).

From time to time BOSS even sent me photocopies of documents which had clearly been taken from Amnesty files in London. I burnt most of these but still have some. One is a photocopy of a letter sent by Mrs Tracy Ullitveit-Moe to a Mrs Jean Etsinger at the *Brazil Herald*, Rio de Janeiro, dated 11 February 1972. BOSS also sent me regular copies of Amnesty's monthly summaries, which were clearly marked 'Confidential'. I still have one (numbered 142), which outlines all the activities of Amnesty's staff members in London and the projects they were investigating in various countries such as Iran, Indonesia, Sudan, Tunisia, Morocco, Greece, Turkey, Paraguay, Cuba and Northern Ireland.

BOSS also kept me informed on all new members of Amnesty and their full home addresses. I still have the 'List of new members' for December 1970, which names forty-nine people. This will probably cause consternation in Amnesty, as they are said to be particularly security-conscious about disclosing the names of members. BOSS sent me this list for an unusual reason. Amnesty member

* BOSS intended to arrest Herr von Hertzberg if he visited Mr Ferus, but this plan was dashed when someone warned Von Hertzberg not to take the risk.

number 233 was listed as Mr Victor Melleney of 40 Grosvenor Road, Chiswick, London W4. BOSS wanted me to find out if this was the famous South African actor/producer Victor Melleney, or one of his relatives. It was not.

The establishment of BOSS led to one of the most sustained outcries in South African history, with protests coming from advocates, professors, politicians, churchmen and liberal editors. At the time I wondered what these people would have said if they had known about the ultra-secret Republican Intelligence having operated for the previous six years.

The outcry against BOSS caused Premier John Vorster to appoint a Commission of Inquiry into State Security and the Bureau of State Security. But this was a great confidence trick perpetrated on the South African public. It was so successful that in later years Vorster used the same trick in an attempt to save his political career when the 'Information Scandal' started erupting.

The Commission of Inquiry into BOSS was carried out by Mr Justice H. J. Potgieter. He was chosen by the head of BOSS, General H. J. van den Bergh, and approved by Vorster. Senior BOSS operatives in the South African Embassy in Trafalgar Square allocated him a room which he could use as an office.

It was not long before Potgieter asked to meet journalist agent Ror17, who was apparently something of a lucky operator. When Alf Bouwer told me about this I refused point-blank. The last thing I wanted was a grilling by a judge. Alf told me not to feel insecure.

I still refused to see Potgieter, so Alf Bouwer told him I was away on leave. Mr Justice Potgieter's report was completed in August 1970 and tabled in the House of Assembly eighteen months later in February 1972. One of the main recommendations he made was: 'To preclude any possibility of abuse and to secure public goodwill and confidence, it should be made clear beyond all doubt that the Bureau's activities will at all times be restricted to matters

that have an actual connection with the Security of the State.' The report went on to say that it should equally be made clear that BOSS should never interfere in the private conduct of persons, their business activities or their political views 'except insofar as these are of a subversive nature'. The machinations of BOSS subsequently proved, without a shadow of doubt, that Mr Justice Potgieter's recommendations were not worth the paper he typed them on.

In August 1978 BOSS officially ceased to exist. The name 'Bureau of State Security' was changed to the 'Department of National Security' (DONS). This was simply a cleansing tactic to get rid of the hated nickname BOSS, which had become synonymous with skulduggery all over the world. The South African government is clever at changing names and phrases. When the word apartheid became disgraced all over the civilized world as meaning 'Apart Hate', they started using the phrase 'separate development'. When this in turn became despised they changed it to 'multi-national development'. When overseas newspapers refused to fall for that phrase, Pretoria started talking about 'plural development', which was probably the most cunning. Mr P. W. Botha, the present South African Prime Minister, has come up with yet another. In August 1979 he said that South Africa was a multi-national society and that the principle of 'vertical differentiation' between the racial groups was accepted. I cannot give an official explanation of that new term, but I know what the Whites who vote for the South African government will make of it. In their language it can be translated into the 'standing difference'. Meaning: 'we Whites will remain upright and the Blacks will still be kept down.'

When the initials SB, for Security Branch, became synonymous with torture and general mayhem, it was insisted that it must be referred to by newspapers as the Security Police. The name most hated by Blacks in South Africa is the Bantu Affairs Department, because it rules every aspect of their lives. By the mid-1970s the Black newspaper *Post* courageously started referring to the Department

by its initials, BAD. To the extreme annoyance of the South African government this bad word was immediately adopted by the liberal press. Pretoria thought they were very shrewd in May 1979 when they changed the name to the more friendly-sounding 'Department of Co-operation and Development'. But they didn't win. The Blacks now call it CAD.

Government newspapers in South Africa have been ordered not to use the word multi-racial. It suggests a mingling of races. And that they definitely do *not* want. A luxury five-star hotel, which is now allowed to admit those very few Blacks who can afford it, is now referred to as a 'multi-national' hotel and any sports between Black and White are 'multi-national games'.

Treat with caution all those recent claims by the South African Premier Mr P. W. Botha that he is a more moderate man who is keen to break down apartheid, a man who would like to give the Black majority a better deal and a man who is something of a reformist, trying to educate his tough Afrikaner followers into a new flexibility.

It sounds good, but every single South African Premier has used that gag in an effort to gain support from the English-speaking White voter and in the hope of getting a favourable new image for South Africa overseas. I've heard it all before. John Vorster said it when he made his famous 'give us six months' statement in which he indicated that South Africa would abolish race discrimination. But nothing really changed.

Whatever Mr P. W. Botha says and whatever he claims he intends to do, I guarantee one thing. He will never, but never, agree to any form of genuine power-sharing with the Blacks inside White South Africa. And as for Black majority rule, that is totally inconceivable. No, Mr Botha is playing with words when he talks about reform, moderation and flexibility.

It's just like the scene in *Alice Through the Looking-Glass* when Alice asks Humpty Dumpty about his misleading use of a certain word.

'When I use a word,' Humpty Dumpty replied rather scornfully, 'it means just what I choose it to mean. Neither more nor less.'

When Alice asks if words can be made to mean so many things, Humpty Dumpty answers 'The question is, which is to be master, that's all.'

It is the same with the changing of the name BOSS to DONS. BOSS has not changed. It is still the master. Most of the men I knew still work at the same desks, in the same headquarters, keep the same files and get up to the same dirty tricks. Reputable newspapers might keep that in mind whenever they find it necessary to refer to South Africa's 'new' Department of National Security. BOSS, I assure them, is still alive and well. And very much kicking.

18 · WINNIE MANDELA

Winnie Nomzamo Mandela is the wife of Nelson Mandela, the African National Congress leader who is serving a life sentence in Robben Island Jail for his part in the 'Rivonia Conspiracy'. The South African government hates Winnie. They see her as the most dangerous Black woman in the country. The majority of Blacks see her as something of a Joan of Arc figure. Should revolution come to South Africa, Nelson Mandela would almost certainly be the chosen leader of the Blacks, and his wife Winnie would be the first lady of the land.

Pretoria has tried to frame, bribe and harass Winnie for years, but she avoided being jailed for a long period by a mixture of luck and the support of the underground ANC which always made sure she had the best lawyers possible to defend her. A tall, good-looking and articulate woman of forty-seven, Winnie has been repeatedly subjected to detention, house arrest, restriction and vicious attacks on her home. Since her husband was first jailed eighteen years ago she has been free of restrictions for only eleven months. A social worker with the Child Welfare Society, she was first banned in 1962. At one stage her banning order precluded her from communicating with any other banned person, and that included her husband. During their twenty-two years of marriage Winnie and Nelson Mandela have only lived together for two years. When he was not in jail he was on the run, operating underground or raising funds overseas. Any prominent Black who opposes apartheid in South Africa is immediately labelled a danger to the State, or a terrorist. Winnie Mandela is no terrorist. Of that I am sure. But I do know she operated an underground anti-apartheid group. It was the only way she could fight against Pretoria

and by doing so give support to her husband's African National Congress.

I first met Winnie Mandela in 1961 at a discreet multi-racial party in Johannesburg held by *Rand Daily Mail* librarian Sue Deas and photographer Aubrey Kushner. Winnie and I liked each other and she gave me a small tin lapel badge bearing a photograph of her husband's face. At the time he was a fugitive and kept popping up all over South Africa making political speeches and vanishing again. This made the Security Police look stupid, and Nelson Mandela became the prime target on Pretoria's list of enemies.

Winnie Mandela knew I had many friends in Soweto and also knew that I had helped four men, three of them Black, to flee from South Africa illegally. It was understandable, then, that she should trust me, particularly after I was deported from South Africa. One of the first things I did on arriving in London was to write letters to her. Her first letter to me started 'My Dearest Makaza . . .' Gordon Makaza was the pen name I used when writing articles for Black newspapers in South Africa, and I was well known by that name in Soweto. *Makaza* is the Zulu expression for 'cold' or 'frosty', and Blacks chuckled at the idea that I had deliberately chosen it to take the mickey out of my real surname. Winnie and I wrote often to each other over the following twenty months and I still have some of the letters, in which she asked me to do certain favours for her in London.

In one letter Winnie Mandela gave me a clue which led me to discover that a Black reporter named Owen Vanqa had spent several months studying journalism in Cardiff, Wales, and that he was connected with a well-known South African exile there. As a result of my report, Owen Vanqa spent more than a year in solitary confinement when he returned to South Africa.

Through my correspondence with Winnie Mandela I also found out that Peter Magubane, one of South Africa's famous Black press photographers, was helping her in her

secret anti-apartheid activities. I knew Peter quite well and liked him. But that didn't stop me betraying him to Pretoria. He spent a total of 586 days in detention, much of it in solitary confinement.

In another letter Winnie Mandela trusted me with a secret cover address used by Joyce Sikakane, a Black journalist on the staff of the *Rand Daily Mail* in Johannesburg. Joyce was born on 24 June 1943, matriculated and completed a degree in political science at the University of South Africa. A handsome woman, she had a good political background, as her grandfather was the late Reverend A. M. Sikakane, a founder member of the African National Congress who was one of thousands detained during the State of Emergency declared in March 1960 after the notorious Sharpeville shootings. As a result of my spying, Joyce spent seventeen months in detention. She fled from South Africa secretly in July 1973 and married a Scottish doctor, Kenneth Rankin.

In another letter Winnie asked me to send her copies of the British Anti-Apartheid Movement's regular newspaper, the *Anti-Apartheid News*. These could not be sent to Winnie's home address in Soweto because she knew the Security Police monitored all her mail. So she sent me a secret cover address in central Johannesburg. In all, Winnie sent me three cover addresses. I gave them to South African intelligence, and all three were carefully monitored by the Security Police. It was found that Winnie also used these addresses when writing to her friends in the political underground. It was a long and painstaking investigation for the Security men, because many of the letters Winnie received were signed by people using assumed names or codenames. But Pretoria patiently placed surveillance squads on their return addresses and eventually all were identified.

By May 1969 H. J. van den Bergh believed he had the makings of a big show trial against Winnie Mandela and her political associates. Nationwide dawn swoops were made by armed Security Police and more than thirty people were detained for interrogation. Being the wife of Nelson

Mandela, Winnie was the 'prize' capture. For that reason the police did not dare torture her in a way which left any marks on her body. Instead they made her sit in one position for nearly two days while teams of interrogators, working on a shift basis round the clock, quizzed her. This disoriented her tremendously, but she did not crack. Neither did Caleb Mayekiso, one of her detained friends. He died during the last hours of May 1969, his body officially being found on 1 June. The official explanation was that he had 'collapsed and died while in police custody'. Inquest verdict: 'Death by natural causes.' Another friend of Winnie's who refused to talk was Michael Shivute. He died just before midnight on 16 June 1969, the first night of his detention. Official explanation? He had 'committed suicide'.

Paulus Mashaba, another associate of Winnie's, cracked in every sense of the word. After high-pressure torture and endless nights without sleep he was a broken man, and he signed a statement incriminating Winnie. Some indication of the shame and anguish he suffered by his betrayal can be gained from the fact that after he had signed the confession his mind broke down. He was taken to Johannesburg's Weskoppies Mental Hospital in such a state of disorientation that he was unable to speak coherently. Today, Paulus Mashaba is a free man who wanders round Soweto aimlessly, and if you speak to him he gives a vacant smile. He doesn't remember a thing about his past. The people of Soweto shake their heads sadly at the pathetic unkempt figure. They call him 'Mad Paul, the man who was sent crazy by the Shit Buckets.'*

H. J. van den Bergh's Security Police interrogators succeeded with some of Winnie Mandela's friends. After electric-shock torture to their genitals they signed confessions and agreed to appear as State witnesses. A big show trial was then mounted with the help of one other man. He was Philip Golding, a twenty-six-year-old economics graduate from the University of Wales, who had emigrated to

* Black slang for the Security Police.

South Africa in 1967 and was working as a labour economist in the South African Chamber of Mines.

Golding was detained on 17 May, a few days after Winnie Mandela, and taken to Security Police headquarters in Pretoria, where he was tortured. When he signed a confession incriminating Winnie Mandela he was placed in total solitary confinement for nearly three weeks. He was not allowed any contact with his lawyer, friends or British consular officials, and to keep his arrest secret the Security Police forced him to write a letter to his sixty-nine-year-old mother, Mrs Winifred Golding, in Britain giving the impression that he was a free man and was fit and well.

Seven months later, on 1 December 1969, Winnie Mandela was brought to trial with twenty-one of her friends, including Peter Magubane, Joyce Sikakane and Owen Vanqa, the three people I had spied on from London. The accused faced twenty-one main charges, chiefly involving their membership of the banned African National Congress. The trial came at the right time for Pretoria, as the government was preparing for elections and it would be used to reassure some hesitant White voters that the South African police could cope with 'dangerous elements'.

It did not turn out quite like that, however. The evidence given by the State witnesses was faltering and weak. So was the evidence given by Philip Golding, who clearly tried to tone down the illegal activities in which Winnie and her friends had been involved. The State abandoned the case and withdrew all charges. The judge told the accused: 'You are acquitted.' H. J. van den Bergh was furious and ordered all twenty-two accused to be detained again at once. They were, and this caused a nationwide outcry. Students marched in protest and 357 were arrested by police called in to quell them.

After giving his evidence Philip Golding returned to London. The next thing I heard was a message from H. J. van den Bergh saying I should find an excuse to interview Golding, as he had obviously played some kind of double game. I interviewed Golding at his mother's home in

Raglan Gardens, Oxhey, Hertfordshire, in early January 1970, and he was quite willing to talk to me when I said I represented South Africa's Black magazine *Drum*. He made only one request; my interview should be an 'off-the-record' affair during which he would talk freely as long as I promised to publish only the comments he approved of. When I agreed to this, Golding relaxed and talked like a machine gun. Yes, he had held back quite a lot of information when he had given evidence against Winnie Mandela and her co-accused. In fact, he had committed perjury by deliberately lying in court. When I asked him why he had told these lies, Golding explained: 'By telling them I was signalling to the accused in the dock that I had been tortured into turning against them, and that despite my weakness I was going out of my way to help them as far as was humanly possible.'

Before I went to interview Golding I had been briefed by South African intelligence that during his pre-trial interrogation Golding had admitted being a member of the British Communist Party. Yet H. J. van den Bergh was now doubtful about this. I was told that HJ had 'checked with London' but Golding's membership of the CP had not been confirmed.

I asked Golding why he had told his interrogators he was a Communist when he clearly wasn't. He replied: 'A Lieutenant Ferreira was the main torturer when I was being questioned in a room at Compol, the Security Police headquarters in Pretoria. As I lay on the floor at one stage he kicked me in the face. I knew I had to say something to stop them hurting me or I would crack completely and give away everything I knew. They kept shouting the word "Communista" at me and this gave me an idea. I put my hands up in surrender and shouted that I'd had enough and wanted to confess to being a member of the British Communist Party. This was absolutely untrue, but it worked. At once they stopped hitting me and asked if I would sign a statement confessing to being a Communist. To them it was worth a ton of gold. They had captured a self-confessed

British Communist, and this could be brought up in court as a guilt-by-association smear against Winnie Mandela and the other accused.'

Golding told me that as soon as he had signed his Communist confession the torture stopped. He added something else of interest: 'The Security Police were very unlucky when they swooped on Winnie Mandela, because they just missed another group of ANC members who were operating underground in parallel with Winnie's group.'

I submitted all this information to Pretoria, and Security Police interrogators started a fresh wave of torture against Winnie and her twenty friends. Livingstone Mancoko and Victor Mazitulela broke down and signed confessions. With this and other information he had picked up, H. J. van den Bergh moved in on Winnie and her remaining eighteen friends yet again. All nineteen were charged under the Terrorism Act * on 18 June 1970, and their trial was set down for 24 August 1970.

H. J. van den Bergh was so determined to settle his score with Winnie Mandela that he was even prepared to sacrifice one of his favourite agents. He sent a message to me in London saying I should prepare to fly to South Africa to appear as a surprise State witness! He also arranged for a lawyer working on the preparation of the State's case against Winnie to start compiling all the evidence I could give to the court.

After instructing the lawyer, HJ mentioned his plan to the Premier, John Vorster, who turned it down flat: 'We can't risk using Gordon Winter as a witness; he's a man with criminal convictions in Britain.'

* The Terrorism Act, No. 83 of 1967, is the most powerful weapon possessed by the South African police. It empowers them to arrest any person who has committed acts or has conspired or incited such acts which could 'endanger the maintenance of law and order'. The Act is so loosely defined that almost any opponent of the South African regime can be arrested without a warrant, detained for interrogation and kept in solitary confinement without access to any court, lawyer or relative for an indefinite period. Children are not exempted from the Act and, if they fall foul of it, are treated as adults.

It was cold, brutal logic, and HJ realized it was true. If I was disclosed as a secret agent and gave evidence against an important person like Winnie Mandela, her defence team would obviously question me about my part in the Waldeck killing and my strange relationship with the Richardson gang. This would definitely lead to further questions about my past and whether I had any criminal convictions. For some reason H. J. van den Bergh had not considered this factor, and he had to cancel his plans to call me as a witness. Then he got another shock.

Winnie Mandela's defence lawyers had somehow heard along the legal grapevine that I was being considered as a witness against Winnie. H. J. van den Bergh found out about this because one of his Security men had managed to plant a bug in a room used by Winnie's lawyers when they interviewed her in connection with her defence. According to the bugged conversation the defence lawyers asked Winnie if she had ever been in contact with me. When she confirmed this, they were horrified to discover she had also sent me several of her secret cover addresses. They told Winnie that it was abundantly clear I was a secret agent for South Africa. Winnie defended me initially by pointing out that I had been deported from South Africa. But in the end the lawyers managed to make her see sense. I was definitely the traitor. The rumour quickly spread in legal circles that I was a spy who was flying over to give evidence against Winnie Mandela. The rumour also spread to journalists in Johannesburg.

Now HJ had a very sticky problem. He had to find some way to protect me, and the only way he could do that would be to discredit totally the rumour that I was flying back to South Africa as a witness against Winnie Mandela. The old fox did it beautifully. To start with, he sent me a message in London saying I must go abroad for a holiday in late July (1970) and return to my London flat just before Winnie Mandela came to trial on 24 August. He told me to draw £200 expenses for my holiday, and all he wanted me to do was to send as many postcards as possible from my holiday

place to all my friends and journalist colleagues in Johannesburg. A paid holiday suited me fine. I was still living with Jill Evans, and earlier in the year she had booked a small villa in Fuengirola in Spain during the month of July. Jill had already arranged air tickets on a charter flight for herself and her two young sons. I was not able to get a seat on the same flight. Instead, I told Jill I would drive from Britain to Spain in my car and meet her in Spain.

On Monday, 27 July, I drove to the ferry at Newhaven and sailed to Dieppe. I drove through France and Spain and arrived in Fuengirola on 30 July. I stayed in the villa with Jill and her two sons, Paul and Simeon, until 11 August, and then the four of us sailed to Tangier for two days. While in Tangier I sent an avalanche of postcards to all my journalist friends in South Africa, telling them I was having a lovely time in the Casbah.

As the postcards started arriving in South Africa HJ got his disinformation men to deliberately add fuel to the rumour that I was on my way to South Africa to give evidence against Winnie Mandela. The feeling amongst liberal journalists in Johannesburg at that time was that my postcards from Tangier were a bluff, aimed at covering the fact that I was secretly hidden away in Pretoria. I still have a letter in my files which shows that the hysteria reached such proportions that my editor, Johnny Johnson, was also worried. The letter was from him and in it he warned me about the rumours he had heard. He made no bones about it. I was seen to be a spy who had been Winnie Mandela's contact in London. My holiday in Tangier was a blind. I was really in South Africa secretly, waiting to give evidence at Winnie Mandela's trial.

H. J. van den Bergh's disinformation trick was running smoothly.

On 16 August I returned to England by ferry and drove straight up to Sheffield, to stay there with relatives until the night of 21 August, when I drove back to London to attend a party. The party was held on a barge near Paddington Station by Dick Walker, a former Johannesburg journalist,

and several South African exiles attended. I feigned amazement when the exiles told me the 'incredible rumour' that I was supposed to be in South Africa waiting to give evidence against Winnie Mandela in two days' time. To strengthen my alibi I had taken a good friend to the party. This was Derek Jameson, then a senior journalist on the *Sunday Mirror*, later the editor of the British *Daily Express*. Derek was a close friend of Jill Evans, and he knew, without doubt, that I had been with her in Spain for two weeks. If anyone had asked Derek he would have confirmed this. But as far as I know nobody did. The rumours were obviously ridiculous. The same attitude was taken in Johannesburg when Winnie Mandela came to trial. The people who had spread the rumours looked stupid. Winnie and her defence lawyers knew different. But they could hardly say anything, as the squashing of all the rumours left them without a leg to stand on. HJ's ploy had worked well. The upshot of the whole thing was that my name was never mentioned at Winnie's trial and the State's case was weaker without me as a 'dramatic secret witness'.

Most of the charges facing Winnie and her eighteen friends at that trial were exactly the same as those on which they had been found not guilty at the first trial. All nineteen were acquitted yet again and released. But they were not free for long. Shortly afterwards the South African government placed the lot under banning orders or house arrest. If they can't get you one way they find another.

When Winnie Mandela was acquitted, H. J. van den Bergh's 'Dirty Tricks' department* planted a rumour round Johannesburg that Winnie was actually a BOSS agent. That 'explained' why she always got acquitted whenever she was charged. The main reason for this was to frighten other Blacks away from any connection with Winnie. H. J. van den Bergh was determined to stifle the political life out of this troublesome woman. The Dirty Tricks department made life miserable for Winnie Mandela in many other ways. Whenever she found a job her employer

* Division C3 of the Bureau of State Security (BOSS).

received a discreet visit from the Security Police. As a result, she kept finding herself out of work. H.J. also got his men to mount 'terror' attacks on her home in Soweto. I do not have a full record, but my files show that in 1971 a gunman was found lurking in her backyard. In October 1972 somebody broke into her home. On 17 November 1972 her car was stolen. Two days later, three men broke into her home and tried to strangle her in bed. In October 1976 she was detained again. On 4 August 1976 a petrol bomb was thrown through her window. No wonder Winnie barricaded herself in her home every night and got herself a tough Ridgeback dog to guard the backyard. Yet in the midst of all this she had not lost her sense of humour. To give the Security Police detectives something to really puzzle about, she called the dog Krushchev after the Russian leader. It was a Communist dog, she said, when detectives asked her about it. 'And it hates fascist running dogs,' she added.

But H. J. van den Bergh got the last laugh. On 16 May 1977, the banning order restricting Winnie to the Orlando district of Soweto was altered to restrict her to Brandfort, a small town in the Orange Free State, thirty miles from Bloemfontein and a five-hour drive from Johannesburg. The order was served during a dawn raid, and Winnie was driven there immediately with all her furniture. The police left the dog Krushchev tied up in the backyard without any food or water. He was a Communist dog who deserved to starve to death. As luck would have it, a neighbour heard the dog whimpering four days later and he was saved.

Winnie's removal from Soweto meant she lost a £200-a-month job in Johannesburg. It was impossible for her to find work in the tiny town of Brandfort, so to avoid the embarrassment of her starving to death the government had to make her an allowance of £66 a month. The Minister of Justice, Mr Jimmy Kruger, said she had been removed from Soweto because he was worried about her agitating the youth there to mount mass demonstrations on the first anniversary of the June 1976 shooting in Soweto.

Kruger added: 'There's no difference between living in

Brandfort and Soweto. None of the conditions has changed and we are giving her R100 a month for nothing, what more does she want . . .?'

Mr Kruger's claim that there is no difference between living in Brandfort and Soweto poses an obvious question, so I will answer it by describing Winnie Mandela's conditions there when she arrived. The tiny Black township of Brandfort is called Phatakahle, which, in English, means 'Handle with Care'. There are 725 houses, occupied by 5,200 Blacks, who mainly speak Sotho. Winnie Mandela speaks Xhosa and refuses to speak Afrikaans, which she describes as the language of those who oppress South Africa's Black people.

Winnie was placed in house number 802, which had three small rooms, no water laid on, no electricity and no water-borne sewage system for the privy outside. The house is one of those concrete and cement blocks and is very cold. Winnie's teenage daughter Zindzi said 'It's so cold early in the morning that when you breathe you can see the water vapour.' The house was so small that much of Winnie's furniture had to be stored in the near-by police station. Winnie was subject to dusk-to-dawn house arrest on weekdays and full house arrest at weekends.

In the beginning Winnie found a lifeline to her friends in Johannesburg. At a certain time of the day she would stand by the public telephone kiosk outside Brandfort's post office and wait for her friends to call her. But then telephone calls started coming from pressmen as far afield as London and New York. Pretoria quickly put a stop to that. 'Sorry, but there's no reply,' said the local operator whenever the call box number was asked for. A Johannesburg journalist tested this by getting a colleague to go down to Brandfort and watch Winnie Mandela stand by the kiosk three days running at the appointed time. But the phone never rang. 'Sorry, there's no reply,' the operator sweetly told the journalist in Johannesburg - three days running.

But the South African government will not break Winnie's spirit. On the contrary, 'She seems to be spiritually re-

charged with each curtailment of her personal liberty', a correspondent for the British newspaper *The Times* wrote after investigating her lonely life in Brandfort. Although Winnie has been detained several times and arrested times without number, she has never been found guilty of any offence other than infringing her banning orders. Like the last time, when a call had been made to a Black neighbour's house because Winnie wanted to buy a chicken for Sunday lunch. She was convicted of breaking her banning order and given a suspended jail sentence. Yet Winnie still laughed. She told her daughter: 'The Security Police must have suspected I was trying to buy a Rhode Island Red.'

19 • ADELAIDE AND OLIVER TAMBO

My clandestine correspondence with Winnie Mandela helped me to cement an important friendship in London with Mrs Adelaide Tambo. Her husband, Oliver Tambo, is regarded by Pretoria as 'the most dangerous Bantu' (Black) living outside South Africa.

Excerpt from secret BOSS files (1971):

'TAMBO, Oliver Reginald. Adult Bantu Male born 27/10/1917 of peasant family at Bizana, Pondoland. Educated Ludeke Methodist Mission School and the Anglican Holy Cross Mission School, Flagstaff. In 1938 he enrolled at Fort Hare University College for Bantu, graduated 1941 with Bachelor of Science degree. Suspended for leftist agitation on campus and organising sit-down strikes. Allowed to return one year later where, in April 1944, along with Nelson Mandela helped form Communist-inspired Youth League of the African National Congress to revitalise the old ANC as a militant revolutionary body. Became a teacher until 1947, then articled to legal firm in Johannesburg 1948. Became registered attorney 1951 and established first Bantu legal practice in Johannesburg with Mandela who had also turned to Communism. Elected to ANC national executive 1949. Banned from attending public meetings for two years in 1954 after political agitation campaign mounted amongst Bantu of Soweto. Appointed ANC secretary-general 1955 to 1958. Charged with High Treason December 1956. Discharged 1957. Appointed ANC deputy-president-general 1958. Left SA illegally on 28/3/1960 to avoid warrant of arrest for plotting mass insurrection in Bantu townships. Appeared at United Nations to appeal

for support against apartheid. In 1965 he set up a large Communist-financed terrorist training camp at Morogoro, 115 miles west of the Tanzanian capital Dar es Salaam. This camp is styled the "provisional headquarters of the ANC in exile" but mainly used as a base for the teachings of Marxist theory and the training of Black terrorists in urban guerrilla tactics and methods of sabotage to be used inside South Africa. Tambo attended the October Revolution celebrations in Moscow 1967 and the Lenin Centenary celebrations in August 1970. Described as "Comrade Tambo" in the February 1968 issue of the ANC's monthly journal "Sechaba" which is printed in East Germany, with the help of KGB-trained propagandists, by Erich Weinert, 208 Neustrelitz. Tambo wrote a personal article for the 1968 May Day issue of the British Communist newspaper "Morning Star." On the death of ANC president Chief Albert Luthuli (21/7/1967) Tambo appointed acting-president of the ANC. Regularly attends OAU and United Nations meetings and travels round the world appealing for funds to be used for military-style attacks on South Africa. Wife Adelaide Tambo, Bantu South African subject, lives at 9a Cholmeley Park, London N6, with their three children: Dudulani Tambo, female aged 10, Dalindela Tambo, male aged 12, and Tambi Tambo, female aged 13 who has the nickname "Putnixia" as she was born on 19/10/1957, the day the first Russian Sputnik was launched. Oliver Tambo is known in London as the "Guerrilla Chief" of the ANC.

People who prefer to see South Africa through rose-tinted glasses because they are staunch right-wingers, or perhaps because they have investments or (White) relatives in the country, will probably snatch at Oliver Tambo's visits to Russia, his article in the British Communist *Morning Star*, or even the fact that his daughter was named after the Russian Sputnik as 'proof' that he is a Communist. For all I know he may be a Communist. On the other hand he

may be accepting help, in the form of weapons or money, from Russia because he can't get regular support from anywhere else.

I remember listening to (and taping) Oliver Tambo addressing a 'South Africa Freedom' rally in Trafalgar Square on 23 June 1968. As he told the massive audience the latest news from the guerrilla battlefield, his African National Congress stewards walked round collecting money in empty Ovaltine tins. Tambo told the crowd through a microphone: 'Help fight apartheid. You can do it right now by giving us your practical and material support.' Pointing to the fund-raisers as they rattled their tins he paused to gain maximum effect and added 'We don't want your moral support. We are sick and tired of moral support.'

To this day I still don't know if Oliver Tambo is a Communist or not. I do know one thing, however. If he has embraced Communism wholeheartedly, it was because the South African government forced him into Russia's welcoming arms, as it has done to thousands of other Blacks. Tambo was certainly no Communist when he started his adult life. After leaving Fort Hare University he sought an audience with Bishop Ambrose Reeves in the hope of becoming an Anglican priest. Yet he was a senior member of the ANC at the time. This hardly fits in with the South African government's constant smear that all ANC members are Communists or Communist dupes. But of course the South African government is lying. The truth is that most of the ANC's members are keenly religious, as are most Blacks in South Africa, who have more than 3,000 different religious groups, some small but several with memberships of over 100,000.

The South African government also repeatedly claims that the African National Congress has only a very small following amongst Blacks. That reminds me of a little-known incident concerning Canon John Collins, the Precentor of St Paul's Cathedral, when he visited South Africa on a two-month fact-finding tour. While there he addressed a group of forty Black clergymen in Johannesburg. At one

point he casually asked if any of these men of God supported the African National Congress. There was a hush and a lengthy silence until one outspoken priest stood up at the back of the hall and pulled an ANC membership card out of his pocket. Admitting being a member he said 'If I wasn't, I wouldn't have a congregation to preach to.' Then thirty-eight other priests also pulled out their ANC membership cards. Only one at that meeting was not an ANC member.

Adelaide Tambo is a lovely warm-hearted and gentle soul. She's also politically naive and far too trusting. I first met her when, as a freelance for Fleet Street's *Daily Mail*, I covered the wedding of a Black South African doctor, Stanley Letanka, to Lady Christina Gathorne-Hardy, the twenty-six-year-old daughter of the Earl and Countess of Cranbrook on 11 June 1967.* I also covered the wedding for South African intelligence. They wanted photographs of every South African attending, and they also wanted to know what danger, if any, Stanley Letanka posed on a publicity level by his marriage into the British aristocracy. He didn't. He was not interested in politics, although he hated the system of apartheid.

Adelaide Tambo attended the ceremony, and I published a photograph of her in South Africa's *Drum* magazine. I pressurized her by promising her free copies of the wedding photographs. I also mentioned that I was receiving regular letters from Winnie Mandela. Adelaide was pleased and invited me to her home for drinks. I took Jill Evans with me and Adelaide Tambo was impressed that Jill worked for the *Daily Mirror*.

The two women liked each other on sight, which helped me considerably. An indication of Adelaide Tambo's warm personality can be judged from the fact that she held Jill's hand as she told her all about South Africa and all the gossip about the various Black South African exiles at the ANC's London headquarters. Adelaide talked so much and dropped

* The wedding story was published in the *Daily Mail* on 12 June 1967.

such a large amount of information that I had to keep making excuses to go to the toilet. There, I scribbled down all her comments in my notebook.

I visited Adelaide's home several times after that. And each time I came away with dozens of valuable snippets, which were all grist for the Pretoria mill. It not only helped Pretoria to sow discord amongst the ANC in London by the stealthy dissemination of propaganda, it also gave them excellent clues about one or two ANC members who seemed open to bribery or spy offer approaches.

In November 1967 Adelaide told me about Mr Mbali 'Bully' Ntsalo, a young South African Black who worked as a driver for the ANC in London. She said he had mysteriously disappeared about two years earlier and the ANC suspected he had been a South African spy. Adelaide said there was even a rumour that he had been murdered and his body hidden. H. J. van den Bergh became very hot under the collar about that and mounted a big investigation. I never found out whether 'Bully' worked for BOSS or not, or if he was murdered.

On another occasion Adelaide Tambo took me into her husband's study and proudly showed me some of his private writings. She also opened three large brown envelopes containing about 200 photographs her husband had collected during his world travels. I knew these were worth their weight in gold to South African intelligence, as they showed Oliver Tambo with dozens of his ANC members in places as far apart as Tanzania, New York, London and Italy. One even showed him interviewing Mr Ben Keda, one of the leaders of the Algerian Revolutionary Council, at a secret mountain hideout in Algeria. Telling Adelaide it was such a shame these photographs were getting crumpled and creased in the envelopes, I offered to stick them into photograph albums for her. She fell for it and gave me the lot. She even sat down and gave me the names of all the people she knew in the pictures.

I rushed down to Fleetway Laboratories and spent more than £50 having the whole collection expertly re-photo-

graphed. I then returned the original collection to Adelaide nearly stuck into three photograph albums. H. J. van den Bergh was overjoyed. From the photographs his intelligence men were able to identify several Black ANC members who were previously unlisted; in some cases Pretoria had not been aware that they had left South Africa secretly. From one of those photographs came a clue to the strange case of Dr Joseph 'Joe' Mokoena.

Something in one of Oliver Tambo's collection of photographs caused Pretoria to send me a request. I was asked to visit Adelaide Tambo at her home and mention the name Joseph Mokoena as casually as possible. I did this on 22 November 1968, and Adelaide replied 'Joe is supposed to be in Zambia, but the truth is he's working underground in South Africa for the ANC and he's in regular touch with Oliver . . .'

I flashed this back to Pretoria and a nationwide manhunt was set up. But Dr Mokoena was never found. Then in early 1969, just three months later, Pretoria sent me an urgent message stating that a Dr Joseph Mokoena had allegedly died in Zambia. They used the word 'allegedly' because they did not believe for one moment that the man was dead. Pretoria gave me these details: a man using the name Dr Joseph Mokoena had been travelling in a car in Lusaka, and a blue car had crashed into him. Two men jumped out of the blue car and ran away. It was later discovered they had stolen the car. Dr Mokoena had received serious injuries in the crash and 'died' in Lusaka's Central Hospital on 4 February 1969. Pretoria said it had asked one of its agents in Zambia to get confirmation of the death by getting details from files kept at the Lusaka hospital. The agent had sent back a message stating there was 'something odd' about the case, as Dr Mokoena's hospital file could not be found by staff at the hospital. Pretoria told me this might or might not be inefficiency on the part of a hospital employee. But what did concern Pretoria most was that there was no trace of Dr Mokoena having been buried in Zambia. So they told their Lusaka agent to try to get a copy of the

official death certificate. Then came back the message: 'I can't, now they are claiming that Mokoena's body was flown to Britain for burial.'

But H. J. van den Bergh refused to fall for that. My London handler repeated to me what HJ had said to him by telephone: 'The crafty bastards. They've heard we have a police net out for Mokoena in all the Black townships and now they are trying to get the hunt called off by claiming he's died in Zambia.' I was told to pull out all stops and find out whether Mokoena had been buried in Britain. Normally, this would have been easy, as Adelaide Tambo would have known if Dr Mokoena had died. But I could not ask her.

A few weeks earlier Pretoria had warned me that a conversation between Adelaide Tambo and another person had somehow been monitored in Mrs Tambo's London house. A. N. Other had told Mrs Tambo that I was suspected of being a spy for South Africa.

'I find that hard to believe,' she had replied. 'He's a nice enough man, and his girl-friend Jill is such a lovely person. She works for the *Daily Mirror*, you know. I think there's too much hysteria amongst South Africans in London. It upsets me that they seem to waste so much time seeking spies behind every bush.'

In view of this bugged conversation Pretoria had advised me to stay away from Adelaide Tambo for a year or so.

Trying to trace a man who died in Zambia, allegedly buried somewhere in Britain, was no easy task. Somerset House couldn't help me. They said such deaths would only be recorded in their files after six or eight months. I do not know why. After a long and aggravating search I finally traced Dr Mokoena. He had been cremated at the Robin Hood Crematorium, Solihull, Warwickshire, on 14 February 1969. I double-checked this by a perusal of the records kept at the crematorium. There was no doubt about it. Dr Joseph Mokoena had died in Zambia on 4 February 1969 and his body had been flown to Britain. The reference number on Dr Mokoena's cremation docket was 10634.

But Pretoria was not satisfied. Some time later I received another message from H. J. van den Bergh. He sent a London telephone number which was known to be connected with Dr Mokoena. Would I check it out? The number given to me was SOL 1745. But there was some mistake. H. J. van den Bergh then sent me another message saying there might have been an error in the SOL part. Perhaps it was POL 1745? I rang the number and spoke to a Miss Joyce Adams. She knew nothing at all about a Dr Mokoena. Then HJ sent me yet another message. Perhaps the number was SUL 1745? I rang this number for weeks at various times of the day and night. No answer. I can't remember what Directory Inquiries told me about the number, but whatever they said I reported back to Pretoria. Then H. J. van den Bergh found a new angle. He had sent one of his agents in Zambia to pay a hefty bribe to someone with access to the records kept at the hospital where Dr Mokoena had died. The file was missing. But in making this check it was discovered that there was instead, a file on Mokoena's wife, 'Triste'. She had needed an operation on her womb but had insisted on being flown to London specially for this operation. Now H. J. van den Bergh really was baffled. He could make neither head nor tail of the whole mess. He finally came up with the theory that someone had died after a car crash in Zambia and that person's body had been flown to Britain for burial. But it wasn't Dr Mokoena. And that is why, said H. J. van den Bergh, the substitute body had been flown to Britain, where nobody would recognize it, and where it could quickly be got rid of by cremation.

I think H. J. van den Bergh should perhaps have tried his hand at writing whodunnit thrillers. He kept sending me various messages about Dr Mokoena but in the end my nerves became quite frayed chasing this man's ghost. I said I would try to help but never did anything further. But the very worst aggravation, for me, came a full three years later during a conversation with Wilfrid Brutus. He told me he had actually been one of the pall bearers at the cremation

service for Dr Mokoena! This really made me spit. If I had known that in early 1969 it would not have been necessary to go haring round for days trying to find out where Mokoena had been buried.

BOSS headquarters in Pretoria still keeps its file on Dr Joseph Mokoena open. They refuse to believe he's dead. If he really is alive I wish he would stand up and put Pretoria out of its misery.

In 1969 I became involved in a plot to rescue Nelson Mandela, the leader of the African National Congress, from South Africa's notorious Robben Island Jail, where he is serving a life sentence. I infiltrated the man responsible for masterminding the plot and succeeded in getting myself appointed the leader of his group in Britain.

The original idea was that the ace British pilot Miss Sheila Scott would secretly fly Nelson Mandela out of South Africa after he had escaped from Robben Island. H. J. van den Bergh was willing to let Mandela escape and even assigned a warder on Robben Island to liaise with me to ensure that the plot succeeded. This was because General van den Bergh had his own counter-plot to have Mandela shot during a spectacular recapture attempt. The shooting was to take place at a small landing strip in a remote country area as Mandela was about to board Miss Scott's light aircraft. Miss Scott would not be harmed, as she was to be brought to court in a massive show trial.

HJ mounted his counter-plot for two reasons. It would be a remarkable coup, giving the South African government tremendous publicity propaganda all over the world. It would also solve the aggravating problem of Nelson Mandela – a man worshipped by millions of his people, who see him as a martyr to the cause of Black aspirations. He was South Africa's number one political prisoner and remains so to this day. Luckily for him, British intelligence got wind of my activities in London and ruined the whole plot – for both sides.

The Pretoria attitude towards Nelson Mandela can be assessed from a speech made by the present South African Premier, P. W. Botha, in April 1980 when he addressed a crowd of university students at Stellenbosch in the Cape:

He said that to release Mandela from Robben Island, where he has been held since June 1964, would be to 'set free an arch-Marxist supported by Marxists from Moscow'. In an announcement from London in June 1980 the Methodist Church supported appeals by South African churches for a national convention in which Blacks could take part in talks with government on decision-making processes. The proposals also demanded that Nelson Mandela and other political prisoners should be freed to take part in the talks. Pretoria, however, remains uncompromising, and the Minister of Police, Mr Louis le Grange, says 'Nelson Mandela will spend the rest of his life in jail.'

Nelson Rolihlala Mandela was born in Umtata, Transkei, on 18 July 1918, the son of Henry Mandela, a famous Tembu chief. He is directly related to Kaiser Matanzima, Chief Minister of the South African 'homeland', the Transkei. Educated at a Methodist boarding school, Mandela ironically started his adult life as a policeman in charge of Blacks at a gold mine in Johannesburg. He was educated at the Black university of Fort Hare, where he met Oliver Tambo and like Tambo was sent down for organizing strikes. It was the beginning of his amazing political career. He joined the ANC's Youth League and after studying law established the first firm of African lawyers in Johannesburg with Oliver Tambo. In 1952 he was appointed National Volunteer-in-Chief to head the 'No bail, no fine' Defiance Campaign. This was a passive resistance protest which urged Blacks to voluntarily break the oppressive race laws by refusing to carry their hated Pass Books. On appearing in court they refused bail and insisted on going to jail as a protest against apartheid. Not one Black fist was raised in violence, nobody was injured and the police were forced to arrest 8,500 Pass Law offenders. When the jails became overcrowded the startled government realized it had to stop this dangerous state of affairs. Mandela and nineteen others were arrested and convicted when they openly admitted being the organizers. To the chagrin of government, however, Mandela and Co. were given suspended sentences

when the Judge found that discipline and non-violence had been rigidly observed during the campaign at all times.

Mandela's organizing ability was recognized by the ANC and within one year he was elected its Transvaal President. Pretoria stopped that by serving orders banning him from public meetings for two years. He continued to fight race prejudice and discrimination, and it was clear to most people that he would one day lead the ANC nationwide. In 1956 he and 155 others were charged with treason in a five-year case which became known as the 'Treason Trial'. All the accused were acquitted. In 1960 the ANC was banned. In May 1961, just fourteen months after the Sharpeville shootings Nelson Mandela organized a massive stay-at-home protest by Black workers. When the Security Police started a manhunt for him he vanished underground. This was when he became known as the 'Black Pimpernel' by disguising himself variously as a window cleaner, a messenger and a priest. His dramatic escapades made fools of the police, and he particularly captured public imagination by leaving South Africa illegally in early 1962 to make a six-month tour of fifteen Arab and African states. He also visited London, where he had talks with Hugh Gaitskell, then leader of the Labour Party, and Jo Grimond, leader of the British Liberal Party. In July 1962 he wiped egg all over Pretoria's face by popping up unexpectedly at a large conference of nationalist leaders in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, to make a widely publicized attack on the policy of apartheid.

Returning to South Africa by crossing its border illegally at night, he made his way to Johannesburg and started taunting the police again. He was so audacious that he once sent two of his Black lieutenants to fetch a junior White reporter to him. The reporter was Peter Hazelhurst, who shared a desk with me on the Johannesburg *Sunday Express* at the time.* I will never forget Peter's happy face when he returned to the office.

'Two Africans shoved me in a car, blindfolded me and laid me in the back covered with a blanket. After a long drive

* Today he is a Far East correspondent for *The Times*.

I was led out into a house. When they sat me down on a chair they took the blindfold from my eyes and there, smiling broadly in front of me, was South Africa's most wanted man.' Peter got a splash front-page story out of that.

Pretoria took strong exception to Mandela's cheek in starting to propagandize his cause to the Whites of South Africa, and a hefty cash reward was secretly offered round all the Black townships for any information leading to his capture. Someone collected that reward. In early August 1962, Nelson Mandela was trapped at a cunningly mounted police road block at Howick in Natal. He was disguised as a chauffeur, and his White 'boss' sitting in the back of the car was Cecil Williams, a famous South African theatrical personality. A keen liberal, Cecil tried to bluff it out but the police knew they hadn't made a mistake. One of the senior officers in that road block actually had a copy of Mandela's fingerprints in his pocket for comparison purposes.

They were not needed. Mandela, a tall and superbly fit ex-heavyweight boxer and long-distance runner, offered no resistance. Holding out his wrists for the handcuffs he said 'It had to happen eventually...'

In early November 1962 Mandela was sentenced to five years' jail, three years for incitement to strike and two for leaving South Africa illegally. While he was serving this sentence, H. J. van den Berg formed his 'Republican Intelligence' outfit, which struck a big blow against the ANC by raiding its secret headquarters at Lilliesleaf Farm in Rivonia, near Johannesburg. The raid took place during the second week of July 1963, and several top ANC men, including Walter Sisulu, Govan Mbeki, Denis Goldberg, Bob Hepple and Lionel Bernstein, were hauled into the police net. Two other men were arrested, Arthur Goldreich, an artist, and Harold Wolpe, a left-wing lawyer. Goldreich and Wolpe were held in Marshall Square police station in central Johannesburg but escaped from there and fled the country disguised as nuns.

Nelson Mandela was not so lucky. During the raid on

Lillicleaf Farm, some 250 documents were found which linked him with the activities of the ANC's militant wing, 'Spear of the Nation'. This group had planted dozens of bombs at government installations and offices throughout South Africa, although extreme care had been taken to prevent loss of life. Mandela was a co-accused in the case which became world-famous as the 'Rivonia trial' and opened on 20 October 1964 with Communist Party leader Bram Fischer leading the defence. I was present when Mandela made his famous speech lasting over four hours, extracts from which later appeared on a long-playing record sold in America and Britain. He strongly denied being a Communist and poured scorn on the State's claim that the ANC was under the influence of Communists. He did not deny planning sabotage.

'I did not plan it in a spirit of recklessness, nor because I have any love of violence. I planned it as a result of a calm and sober assessment of the political situation that had arisen after many years of tyranny, exploitation and oppression of my people by the Whites.'

Mandela said the South African government had refused to listen to the peaceful and constitutional activities of the ANC since it was first formed in 1912. Adding weight to his argument, Mandela then quoted the Nobel Peace Prize-winning President of the ANC, Chief Luthuli:

'Who will deny that thirty years of my life have been spent knocking in vain, patiently, moderately and modestly, at a closed and barred door? What have been the fruits of moderation? The past thirty years have seen the greatest number of laws restricting our rights and progress, until today we have reached a stage where we have almost no rights at all.'

In his heart, Nelson Mandela knew that whatever he said would make little difference to the verdict of the court. He had already stated this earlier by challenging the right of the court to hear his case. His basic attitude was that he, a Black man, could not expect to get justice from a White man's court, composed of White men, who applied the White

man's rules and laws passed by a White parliament in which no Black man had a say.

'What sort of justice is this,' he asked, 'that enables the aggrieved to sit in judgement over those against whom they have laid a charge?'

It was a good point. Although the South African judiciary is mainly a legally unbiased body of men, with the exception of several openly pro-government judges and magistrates, it has little option in sabotage cases such as Mandela's. On 11 June 1964, Mandela was convicted along with Walter Sisulu, Govan Mbeki, Raymond Mhlaba, Elias Motsoaledi, Andrew Mlangeni, Ahmed Kathrada and Denis Goldberg. All were sentenced to life imprisonment. Being White, Goldberg was sent to Pretoria Jail. Nelson Mandela and his six Black friends were sent to Robben Island.

21 · ROBBEN ISLAND JAIL

On the door of Nelson Mandela's Robben Island cell is a faded piece of cardboard. It is his prison identity card, which states:

'Nelson Mandela.
Prisoner Number: 466/1964
Crime: Sabotage
Sentence: Life plus five years.'

Atrocities are quite definitely committed on Robben Island, both physically and mentally. But not physically against Nelson Mandela. The Prisons Department and all warders are frightened of his international fame.* To beat or torture him would bring all the other Black prisoners to mutiny. Of that there is no doubt.

I have interviewed several men who served sentences on Robben Island and have gathered much information about Nelson Mandela's life there. One incident which illustrates the calibre of the man happened one hot summer's day when a Black convict asked for water as he was breaking rocks with a four-pound hammer in the prison quarry. Warders buried him up to his neck in sand and after one hour under the gruelling sun a warder walked up to him, said 'You want water?' and urinated in his face, in full view of many witnesses. Mandela did not see this, but he heard about it, and a few days later, when he saw a new warder raise his truncheon to strike an old Black convict on the head, he acted. Breaking prison regulations he stepped out

* In May 1973 three scientists at Leeds University, Yorkshire, discovered a new nuclear particle and named it 'The Mandela Particle'. In September 1979 Mandela was awarded an honorary law degree by the University of Lesotho. In November 1979 he was awarded the Nehru Award by the Indian Government, etc. etc.

of ranks, walked right up to the White warder, and said 'This man is my elder and a respected man in my tribe. If you should be so unwise as to strike him you will be forcing me to defend him.'

The warder couldn't believe his ears. 'Who the hell do you think you are, talking to a White man like that?'

'You know full well who I am,' Mandela replied. 'I warn you again in front of all these witnesses: strike that old man and I will defend him. Should you try to harm me I will take you to the highest court in the land.*'

When the warder reported Mandela to the commanding officer no action was taken against him. The warder was the one who got it in the neck: not for threatening to strike an old prisoner, but for being silly enough to do it in front of Black leader Mandela. And that is why warders wishing to give a hiding to prisoners on Robben Island now do it in a private room where music is turned up loud and there are no witnesses.

It is difficult to explain the mentality of the Afrikaner when he is dealing with Blacks. But one incident on Robben Island may throw extra light on the subject. It happened in 1966, when a young White warder whacked an elderly Black prisoner with a truncheon because he was talking in the ranks. This was witnessed by the Reverend Don Davis, a Coloured minister of the Apostolic Church who was serving a ten-year sentence for being a member of the illegal pro-Peking 'Yu Chi Chan Club' (YCCC).† He asked the warder why he had hit the grey-haired Black. Back came answer: 'When I hit I don't see the age. All I see is the man and the offence.'

Several men have died mysteriously on Robben Island. Two members of the PAC died of 'bronchitis', one in 1963

* Incident related to the author by George Peake, a Coloured ANC member from Cape Town who was sent to Robben Island after being caught planting a bomb outside Roeland Street Jail. Today he is a Labour councillor in Slough, Berkshire, England.

† A group of twelve Maoist intellectuals who met occasionally as a discussion group only. They engaged in no direct political activities. Eleven of them were jailed for ten years.

and the other in 1965, yet when last seen they had not been suffering from any cold or coughing.

In later years four men jailed for criminal offences died in suspicious circumstances, with the cause of death never being disclosed. When a prisoner dies an official letter is sent to his relatives, who may be poor and uneducated peasants living in remote country areas. They accept the official cause of death and would rarely think of asking a liberal newspaper to mount an investigation or have questions raised in parliament.

One White warder on Robben Island named Jan Aucamp openly boasted to inmates that he had personally beaten three Black convicts to death. The actual phrase he used was 'I beat their heads to pulp with a pick handle.' Dennis Brutus is one of several former Robben Island prisoners who heard Aucamp make this boast.

Prisoners who have been beaten to death on Robben Island are secretly buried in the lime quarry there. On numerous occasions, convicts working in this quarry have dug up skeletons or part-skeletons. This fact has never been published by any newspaper because of the muzzling powers of the Prisons Act. I know what the South African Prisons Department will say in answer to my claim; they will laugh scornfully and announce that the skeletons are a hundred years old and date from the time when the island was a leper colony. That's what they tell the convicts who unearth the human bones.

I must concede that important top-security prisoners like Nelson Mandela, Herman Ja Toivo, Walter Sisulu, Govan Mbeki and Ahmed Kathrada are given excellent medical treatment when they are ill. But again, there is a good reason for this. Pretoria is terrified of the high-voltage publicity which would be generated if any of these men died as a result of neglect. The other prisoners don't have it so good. To prevent 'malingering' the warders have a simple solution when they complain of a headache, muscular trouble or stomach pains. The common cure for all these ailments is a hefty dose of Epsom Salts to 'wash away' the illness. Refuse

to take your medicine and they charge you with 'endangering your health'.

From 1845 to the early 1920s Robben Island was a leper colony, but the contagion isolated there today is not bacteriological, it's political. All 482 inmates there now are men who have been jailed for offences against the security of the State, and thirty-eight of them are serving life sentences. It was declared a maximum security jail on April Fool's Day 1962, and since then nobody has escaped from the island. In 1971 a Black convict tried by cutting his throat but they saved his life by performing an emergency operation. When he recovered the commanding officer told him: 'It was a good try, but we saved you because we would prefer you to complete your sentence before you die.'

Robben Island is rocky, windswept and surrounded by the Atlantic Ocean, which has vicious undercurrents. The island is seven miles long and roughly six miles from Cape Town docks. The fabulous spectacle of Table Mountain is an ever-present taunt to all its prisoners. Some of them sleep in large communal cells, built to accommodate thirty but housing from fifty to sixty. Younger prisoners are housed in a separate block; some of these were only fifteen years old when sentenced! The cells are bitterly cold in winter, with no heating whatsoever.

Nelson Mandela and other famous Black leaders occupy a sealed-off area. Prisoners in some sections are not allowed to talk to those in others. At one stage the commanding officer discovered that this order was being defied when one group showered at the same time as men under punishment. So what did the warders do? They donned long macintoshes, wellington boots and plastic fishermen's hats so they could stand under the showers to make sure there was no talking.

All prisoners are effectively sealed off from the modern world. They are not allowed newspapers, radio or television. They are permitted *Farmers' Weekly*, the *National Geographic Magazine* and *Reader's Digest*. But even these

are vetted. In 1972 Nelson Mandela was surprised when his monthly copy of *Reader's Digest* felt thinner than usual. He opened it and found that twenty articles had been torn out by the prison censors. Equally ridiculous is the fact that the South African government's glossy number one propaganda magazine, *Panorama*, is also regularly censored by the officer in charge of security at Robben Island. He apparently knows better than the experts in South Africa's well-trained Information Department!

A big boast of the Prisons Department is that the library on Robben Island contains 6,000 books, approved because they contain no politics, crime, sex or violence. Several prisoners recently released claim, however, that they only ever had access to 250 of these books, most of them by romantic writers such as Daphne du Maurier.

Prisoners are now occasionally allowed to hear selected 'canned' programmes from the government-controlled South African Broadcasting Corporation, but not when the subject is political. Inmates therefore have very little hard news from the outside world, although they quickly realize when something happens to upset the South African government - such as Rhodesia being taken over by a Black government, or the South African government being slated by the United Nations. That's when all the warders are surly and bark their heads off.

Some of the prisoners are visited by relatives if they can afford the time and expense of travelling to Robben Island. But men who have families in the Transvaal, nearly 1,000 miles away, rarely get visits. Even when they do, the time allowed is only thirty minutes, and a warder stands in to ensure that only family matters are discussed. If a visitor mentions that there has been a race riot in America, the warder will smile knowingly and let it pass. But mention a coup in Iran or a new prime minister being appointed in Ireland and the visit is terminated at once. That's political. Letters in and out are heavily censored. One prisoner serving twelve years received a letter from his wife, 'Tim',

It started 'Dear Mac'.* The rest of the letter had been cut out until the signature and kisses at the end; yet it counted as a letter and he had to wait six months before he could receive another.

Apartheid in food rations is applied on Robben Island. For instance, in their breakfast porridge of maize meal Blacks get half a tablespoon of sugar. Indians and Coloureds get a full tablespoonful.

The South African government cannot deny that I speak with some authority on the subject of prison conditions in the country. I was the only journalist, over a period of nineteen years, to be given regular permission to enter jails and interview famous prisoners. In any case at least a dozen men have given affidavits to the United Nations about the horrific treatment they suffered on Robben Island. As a former propagandist for South Africa I know Pretoria will answer that by saying that all those ex-prisoners are Communists involved in a massive plot to smear the South African Prisons Department. They will have yet another answer for home consumption: 'Don't worry about the claims made by the United Nations. That's been so heavily infiltrated by Moscow that it's just a mouth-piece for Communist propaganda these days.' I know that answer by heart, because I wrote it several times for Pretoria over the years.

When I say the treatment meted out to prisoners on Robben Island is barbaric and includes sophisticated psychological tortures, the South African government will immediately deny this by pointing to the fact that a group of twenty-five journalists visited Robben Island on 25 April 1977 and that their findings were published. Yes, but they were not able to attack conditions there. There was a good reason for that. The twenty-five journalists were called to assemble at a given point in Cape Town. They did not

* South African Indian Mr S. R. 'Mac' Maharaj, released from Robben Island in 1976 after serving the full twelve years. Now operating in Tanzania on behalf of the ANC.

know why; all they were told was that they were going on a 'unique' trip. When they were assembled and ready to go, they were told that the South African Minister of Justice and Prisons, Mr Jimmy Kruger, had decided to allow them to visit Robben Island. This was no big favour. At the time the United Nations Human Rights Commission in New York was hearing shock reports by former political prisoners from South Africa. These reports alleged that Robben Island was the South African 'Alcatraz' and 'Devil's Island', where political prisoners and opponents of apartheid were accorded 'especially cruel, inhuman and degrading treatment and were tortured'. To refute these allegations Mr Jimmy Kruger said he was sending the journalists to Robben Island so they could 'test for themselves' whether prisoners there were ill-treated or tortured.

Test for themselves? First of all, the journalists were not allowed to take cameras with them. Official photographs were handed out, and these were specially angled shots. The reporters were escorted round selected parts of the jail by the Deputy Commissioner of Prisons, Major-General Jannie Roux, who made sure they were strictly supervised at all times. As they toured the jail one or two journalists said 'Hello' as they walked past working prisoners. But the prisoners said only one word in reply. That was 'Hello'. And some only nodded. They had been warned beforehand that if they entered into any conversation with a journalist they would lose valuable privileges. Those journalists were not allowed to interview any prisoner during the whole time they were on Robben Island. That is how the South African government lets journalists 'test for themselves'.

One more thing: all the journalists had to submit their stories to the Prisons Department for 'vetting' before publication. In effect, every story was censored before publication. The Prisons Department explained that this was only done for 'security reasons and possible factual corrections'. Some people may ask why the twenty-five journalists knuckled under to this kind of behaviour. But they had little choice, since the South African Prisons Act

states that nothing can be published about prison conditions unless the writer is sure it is the truth. And the writer cannot be sure it is the 'truth' unless he has checked his story out with the Prisons Department before publication.

On 18 March 1969 a short notice appeared in the personal columns of the British newspaper *The Times* asking volunteers to reply to a box number if they were interested in working for a worthy cause. It was carefully worded to appeal to people of a liberal frame of mind, and indicated there would be no financial reward. There was no mention of South Africa, but H. J. van den Bergh sent me an instruction from Pretoria saying I must find out who had inserted the notice. He had heard 'from a reliable London source' that the subject did involve South Africa.

I wrote a carefully worded letter designed to whet the appetite of a liberal. In it I explained I was an English-born journalist, officially deported from South Africa in 1966, who specialized in writing about Black affairs for an international feature agency syndicating articles under my name to 250 newspapers in fifty-three countries. It worked like a charm. On 8 April 1969 I received a reply from a man using the code name 'Henry Morgan'. He was shrewd, there was no doubt about that. His letter, although dated Johannesburg, had been sent to me through a 'cut-out' address in Bath, Somerset.

Henry Morgan's letter was brief, simply notifying me that my reply to the *Times* notice had been received and a more important letter would be sent to me later. That came on 26 April. In it Henry Morgan told me he was planning to help Nelson Mandela escape from Robben Island Jail. After discussing the subject with my London handler, Piet Schoeman, I wrote a letter dated 29 April telling Henry Morgan I would be most willing to help Mandela to escape. I also gave Henry Morgan much more information about myself, including the fact that I was the London correspondent for *Drum*.

One week later I heard from Henry again when he asked me to pay the cost of the notice he had placed in *The Times*. I saw this as a test and paid the bill promptly.* When Piet Schoeman reported all this back to Pretoria I was suddenly golden boy plus. I was told that General H. J. van den Bergh had taken the file to Prime Minister John Vorster and Mr Vorster sent me his personal congratulations. My financial status improved also. I was given an increase in salary and told to claim whatever expenses I needed. My Datsun car was three years old and giving trouble, so Pretoria said I could get myself a new car and disguise the cost by claiming an extra £18 a month from the State as 'travelling expenses' for the next few years.

The next step was to discover Henry Morgan's real name, and Pretoria pulled out all the stops in an attempt to trace him. A check was made through all political and criminal files in South Africa, but no Henry Morgan was found. Pretoria told me that when I received the next letter from Henry (via the cover address in Bath) I should wear gloves while reading it and then send it in a parcel marked for H. J. van den Bergh's personal attention in case it bore fingerprints. I was also told to enclose the envelope. There was a special reason for this. Most people who send secret letters, particularly ransom demands or anonymous death threats, wear gloves when preparing their letters. Yet they often forget the postage stamp on the envelope. A stamp is much more dangerous than an ordinary piece of paper. Touch the sticky side as you are licking it and the print is retained as clearly as if you had pressed it into fast-drying concrete. Fingerprints were found on the letter, but Henry Morgan, whoever he was, had no criminal convictions, so his prints were not on file in Pretoria. The Security Police tried to watch all letters leaving Johannesburg sent to the address in Bath, but this also failed. It was presumed that crafty Henry Morgan sent his letters to another part of Britain from which they were then posted on to Bath.

* Account number SCCP 81545, cost £8 11s. od.

Close examination of all Henry's letters disclosed that he was a creature of habit. The postmark made by the South African Post Office bears an individual area code number. This showed that Henry always used the same street letter-box when posting letters to me. H. J. put a twenty-four-hour watch on the box for two weeks, and every person using it in daylight hours was photographed. BOSS has special vehicles disguised as caravans for this kind of secret surveillance, and the caravans have different 'social grades' so they can be used unobtrusively in any area. One is an American-style air-conditioned job. Another is a tatty old van with hippy-type love and peace messages daubed all over its rusting exterior. All have one-way mirror windows or cunningly concealed periscope cameras. But they didn't get photographs of Henry. He posted his letters at night.*

Henry had been spotted, though. A Security man named Johan noticed from his meticulously kept records that a White man with sleek black hair had at different times posted three letters which coincided with three I had received from Henry Morgan. In those days the postal service could be relied on, and a letter from South Africa to Britain took only two days. (Today it takes nearer a week.)

Johan was the only man who had seen Henry Morgan, so Pretoria posted him in the caravan near the letter-box on a full-time basis. The poor devil stayed in that caravan for two weeks without being able to go home to his family. Telling me about this, Piet Schoeman had to hold his aching stomach as he rocked with laughter. It amused him immensely to picture bleary-eyed Johan sleeping fully dressed in the caravan as other Security men leapt in and out to shake him awake every time a White man with black hair walked anywhere near the letter-box. Piet also relished the fact that H. J. van den Bergh had posted a civilian car in every street for five blocks round the letter-box. Security men sat in these cars all night on a shift basis listening to their radio receivers in case the suspect came their way after posting

* Today, with infra-red film, they can take photographs in total darkness.

his letter. Then they would have followed him home using a six-car periodic 'drop-away' tailing system. It was all a waste of time, as Henry did not use the letter-box during this period.

Pretoria's luck changed, however, when Henry wrote and gave me a cover address so that I could write to him in South Africa. He told me to write to 'Charles Metterlink' at 42 Dunkirk Road, Delville, Germiston, Transvaal. He said Charles Metterlink was another codename he used for himself. H. J. van den Bergh gave this house the full treatment, and Security men were stationed near it in a wide variety of guises. One was a door-to-door salesman selling encyclopedias. Another spent one hour every morning and evening cruising along the street selling ice cream from a toyland ice-cream van which had cartoons of Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse all over it. Children in the area were attracted to it by musical chimes played over a loudspeaker on the van's roof. Another two Security men spent half the day perched up a telegraph pole pretending to be post office line repair men. Fortunately for Pretoria a railway policeman lived in a house in the same street, and his front room was turned into a full-time observation post. Poor old Johan was put back on the job again complete with camp bed and spare clothing in case he had to stay there for weeks. In this instance, however, he did not lose much sleep.

Henry Morgan collected my return letter on the second day. He was carefully followed. His real identity was discovered and it was found that his name had been on Pretoria's political files for several years as a keen member of the South African (liberal) Progressive Party. Henry Morgan certainly possessed an uncanny sixth sense. Although he did not know he had been identified, he wrote telling me to drop the Germiston cover address because he had been 'rather suspicious' of two men repairing a telephone line and other 'unusual activity' in the area.

Shortly afterwards Henry wrote and told me that I should make contact with one of his trusted friends in London who knew all about the Mandela rescue plan. She

was Miss Marianne Borman, who lived with her mother at 24 Bromfield, Stanmore, Middlesex. Henry told me that Miss Borman was a civil servant and worked at the Central Office of Information (COI), Hercules House, Westminster Bridge Road, London SE1.

I contacted Miss Borman by telephone and we set up a meeting. This was at the Civil Service Club in Great Scotland Yard, London SW1, at 6.15 p.m. on 24 July. She signed me in as a visitor to the club before we sat down for drinks. We talked for about an hour, and I went out of my way to be charming, polite and attentive, as I knew she was assessing me and would obviously be reporting back to Henry Morgan. The meeting was a tremendous success, mainly because Miss Borman was intelligent and had a superb sense of humour. We discussed the Mandela rescue plan briefly and she asked me if I knew Henry Morgan's real name. At the time I saw this as a trap question, designed to see if I was keen to discover his real name. For that reason I made no attempt to pump her for information about Henry. When she returned to the subject a few minutes later I said I preferred not to know Henry's real name. Miss Borman seemed pleased and, as we parted, said she would be writing to Henry to tell him she had met me.

She did. About two weeks later my handler, Piet Schoeman, gave me a photocopy of her letter to Henry Morgan. As he gave me the letter, Piet said 'Well done, you've obviously made a good impression on her.' I read the letter keenly. In it Miss Borman told Henry she had met me, had found me to be an intelligent man who had 'both feet firmly planted on the ground'.

Henry Morgan appointed me the leader of his group in Britain and instructed Miss Borman to act as my number two. The codenames for the Mandela escape plan were 'Operation Borman' and 'Borman Enterprises'. Henry told me I could trust Miss Borman implicitly as he had known her for a long time. I think they first met when he was working for a trade union or was canvassing for the Labour Party in Britain in the mid-1950s.

I met Marianne Borman for the second time on 15 August outside her office after she had finished work. We had drinks in the Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, and then dinner. By the time coffee was served I realized that Miss Borman was indeed very intelligent. The realization was a nasty shock, because if I hoped to continue working on the Mandela escape plan with her over a period of months, I would have to keep my wits about me. I couldn't sleep that night; my common sense kept telling me I wouldn't be able to cope. I was so concerned that I arranged an emergency meeting with Piet Schoeman the next day and relayed my problem to him. He said he would give it serious consideration, and a couple of days later came back to me saying he had discussed the whole thing with his wife, and she, without hesitation, had given the solution.

I should romance Marianne Borman, not obviously but very slowly, as if I was shy about showing my love for her. Piet's wife said that if Miss Borman was a normal female she would quickly recognize my 'love' for her, and if she reciprocated my quiet affection this would immediately put her at a psychological disadvantage. To a great extent her intelligence would be blinded by her emotions and, almost without thinking, she would make excuses for my not being as bright as she might have hoped. It was the kind of advice only a woman could give, and it worked beautifully. Marianne Borman was flattered by my obvious warmth and attention, and I realized that she was also impressed that I never raised the subject of sex or tried to get her to bed.

Fate also had a little trick up its sleeve. After meeting Marianne a few times I genuinely started to admire her. She was clean, neat, charming, wore sensible clothing, flat-heeled shoes, and never spoilt her clear complexion with make-up, apart from a slight touch of discreetly coloured lipstick. She was also immensely witty, well-read and full of the joys of life. She was not glamorous in terms of the mass-media dolly-bird image, but she was a truly beautiful person. Our relationship blossomed and I met her three or

four times a week - all expenses paid by Pretoria. Our dinners were fabulous, and during the next eighteen months we went to most of the luxury restaurants in London. To balance this nicely, I always made sure our lunches were simple and cheap affairs. Taking the advice given by Piet Schoeman's wife, who followed my progress avidly, I played the role of the very shy lover. When I kissed Marianne good night it was always on the cheek. During the twenty-six months I knew her we never had sex and I never once said 'I love you'.

She had once been deeply in love with a man who had died tragically, and after that she had dedicated herself to work and her aged mother. Piet Schoeman's wife had passed on another bit of advice. She said I should try not to lie to Marianne about anything. I should tell her all aspects of my life, warts and all, without making any excuses whatsoever. Again this was superb advice which I followed religiously. It helped cement the friendship even more. The only lies I told her were those necessary to cover the fact that I was a spy for South Africa. And I did lie to her about living with Jill Evans. I explained this by saying Jill and I were 'ex-lovers' and that I only continued to share a flat with her for financial reasons. For that reason I never invited Marianne to Jill's flat.

Piet Schoeman's wife told me not to lie to Jill about my friendship with Marianne, so I showed Jill some of the letters from Henry Morgan and gave her brief details about the plan to help Mandela escape from Robben Island. By this time Jill had read every book about South Africa she could lay her hands on, had decided she didn't like the country at all, and so approved of the Mandela rescue plan. She said she understood how important it was that I should keep meeting Marianne. I never gave Jill Marianne's name, address or place of work, in case she became jealous and thought of confronting Marianne. As it happened, Jill was quite tolerant about the whole thing, although she did sometimes get annoyed when I was not free to take her out on a particular evening. Not knowing Marianne's name, Jill

invented one for her. 'Will you be seeing Ada on Friday night, as I would like to go to the cinema?' she would ask in a slightly waspish tone.

Henry Morgan sent me all the letters he had received in answer to his advertisement in *The Times*. There were forty of them; and, using an assumed name, I should interview them all individually and build up an in-depth file on each, in an effort to discover what expertise they might possess which could be useful in the Mandela escape plan. When I discussed this with Piet Schoeman he gave me a strong warning: 'Be careful. At least one, if not two or three, of those replies will be from people working for British intelligence. They scan all unusual adverts in the personal columns and set up agents of various kinds as applicants to find out what's going on.'

When I wrote back to Henry Morgan I mentioned the possibility that we risked infiltration. He replied that he agreed and 'when in doubt, leave out.' The most likely infiltrator, in Henry Morgan's opinion, was a Royal Navy diver who was based in Gosport or Portsmouth. A professional diver sounded an excellent type to help in a rescue bid from Robben Island, but something in his letter of application made Henry suspicious. So when I contacted this man I set up a cover address which would be used only in connection with him. I went to a small tobacco kiosk at 2 Denman Street, Piccadilly, which charged 2s. 6d. a week for anyone needing to use an accommodation address. The owner of the kiosk was Bernie Blass, a good friend who had known me during my days as a burglar in London. He was not a criminal type but liked me and agreed to let me use the kiosk under the name Henry Morgan Junior.

I wrote to the Royal Navy diver under that name and gave him the Denman Street address. A few days later, when I went to see if there was a letter for me, Bernie gave me a warning. He had been running the kiosk for fifteen years and had never been visited by the police.

'Until yesterday,' he said. 'Then these two geezers in plain clothes came round asking for Henry Morgan Junior.'

They demanded the book I keep of all my accommodation-address clients and seemed annoyed when the name Henry Morgan wasn't in it. They had a right go at me and said I would be in trouble if I didn't keep my books straight.'

I thanked Bernie for his loyalty and told him to mark any letters which arrived for Henry Morgan Junior 'Unknown at this address, return to sender'. It was the only thing I could do. Bernie said he didn't want any trouble with the police. I never visited the kiosk again.

There was another unusual character who had answered Henry Morgan's notice in *The Times*. He said his name was Norman Edmund Robinson and in his letter of application he gave a telephone number outside London. I phoned him and set up a meeting at the Hilton Hotel in Park Lane on 26 August 1969. The notice in *The Times* had been couched in such a way that it should only appeal to liberal-minded people. I was suspicious of Norman Robinson. Although he was obviously a very cultured man, he was also a stolid conservative type who wore an immaculately tailored but staid suit and tie. He said his name was actually Norman Edmund Robinson Wilkes. He smelled of money and had well manicured, soft hands which belied his claim that he was 'a bit of an adventurer who had done everything in his time.' He held a pilot's licence and said he had answered the *Times* advertisement because he was 'rather bored' and wanted to get involved in something exciting. He was no fool. He was an expert pumper who tried every trick in the book to find out who I was and what I was up to. After taking photographs of him outside the Hilton Hotel I told him I would contact him the following week. But I didn't. I relayed all details to Marianne Borman and used her as a sounding board. She listened carefully and then summed up: 'He sounds too much like an Establishment figure. I think we should drop him.' Henry Morgan, when informed of this, agreed.

Another applicant I interviewed was Miss Helen Redmond, an attractive redhead from Ireland who was intelligent, articulate and, I judged, very genuine. I took her for

coffee and we talked for more than an hour. She was a thinker of liberal views and fitted perfectly. After I had told her that she would not be asked to break any laws in Britain and that what I had in mind would definitely be in accordance with her liberal views, she said she would be willing to travel to South Africa and take a job there. I did not mention Nelson Mandela's name but I did tell her I was trying to arrange for 'a man of repute to escape from South Africa where he was being persecuted for his anti-apartheid views'. She liked the sound of that. I photographed her and said I would contact her again later.

Both Marianne Borman and Henry Morgan liked the sound of Miss Redmond. Henry Morgan codenamed her 'Our Sister from Ireland' and said he would like her to travel to South Africa and take up a secretarial job in a foreign consulate or an embassy. I cannot remember exactly what they were, but Miss Redmond had the perfect qualifications for such a job. Henry's idea was that Miss Redmond would not take part in the Mandela escape at all. She was to be used as a 'sleeper' who would be unknown to all the other people in the plot. If anything went wrong with Mandela's escape and the others were caught, Mandela would be rushed to the consulate where she was working and would thus, technically, be safe from arrest on 'foreign soil'. It was a very shrewd idea, and once again proved that Henry Morgan had given much thought to his plans. H. J. van den Bergh liked the idea as well. Miss Redmond would have been another victim for him to arrest and charge with conspiracy.

Henry Morgan had another emergency plan up his sleeve. This entailed kidnapping the South African Ambassador in London and holding him hostage in case something went wrong with the Mandela plan. This would give Henry a strong weapon to bargain with should the necessity arise.

Another applicant was Mr Jeremiah Farnon from Worcestershire, a tall, slim young man who was also a thinker of definite liberal views. I met him in Mayfair on 28 August 1969 and after a lengthy talk assessed him as

genuine. I interviewed six or seven other people, but they were all unsuitable for various reasons and were dropped.

Then came a big plum. Henry Morgan wrote to tell me that he had met the ace British flier Miss Sheila Scott in South Africa. He said he had liked her and felt that her attitude towards apartheid was such that he was sure she would be willing to take part in the Mandela escape. Henry told me he hoped to arrange for Miss Scott to land her plane on a small airstrip in a remote country area near Cape Town so that Nelson Mandela could be picked up there after his escape from Robben Island and be flown straight to Zambia and freedom. Henry said Miss Scott was 'a wonderful woman whose heart is in the right place, but don't rush her, she might be a little nervous'.

I decided I should introduce myself to Sheila Scott by a devious method and first gain her confidence. I telephoned her and asked her for an interview, saying I wished to write an article about her for 250 newspapers. When she agreed, I showed Jill Evans the letter from Henry and asked her to accompany me. Jill was fascinated, and we saw Miss Scott at her Park West, Marble Arch, flat on the night of 30 August. I did a full interview with Jill's help, and afterwards as we left the flat, I let Jill go out of the door and whispered back to Miss Scott: 'I will be writing a very nice story, but I'd like you to know I also represent a man in South Africa who says he will contact you when you arrive there next month. It's about his rescue idea.'

At the time Miss Scott was about to make a solo flight from London to Cape Town via Nairobi. She immediately realized what I was talking about, and, being just out of Jill's line of vision, placed her finger to her lips, saying 'I'll speak to you about that later.'

I submitted a lengthy article to Forum World Features on Sheila Scott which was published all round the world, including South Africa.* Henry Morgan was delighted, and so was H. J. van den Bergh. He realized that a world-famous

* Johannesburg Star, 26 September 1969.

woman like Sheila Scott would make big headlines when she was caught helping Nelson Mandela to escape.

At this stage H. J. van den Bergh decided that Mandela should be shot during a dramatic recapture as he was about to board Miss Scott's plane on the remote landing strip in the Cape. To ensure that Henry Morgan's plot to have Mandela escape from Robben Island succeeded, HJ appointed a warden on the island to work with me. I received the following message from HJ:

'The name of the warden who will liaise with you in "Operation Borman" is Gideon Alwyn Huisamen, aged 33, born in South West Africa 1936, educated in Windhoek, worked with the Department of Lands in Pretoria from June 1957 to 1961. In August 1961 he joined the South African Prisons Service working as a warden in Pretoria Central Prison. From 1964 to January 1, 1966, worked as a warden at Escourt Prison then transferred to Kroonstad Prison until 6/1/1969 when he was posted to Robben Island Prison. It is suggested you inform "Henry Morgan" that you knew Gideon Huisamen when you were held under the 180-day clause at the Johannesburg Fort in 1966. You think he would be worth approaching because you bribed him when you were in the Fort Prison. You should not instruct Henry Morgan to contact Huisamen by way of Robben Island. This would be too suspicious. You should give Henry Morgan the following name and address: Mr Frikkie Huisamen, Kroonhofvees, Post Office Maltahohe, South West Africa. Frikkie is Gideon's brother. You should tell Henry Morgan that Frikkie lives on a large farm with his mother and that Frikkie bought the farm by buying and selling diamonds illegally. This is not true but the intention is to indicate to Henry Morgan that the Huisamen brothers are both bad eggs. You should further state to Henry Morgan that Gideon Huisamen is envious of his brother Frikkie's farm and that the height of his ambition is to somehow obtain enough money to buy a similar farm in the same area. Tell Henry Morgan to telephone Frikkie saying he (Frikkie) should contact his brother Gideon and ask him to

write to you in London. Frikkie has been fully briefed on this and will agree to do that for Morgan.'

HJ's idea of telling Henry Morgan that Gideon's brother Frikkie had bought a farm by illegal diamond buying was brilliantly cunning. Greed is the major ingredient in all confidence tricks. Dazzled by greed a man stops seeing things rationally and walks into the con man's trap. H. J. van den Bergh hoped that Henry Morgan's normally clear-thinking mind would be sidetracked by the possibility of getting money from diamond smuggling to raise the finances necessary for Mandela's escape. HJ was right: Henry Morgan fell for it. In a letter to me he said Frikkie sounded very interesting indeed. Dazzled by the possibility of illegal diamond buying he blindly accepted my yarn that Gideon Huisamen was a crook who could be bribed.

Contact was made and Gideon Huisamen told me to write to him care of 'W. P. Coen, The Lighthouse, Cape Town'. He also sent me a photograph of himself in his warden's uniform so that I could describe him to Henry Morgan. This was important for Henry as he needed to know what Gideon looked like when he approached him later in Cape Town and offered him a large amount of money in return for helping Mandela to escape.

As all this was going on, the Sheila Scott side of the plot struck a snag. Henry Morgan contacted her when she arrived in South Africa. He telephoned her at a hotel near Johannesburg's Jan Smuts airport. H. J. van den Bergh sent me a rough outline of that conversation, which was monitored, as were all Miss Scott's calls and movements during that trip. Henry asked Sheila if she was still willing to help. She said she was having 'second thoughts' about getting involved in something so obviously dangerous, and took the attitude that her liberty was at stake. At one point she told Henry Morgan: 'I must be honest with you and explain that flying means everything to me, and I can't really risk involvement in anything that might jeopardize that.' Henry Morgan had pleaded with her not to make a definite withdrawal and said he would give her time to think

about it until she returned to London, when I would again contact her. Sheila Scott had said she would think about it.

H. J. van den Bergh was very disappointed and sent me a message which stated 'I forecast Miss Scott will withdraw. I base this on a monitored conversation she had by telephone with a man in Britain who apparently helps finance her flights. He told her, quote, I don't like the sound of it, there's something wrong, keep out of it . . . unquote.'

The strange thing is that Henry Morgan, when he wrote to me after his telephone call to Miss Scott, did not tell me she was less than enthusiastic. His attitude was that I should keep trying with her. H. J. van den Bergh said the opposite. He ordered me to keep away from Miss Scott, and so I never contacted her again.

Henry Morgan was full of ideas. At one stage he wrote telling me that the ex-Beatle John Lennon had strong left-wing leanings and we should consider approaching him for £10,000 as capital to be used in the Mandela escape plot. I have another letter from Henry in which he states: 'Perhaps a group of IRA men might consider freelancing on the South African job in return for money?' At another time he suggested roping in Mr Hermino da Palma Inacio, an incredible left-wing politico of Portuguese background who built up a reputation as a daredevil bank robber and plane hijacker. He escaped from a Portuguese jail in 1968 one day before he was due to appear in court. He flew to London and was sentenced to fifteen years' jail in his absence.

In late 1969 Henry Morgan wrote a long letter to Canon Collins in London telling him the basic details of the plan to rescue Nelson Mandela. Henry was hoping Canon Collins would provide finance. The letter was delivered to Canon Collins by Marianne Borman, as H. J. van den Bergh had ordered me to keep well away from Canon Collins and to make sure he knew nothing about my part in the plot. The reason for this was that several top South African exiles were friendly with Canon Collins and advised him on South African matters; and these people, such as Mrs Sonia Bunting and Mrs Rica Hodgson, who work for Canon

Collins' International Defence and Aid Fund, would have warned against any involvement with me, as they disliked and distrusted me.

H. J. van den Bergh had worked out exactly how he wanted Nelson Mandela to escape, and it was my job to sell the idea to Henry. Gideon the warden was to place a sleeping draught in the coffee of the two guards on night duty in two of the four watch towers overlooking the perimeter of the fence round Robben Island Jail. He would then casually walk out of the jail with Nelson Mandela dressed in a warden's uniform. They were to rendezvous on the beach with two members of my London group in a motor boat. One of the men in the boat would be posing as an illegal lobster fisherman and would have all the necessary paraphernalia to make this appear genuine. The second man would be wearing full frogman's kit, complete with an oxygen back-pack. Mandela would also change into a frogman's kit as soon as he got into the boat, and in the unlikely event that they were challenged by police or fisheries inspectors, he and the other frogman would slip into the sea and swim underwater to land, where a car would be waiting for them. A large baby's pram would be sticking out of the boot of this car to give it a domestic appearance. Mandela would hide underneath it as the car was driven to a flat in the central business district of Cape Town rented by another of my London recruits.

It was Henry Morgan's idea that we should have two other flats which Mandela could use as funk holes in case a minor snag cropped up. But of course nothing could go wrong. H. J. van den Bergh had no intention of moving in until Mandela arrived at the airstrip ready to be flown out. To keep his men in complete control of all Mandela's movements at any time, HJ arranged for all the cars and flats he used to be fully bugged and heavily monitored at all times of the day and night. If Sheila Scott had remained in the plot she would have been arrested and brought to court. Mandela was to be given a revolver, which would give the police the excuse to shoot him as he arrived at the airstrip

to fly away. But the gun would be loaded with blanks so that no police officer could be injured. In the heat of the moment, immediately after Mandela was shot, a BOSS man would secretly reload Mandela's gun with live ammunition. Warden Gideon Huisamen would be the State's star witness and would be given immunity from arrest when he made a full 'confession' of how he had succumbed to bribery by a 'group of Communist plotters'.

As if this was not sensational enough, H. J. van den Bergh dreamed up another little refinement. After Mandela was shot the Security Police would find a false identity card in his pocket. It was my job to ensure that Mandela was given it as he escaped from Robben Island, so that he could produce it in case he was challenged by a policeman on the mainland. I still have that identity card. The identity number on it is 022 763107 and it once belonged to a Mr G. Zutphen, who died in the Cape in 1965. Mr Zutphen's photograph, which appears on the card, bears a very passable resemblance to Nelson Mandela as he would have looked in October 1957, when the identity photograph was taken.

Fortunately for Nelson Mandela the whole escape plot was fouled up when a man we codenamed 'Mr Chips' came into the picture.* This man is a well-known British personality who is titled and eminently respectable. Henry Morgan said he had known Mr Chips for some years and had made contact with him when he heard he was in South Africa on a working holiday. During two meetings Henry Morgan briefly outlined the Mandela escape plan, mentioned my name and said I had managed to get a warden on Robben Island to assist in the escape. Henry Morgan explained to Mr Chips that he had written to Canon Collins in London asking for financial backing but had not received a reply. Henry asked Mr Chips if he would go and see Canon Collins on his behalf and confirm to him not only that he was a

* For various complicated reasons I cannot disclose the true identity of Mr Chips in this book. I leave that to Henry Morgan or Marianne Borman.

reliable person but also that his plan to rescue Mandela would surely succeed.

After talking to Mr Chips, Henry Morgan wrote to me in August 1970 and instructed me to arrange a meeting with Mr Chips when he returned to London in September. But, before I could do so, H. J. van den Bergh flashed me a warning ordering me to keep away from Mr Chips at all costs, as he was suspected of being a high-level operative on the Africa beat for British intelligence. HJ explained that, shortly after Henry Morgan had met Mr Chips, British intelligence had contacted him (Van Den Bergh) and given him a stern warning. In his message to me, HJ put it this way: 'The British firm are displeased that you, a British subject, are recruiting British nationals in London to help in the Mandela escape plot, knowing full well that they will be arrested in South Africa. The British firm say they take a very dim view of all this and that I should take you off the case, or they will nobble you.'

H. J. van den Bergh said his BOSS experts had assessed the situation and it was almost certain that Mr Chips, who knew my name and had once met me briefly at a meeting in London, was suspicious of me when he heard I had miraculously arranged for a warden on Robben Island to help in the escape plot. Mr Chips had either tipped off British intelligence or warned Canon Collins not to have anything to do with the Mandela rescue as it smelled of a set-up. In view of all this, HJ ordered me to taper off my friendship with Marianne Borman and stop my activities in London for Henry Morgan. HJ said he did not want any 'aggravation' with British intelligence at that time.

Henry Morgan kept writing to me asking me to carry out certain tasks and, in particular, to contact Mr Chips. When I did nothing for several months, Henry became annoyed and started complaining about my inefficiency. I wrote to tell him I did not wish to see Mr Chips as I had heard from a good source that he was a British intelligence man. Henry told me to order Marianne Borman to contact Mr Chips. But I had already warned Marianne that Mr Chips could

be a British operative, and she also refused to obey Henry Morgan's orders.

About eight months went by, and then in July 1971 BOSS threw my mind into chaos by saying I should pick up where I had left off and rejuvenate the Mandela escape plot. The man who gave me these orders was my number two spy handler, Alf Bouwer.* Alf and I had a rare understanding, so I did not mince words and told him that BOSS was crazy. I had hardly spoken to Marianne Borman for months. There was simply no way I could regain the confidence she had shown in me earlier. In any case, Henry Morgan was furious because I had refused to contact Mr Chips. But Alf Bouwer said H. J. van den Bergh insisted that I should start the Mandela escape plot moving again.

I contacted Marianne and took her to lunch at the Royal Festival Hall on 23 July. She appeared friendly and smiled, but her mannerisms, normally flowing, were stiff, and as we talked I knew I was wasting my time. I don't know whether she knew anything or if it was just feminine intuition. This made me sick of the whole business, as I genuinely liked Marianne and was annoyed that Pretoria had underestimated her intelligence. Deciding to warn her off in some way, I telephoned her later and set up another lunch date at the Royal Festival Hall. We sat at a plastic-topped table in the corner of the restaurant overlooking the River Thames. The meeting was a memorable occasion for me, as it was the first time in my spying career that I betrayed Pretoria.

The conversation was stilted until Marianne said something about Henry Morgan being a wonderful man who had deserved to succeed with his Mandela escape plan. She

* A. H. Bouwer was described as a First Secretary at the South African Embassy in London but was a full-time BOSS operative and listed as such with British security. An Afrikaner, Bouwer was married to English-born Audrey. They had a son, Peter, and a daughter, Brenda. Today Brigadier Bouwer runs the BOSS office in Umtata, Transkei; telephone number Umtata 2477.

spoke in the past tense, and it was a perfect opportunity for me to drop my clue.

'Yes,' I said. 'But you know the old story about Robert the Bruce. He watched the spider try and try again until it succeeded. Perhaps our spider Henry will succeed if he keeps trying, but I very much doubt it now.'

Marianne understood at once. You see, Henry Morgan's real name is Gordon Bruce, and I wasn't supposed to know that. Pressing my point to ensure there was no possibility of her misunderstanding, I added, 'Perhaps Robert the Bruce was a Yorkshireman who had both feet planted firmly on the ground?'

This was a reference to the comment Marianne had made about me when she wrote her report-back letter on me to Henry Morgan in 1969. I shouldn't have known about that either. Marianne Borman's healthy red cheeks went quite pale. She knew I was admitting being a spy, but wondered why I was making the admission.

In my subsequent report to H. J. van den Bergh I merely stated that I had been unable to regain Marianne's trust. Five days later 'Henry Morgan' wrote a bitter letter demanding that I send all his letters and documents to a solicitor in Bath, Somerset, or post them to Marianne. I did so, but kept copies. I never heard from Henry Morgan/Gordon Bruce again. During the whole Mandela escape plot I never spoke to him or set eyes on him. He still lives in South Africa, but just before this book is published I intend to give him a chance to leave the country. Not because the South African government doesn't know all about him; it's what they might do to him if he stood up in South Africa and caused them severe political embarrassment by publicly confirming his part in the whole thing.

There is one man the South African government will not dare to harm. That is Nelson Mandela, who also holds a vital clue to the escape plot. In order to gain Mandela's confidence, my accomplice on Robben Island, warder Gideon Huisamen, must have slowly cultivated a secret

friendship with him by giving him extra privileges or little gifts such as newspapers or chocolate.

If, on the night our escape plan was to be carried out, Huisamen had simply dashed into Mandela's cell and told him out of the blue he was being rescued by friends, Mandela would definitely have refused to accompany him for fear it was a trap.

23 · THE FOUR-MILLION-POUND FORGERY PLOT

Andy Sacks, the double-dealing ex-convict who featured in the Prisons Act trial, came into my life again in late 1968. After fleeing from South Africa he arrived in London and traced my home address by telephoning the National Union of Journalists.

'I've got a great story for you,' he said. He had too. When called to give evidence for the State against the *Rand Daily Mail* and its series on prison conditions he confounded the court by suddenly spouting out a torrent of venom.

'All the allegations the *Rand Daily Mail* made about the terrible conditions and brutality in South African jails are quite true,' he said. 'I never saw fruit in five years. The lavatories got clogged and overflowed all the time, causing a terrible mess and stench all over the place. The living conditions were appalling. I was never adequately clothed, and any prisoner you ask will say the same if he's truthful. That's why I contracted TB in jail.'

Sacks said that on one occasion he had watched fourteen warders club five Zulus unconscious because they had refused to walk to the gallows in Pretoria Jail. He had watched through his cell window as the five blood-spattered Blacks were carried, with broken arms, to the hanging section.

Mr J. H. Liebenberg, the State Prosecutor, was appalled at this sudden about-face by one of the State's prime witnesses. Before coming to court Sacks had signed an affidavit stating that prison conditions were excellent. This meant he could be charged with perjury. But when Mr Liebenberg rummaged through his briefcase he failed to find the affidavit. Then he remembered that, as the court

had convened, Sacks had asked to read the affidavit to refresh his memory. And that was why Andy Sacks had contacted me on arriving in London. He told me he had kept the affidavit until the court adjourned for morning tea and had then run to the lavatory, torn the affidavit up into small pieces and flushed it down the pan. He had fled from South Africa after being tipped off that the police were looking for him on the charge that he had stolen a court exhibit. It was a crackerjack story which I cabled to Johannesburg.* I also put the British *Sunday Times* on to Andy Sacks and they ran an in-depth story on the subject the following Sunday, for which they paid me £100.

A few months later I was rudely awakened at 4 a.m. by a telephone call from a police station. Andrew Sacks had been arrested on a fraud charge and had given my name as someone who would stand surety for him. I drove to the police station and gave the sergeant in charge my name, address and date of birth. He was impressed when I told him I was a syndicated journalist and sent a constable to get me a cup of tea. I never got it. A couple of minutes later the sergeant emerged from an inner room and scowled at me.

'I'm afraid I can't release Sacks on your say-so, because I've checked with the Criminal Records Office and they say you have four criminal convictions to your name, including a twenty-one-month jail term.'

It was like a thunderbolt. I didn't care a fig what the sergeant thought. My problem was Andy Sacks. He would now find out about the past I had hidden so well, and he might even blackmail me with it. I misjudged him badly. He was impressed that I was an old lag like himself and laughed long and loud when he recalled how I had campaigned as a journalist to get him out of jail in South Africa. From that moment on I was not just a friend, I was also 'one of the boys', which explains why, on 18 October 1969, Andy Sacks came to me brimming with enthusiasm saying he was involved in a fantastic swindle which would

* Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, second edition, 15 December 1968, headlined 'I Flushed Document Down Hotel Toilet'.

bring in four million pounds. He asked me if I knew an underworld printer, and when I nodded he explained: 'When I was in jail in South Africa I met a chap called Ray Pryce-Williams. He's in London now and he's got something to show you which is really terrific.'

Andy took me to a room he had booked at the Hilton Hotel in Park Lane. There, in room 701, he introduced me to Ray Pryce-Williams, a tall, heavily built man of great charm and varied talents. An accomplished painter and a good honky-tonk pianist, Ray is the kind of man who can repair anything from a Sherman tank to a Singer sewing machine. He had one other rare ability: forgery. Ray chuckled and stroked his goatee beard as he put me in the picture.

While in jail in South Africa he had met a man named Eugene de Beer, who, after completing his sentence, had managed to get a good job in a government department. There he had befriended two other men, one a senior official in the Treasury and another who worked for the Bantu Affairs Department. As the three men sat drinking in a pub one day the man from the Bantu Affairs Department mentioned a marvellous way of making some money. He pulled out a government compensation cheque for £5,000 which had been cancelled due to some minor clerical error and explained that if the man in the Treasury could somehow provide another cheque this money could be cashed at any post office or bank in the country. The man in the Treasury went one better than that. He said that if the cheques could be expertly forged several hundred of them to that amount could be cashed during a one-month period. If any post office clerk or bank teller telephoned Pretoria to confirm payment, which was highly unlikely, he could arrange the ledgers in the Treasury in such a way that confirmation would be given. In any case he was the official who would handle such queries.

The three men worked it out that if eight men took part in the plot and each cashed 100 cheques over a period of four or five weeks the total sum raised would be more than

four million pounds!* With that kind of money they could all flee to South America and live the rest of their lives in luxury. It was a superb plan, but where would they find a forger? Eugene de Beer answered that by telling his two accomplices about Ray Pryce-Williams. It was agreed that Ray would be brought into the plot on an equal-share basis if he could forge a passable cheque. Eugene contacted Ray in London and sent him the cancelled government cheque.

As Ray Pryce-Williams outlined all this to me in the Hilton Hotel he showed me the cheque. I scrutinized it very carefully. It was a Treasury cheque counter-stamped by the Bantu Affairs Commissioner in Carletonville, Transvaal. It was payable to a Black woman named Elizabeth Mago and was compensation for the loss of her husband, who had died in some kind of freak accident involving a piece of government machinery.

There was no doubt about its authenticity.† I still have a photocopy of the cheque, which, in true bureaucratic style, shows that it was cancelled by a senior government official on 7 March 1969 and countersigned by another official three days later.

Ray Pryce-Williams then showed me the forgery he had made of it. It had taken him the best part of a month and was a work of high calibre. By some photographic process he had managed to reproduce the tiny words 'Republic of South Africa' which appeared hundreds of times all over the original cheque. Only one problem remained: how to get paper of the right quality. This was why I had been approached. Andy Sacks had told Ray about me being an ex-jailbird in Britain and said I might know an underground printer who specialized in producing forgeries. At the time I didn't, but said otherwise. Ray gave me several metal plates which had been made up for him by a close friend in Wales.

* Then nearly R7 million.

† Serial number H/64230, Voucher number 91014500.

'Use those to get the cheques printed up on good-quality paper, and your cut is £100,000,' he promised.

Andy Sacks was to be paid £50,000 for his part in the plot, but if he wished to travel to South Africa to help in cashing some of the cheques he would be paid another £200,000.

There was another person in the room when Andy Sacks first introduced me to Ray Pryce-Williams. This was Mrs Rosemary 'Rosie' Jones from Pentypridd, in Wales, who was separated from her husband and in love with Ray. A plump, homely woman wearing a cardigan, a shapeless cotton dress and simple flat sandals, she was a gentle, shy soul and hardly uttered a word except to comment on the weather. She was clearly overawed by the bustling Hilton Hotel, and, when a pompous bow-tied waiter came to the door with a trolley full of steak lunches and brandy, she jumped up and said 'Here, love, let me do all that,' and pulled the trolley into the room against all his protestations. She wouldn't let him serve the food either. 'That's not work for a man,' she told him rather scathingly as she fussed round us with the plates and cutlery. The waiter raised his eyebrows heavenwards and departed, obviously thinking we were a very uncouth bunch. Rosie Jones did not sit in on our discussions but took herself off for a walk in Hyde Park, saying 'I'll leave you now, then, so you can get on with all your important business.'

I do not know if Rosie was aware of Ray's forgery plot at that stage, but she became very important a few weeks later when her son, Mr Gerald T. W. Jones, who worked in Merthyr Tydfil, accidentally opened a letter sent to Ray from South Africa by Eugene de Beer. This created tremendous problems for Ray, because the letter contained details of the forgery plot. I never found out how Ray resolved this dangerous situation but I remember him sending Rosie to Merthyr by train in an attempt to recover the letter.

I submitted a detailed report to H. J. van den Bergh in Pretoria stating that I thought it was not advisable for me

to find an underworld printer in London who would produce the forged cheques for Ray Pryce-Williams. Such a printer might print up a few dozen cheques for himself and send someone to South Africa to cash them. It would be much better if the South African Treasury printed the forgeries on their own paper. Then I would show Ray Pryce-Williams the pile of cheques, but give him only one as a sample which he could post to Eugene de Beer in South Africa.

This, I suggested, would lead the South African police to the other two men involved in the plot, as Eugene would go straight to them to show them the cheque.

HJ liked this idea, and a batch of cheques was forged by the South African Treasury. When I gave Ray Pryce-Williams one, he couldn't believe his eyes.

'My God!' he exclaimed. 'Your printer's done a fabulous job. Just look at that watermark. How on earth did he get the paper?'

Then Ray said something that made me want to burst out laughing: 'You know, Gordon, these look so good they could have been printed by the South African Treasury.'

H. J. van den Bergh's men traced the other two men involved in the plot on the South African side. They didn't have to mount a lengthy trailing process; Ray Pryce-Williams was so pleased with the quality of the cheque I had given him that he telephoned Eugene de Beer at his Pretoria flat and told him all about it. Eugene's telephone was bugged, of course, and after speaking to Ray he stupidly telephoned his two accomplices at their respective homes. That was foolish, because up to that point Eugene had covered his tracks well by getting Ray to write to a cover address in Pretoria, of which I was unaware.

H. J. van den Bergh's next problem was how to arrest all the crooks involved without exposing me as his source. When he asked me to give this some thought, I realized that the obvious 'fall guy' was Andy Sacks. Fortunately, by this time Andy and Ray had argued about something and were hardly on speaking terms. So I set about smearing Andy.

It was ridiculously easy. Early one morning Andy called

in at the South African Embassy in connection with his passport or a visa application, and when my handler, Alf Bouwer, told me about this I twisted the story by telling Ray Pryce-Williams I had seen Andy 'sneaking into the Embassy' on that particular day. At the time Ray was earning a few extra pounds a week playing the piano at a London pub. He challenged Andy Sacks about his visit to the Embassy, and, understandably, Andy denied being an informer. There was a fight between the two men, but I never found out who the victor was; both men later told me they had won.

Ray Pryce-Williams decided to teach Andy a lesson he would never forget by beating hell out of him with a thick stick. Two nights later he shook hands with Andy and offered to bring him into another big deal. When Andy said he was interested, Ray drove him to Epping Forest to meet the man allegedly setting up this deal. The man didn't exist, of course. Ray just wanted to get Andy to a quiet place where he could beat him unconscious without anyone hearing the screams. But he hadn't reckoned with Andy's devious mind. Realizing he was in danger, Andy took the precaution of borrowing a gun for the occasion.

On reaching Epping Forest, Ray left the main road, drove in among the trees and stopped the car. Getting out of the driving seat he walked round to Andy's side and opened the door with the big stick in his hand. Andy smiled up at him and opened his coat to show the revolver in his belt. Ray Pryce-Williams is an intelligent man with a sense of humour. He smiled, shrugged his shoulders, got back into the car and without saying a word drove Andy home. As far as I know, the two men never met again.

In the end H. J. van den Bergh decided not to prosecute the three men in South Africa for their part in the forgery plot. I had become deeply involved in the plan to rescue Nelson Mandela from Robben Island, and HJ could not risk my name being mentioned in court. The man in the Bantu Affairs Department was quietly sacked, as was the man who worked in the Treasury. Eugene de Beer became a

spy for HJ. His first assignment was to send a message to Ray Pryce-Williams confirming that Andy was the informer who had ruined the forgery plan.

Only one problem remained. HJ had to get back that one cheque which had been forged by the South African Treasury and given to Ray Pryce-Williams. But try as I might, I failed completely; Ray refused to part with it. As far as I know, he may have it hanging framed on the wall. He never found out it was a 'genuine fake', though, and continued to trust me.

Andy Sacks, true to form, went on to more drama. In 1971 he was jailed for drunken driving and served one year in London's Wormwood Scrubs Jail. There he became involved with Benno Taylor, a Chelsea restaurant owner who was jailed for seven years for raping an American heiress in the back seat of a Rolls-Royce. Benno Taylor, who has since died, bribed two warders into ferrying smoked salmon, liquor, a miniature camera and a tape recorder into the prison. Andy Sacks appeared as a prosecution witness against the two warders, who were later jailed themselves. The story made headlines in Britain in August 1972, and I also got a good story out of it all.*

After I defected from BOSS in May 1979 I wrote a full letter of confession to Andy Sacks, who was serving a lengthy jail term for fraud in the north of England. His reply was typical. 'Thanks, mate,' he wrote. 'With friends like you who needs Vorster's?' A sly dig at my friendship with John Vorster.

Of all the people involved in the forgery plot, I think fate punished me most. When I returned home after leaving Ray Pryce-Williams and Andy Sacks at the Hilton Hotel that night in October 1969, my girl-friend Jill Evans was furious. I was too drunk and tired to take her out for a Chinese dinner as I had promised. She gave me such a hard time that I threw down the bundle of forgery plates shouting: 'I've just spent most of the day infiltrating a group of

* Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 23 July 1972, headlined 'Ex-South African Witness At Bribery Trial'.

forgers planning a multi-million swindle, and you nag me about a bloody Chinese dinner.* It was a dramatic gesture but one I was to regret. After looking through the forgery plates, the copies of the South African Treasury cheque, and all the artwork done by Ray Pryce-Williams, Jill changed her tune, cooked me dinner and tucked me into bed like a naughty boy who was none the less loved.

When I woke up the next morning, her mood had changed again. She had thought about it and had come to the conclusion I was a secret agent for South Africa, not the CIA, as I had claimed. I lied and twisted and eventually solved the problem temporarily, but it marked the beginning of the end. During the next few months Jill became more and more suspicious of my South African connection until she could stand it no longer. She said I was a 'perverted pretence of a human being who was only interested in wallowing in stink and slime'. I was not only dishonest to myself but also to her. If I wanted to do something clean for once in my life I should move out of her flat at once, so some fresh air could force its way in. I said I loved her and didn't want to leave, but she turfed me out. I cried most of that night. But H. J. van den Bergh was delighted when he heard of the split. Saying it would give me much more freedom to operate for him in London, he almost doubled my salary as a spy and gave me permission to move into an expensive flat in London's Belgravia area. I suppose he could afford to do this; I had, after all, saved the South African government four million pounds.*

* (May 1981): Andrew Sacks is presently serving a two-year sentence in London's Wandsworth Prison where he has become friendly with Charles Richardson. This will surely lead to high drama.

24 · SOUTH AFRICAN AGENTS IN BRITAIN

Jean Lagrange

In my opinion the most beautiful agent to spy for BOSS in London was Jean McClay Lagrange. I could be biased about her beauty, as she was once my wife, but there is no doubt she was a very successful spy. I know she worked for BOSS because I recruited her and at one stage acted as her handler.

Jean first started on a freelance basis for Republican Intelligence, using the code number C125, in 1964. Her Johannesburg handler was Jack 'Koos' Kemp, although, like me, she always had direct access to H. J. van den Bergh. When placed on the full-time payroll in 1966 she was given the code number C232. Later, when BOSS was formed and she operated in London, her number was changed to C267/66.

One of Jean's biggest successes came when she gained the confidence of Mrs Rica Hodgson, a senior staff member of Canon John Collins' International Defence and Aid Fund in Newgate Street, near the Old Bailey. Acting on a sketch Jean had drawn of Mrs Hodgson's office, a BOSS burglar took photographs at midnight of documents kept in Mrs Hodgson's normally jealously guarded filing cabinet and gained extensive information about South African exiles in London and people operating underground in South Africa. Several people were arrested as a result.

Another of Jean's regular tricks was to root through the waste-baskets at the Defence and Aid offices, particularly the one next to the photocopying machine. Jean was quick-witted enough to realize that some of the office workers made mistakes when using the machine, and if a document was incorrectly placed, or if the ink was running out, the

resulting photostat would be thrown into the waste-paper basket because it was faulty. Jean would scoop a handful of paper from the basket and push it into her handbag when nobody was looking. It was all sent to the intelligence analysts back in Pretoria. Jean also stole sheets of used carbon paper and switched typewriter ribbons: using sophisticated techniques Pretoria can lift a surprising amount from these.

As a cover for her spying activities Jean worked as a representative selling Christmas and Easter charity cards for Spastic Cards Ltd, which had its headquarters in Iver, Buckinghamshire. She worked very hard and they thought so highly of her that she was allocated a car for full-time use. I don't know how she arranged her insurance and driving licence, because she was known to Spastic Cards as Jean McClay. For a time she also used that name while working voluntarily for Canon Collins, but later gave him her real name, Jean Lagrange.

My disclosure that Jean was a BOSS agent will perhaps come as a shock to Canon Collins and his office staff, and might even be a serious embarrassment to them, particularly because she often helped in the publications department and so obtained the full list of people subscribing to Defence and Aid and 'Christian Action' literature. This list provided Pretoria with many vital clues about enemies of apartheid all over Britain.

Jean scored another success when she was chosen by the Martin Luther King Memorial Fund to escort Mrs Coretta King, the widow of Martin Luther King, round London during a visit to Britain in early 1969. She also compiled a vast amount of information about the senior members of Radical Alternatives to Prison (RAP) when it operated from an office in the Defence and Aid building in Newgate Street.

At one stage Jean cultivated a business friendship with Mr Mark Weinberg, a South African who was the chief executive of the Abbey Life Assurance company. Pretoria specifically assigned her to find out everything she could about Mr Weinberg, because he was known to be a man of

anti-apartheid attitudes who employed Mr Paul Joseph and other well-known political refugees from South Africa.

Jean flirted outrageously with Mr John Morrison, a man forty years her senior who was the managing director of Christian Action's publications department. From him she obtained much useful information and office gossip about people working for Canon Collins. In 1971 she treated Mr Morrison to dinner at the Old Vienna restaurant in New Bond Street. There was an ulterior motive for this; the restaurant arranges for its clients to be photographed after dining and BOSS, for some reason not known to me, wanted a photograph of Mr Morrison with Jean. They got it.

I married Jean Lagrange in 1963 and we were divorced two years later, mainly because I neglected the marriage and her completely. I was so busy working as a journalist and a spy that I often typed until three every morning. When Jean cooked me dinner I would eat it with one hand and continue typing my secret reports with the other. After the divorce we spied together and met quite often. Even in London, where we could not be seen to be friendly, we met secretly, and in August 1971 we toured France and Spain on a two-week holiday paid for by BOSS.

In 1965 Jean became friendly with Charles Richardson and campaigned for him in London when he was arrested. She stood up and publicly claimed that the massive police motorcade which escorted Charles and Eddie Richardson to court every day during the hearing of their case was 'a show trial tactic to make them appear more dangerous than they were'. Scotland Yard became so annoyed with Jean's activities that it was not long before she was told that, as a South African subject, she had overstayed her welcome and she was ordered to leave Britain. She reacted to this by entering into a marriage of convenience with a British subject named Francis Alexander Fraser at Paddington Register Office on 19 July 1968. She paid him £50. Mr Fraser was aged fifty-eight. Jean was then twenty-five. She never saw Mr Fraser again after the ceremony, but the marriage en-

titled her to stay in Britain. To poke her finger further up noses at Scotland Yard she moved into the Chislehurst, Kent, home of Maureen Richardson, the wife of Eddie, and stayed there for several years.

In September 1968 Jean telephoned me to say that she wanted to annoy Detective Superintendent Ken Drury of Scotland Yard by getting her name in the British press. To do this she would be taking part in a protest outside Leicester Prison with wives of some of the Great Train Robbers. I gave the advance tip-off to several Fleet Street newspapers and took a photograph of the protest which was published by the *Sunday Mirror*.*

The most mysterious job Jean ever worked on in London was during the war in Biafra. She monitored exiles from Biafra when they mounted public demonstrations in London and also when some of them appeared in court charged with causing a disturbance. Their defence costs were secretly paid by Piet Schoeman, the head of South African intelligence in Britain. I never found out what Jean's actual assignment was, as I was not her handler at the time. I do know, however, that her activities were connected with the fact, never before disclosed, that the South African Premier, Mr P. W. Botha (then the Minister of Defence), secretly sent 200 South African troops, wearing false uniforms, to fight in Biafra during the 1967 to 1970 civil war. Years later, I was told at high level in BOSS that Mr Botha had been asked to send the troops by the American CIA, which had masterminded Colonel Chukwuemeka Ojukwu's proclamation on 30 May 1967 that Biafra was to be an independent state. I was told that P. W. Botha had also sent a special contingent of experienced South African fighter pilots to Biafra. I was so fascinated by this information that I did some private research on the subject, and uncovered the fact that several South African pilots had flown Czech-made jet fighter bombers for Biafra. They did so well that six Egyptian MIG fighters were captured and then used by the

* 15 September 1968.

Biafrans in air battles. Three of the famous South African pilots who fought in Biafra were William 'Bill' Fortuin, Lieutenant 'Bunny' Austin and 'Bonzo' Bond. Fortuin and Austin are not rabid supporters of the apartheid policy. They are adventure-loving men who fought in Seven and Thirty-Four Squadrons against Hitler in the North Africa campaign during the Second World War. Bonzo Bond is a supporter of apartheid. He went on to work for the South African Department of the Interior in Pretoria.

Jean Lagrange still lives in London and is married to Mr Terence 'Terry' Flynn, a handsome young Irishman. When I defected from BOSS in May 1979 Jean's handler was still Major-General Jack 'Koos' Kemp, then head of South Africa's Counter-Intelligence Unit. Kemp will probably recall Jean now that I have exposed her, as she has vital information which could help Scotland Yard to solve at least four crimes committed in 1966 on the orders of BOSS:

1. On 18 March the London office of the Zimbabwe African People's Union (ZAPU) was raided.
2. On 20 March the publishers of the *Zimbabwe Review* suffered a break-in. The only items stolen were letters and documents connected with political events in Southern Africa.
3. On 28 March there was a burglary at the office of Amnesty International and private files were stolen, as well as a parcel addressed to ZAPU.
4. Jean did not take part in these break-ins but she knows the identify of the man who organized them. He was wanted by the South African police and Jean relayed a message to him from H. J. van den Bergh that his extradition would not be applied for if he arranged the burglaries. Technically there was no official extradition treaty between South Africa and Britain, but the man could not afford to risk being quietly shunted to South Africa by the British police, as was sometimes done in criminal cases.
5. The man was also responsible for a fourth break-in.

This was at the Charlotte Street, London W1, offices of the British Anti-Apartheid Movement, and a vast amount of documents, notebooks and membership lists was stolen.

There was a funny side to this incident. As the offices of the Anti-Apartheid Movement were being ransacked by three thieves early on the morning of 3 March they rammed all documents into ten large plastic refuse bags. Seven of these were thrown through the window into the street below as the last three were being filled. Then one of the men looked out of the window and shouted to his mates: 'Hey, they're nicking our bags.'

The other two ran to the window and watched in dismay as dustmen threw the seven bags into the back of a large refuse truck. The gang trailed the truck for several streets, hoping to recover their bags, but eventually realized it would be impossible. That story was recounted to me by three people—Jean Lagrange, her handler Jack Kemp, and General H. J. van den Bergh. Jean and HJ laughed about it, but not Kemp. He kept repeating: 'I wonder what the hell we could have discovered from all that stuff in the seven bags.'

Patty Patience

The cleverest Black woman I know to have spied for White South Africa is Patience Busisiwe McHunu, better known as 'Patty Patience', a very smart operator who managed to drag herself out of the slums of Soweto by becoming a photographic model and actress.

When I last heard of her, in mid-1979, Patty was still spying for BOSS in London and living in a comfortable flat in Braemar Avenue, Neasden Lane. I know about Patty being a spy because when I first met her in 1965 I was so impressed by her shrewdness and natural acting ability that I put her name up for recruitment. She was signed on and sent to London, where she married a charming Englishman, Mr Stuart Cook, who was in partnership with Mr Ken Warren, then the Tory MP for Hastings.

One of the highlights in Patty's spying career came in May 1970, when the Black American soul singer Percy Sledge toured South Africa. Pretoria thought he might cause trouble on an anti-apartheid level and decided to plant a girl-friend on him who could watch him at close quarters. The girl was Patty. She was flown to South Africa especially for the assignment, which she carried out expertly by quickly becoming an important member of Mr Sledge's entourage. The famous singer left South Africa before his tour was completed without giving any sound reason. Only Patty and BOSS know the answer to that.

As far as I know, Patty made only two mistakes as a spy. The first was in July 1969, when a group of twenty-seven South African Blacks flew to London on a business trip. BOSS was keen to have them monitored in Britain and gave Patty the assignment. Somehow she made a mistake, probably by asking them too many probing questions, and South African exiles in London became suspicious of her. They mounted an investigation into Patty's financial position and discovered that there was no known source for her wild spending orgies.

Patty's second mistake was that she had flown to South Africa for holidays on at least three occasions in the space of fourteen months. For a Black woman to be able to do this was quite astonishing, particularly as she was known to be close to many Black political exiles in Britain – something Pretoria would definitely have been aware of. The upshot was that the word went out on Patty. She was to be kept at arm's length. She was untrustworthy.

In an attempt to rectify the position, BOSS assigned me to interview Patty and write a convincing knockdown of the spy rumours. Patty did not know I was a spy, but she must have been told by Pretoria to talk to me. She did better than that and treated me to a fabulous lunch at Les Ambassadeurs in Park Lane, one of the ritziest eating places in London. The bill for that lunch, with two bottles of champagne, was nearly £50. I wrote a massive series of articles

which were published over three weeks in South Africa's Black newspaper *Post*.*

Patty's husband Stuart was a superb character who believed every word she said at that stage. But later he became suspicious of Patty's friendships with Blacks from South Africa, so he asked the GPO to monitor the numbers of phone calls made from his flat while he was away on a four-day business trip. On his return he perused the list of numbers Patty had called and found that one of them was a totally unlisted number. But he had friends, and finally traced it as a private telephone installed inside the South African Embassy in London. Stuart didn't like that at all. At one time he had worked in Johannesburg as the managing director of a record company, and he had left South Africa after becoming disgusted with apartheid. (A little-known fact about Stuart is that he wrote the lyrics to the catchy song *The Melting Pot*, which became a smash hit in Britain in the late 1960s.)

Stuart secretly monitored all Patty's letters and compiled a large dossier which he handed over to me saying I should expose her. When I said I did not wish to do so Stuart informed British security of Patty's spying activities.

In March 1972 Patty received a letter from a man using the name 'B. Nfaka', which had been posted from Olten in Switzerland. In this letter was information about Black activists in Britain. One of the men named was Abdul Malik, also known as Michael X, a Black Power leader who ran the militant Racial Adjustment Action Society in London. (He was later hanged for murder in Trinidad.) Stuart Cook handed a copy of this letter to British security.†

Stuart also hired a private detective to follow Patty, and this exposed the fact that she was friendly with a mysterious man named Professor J. Oliver of 38 Lingfield Road, Wimbledon. Stuart checked and discovered that the house in Lingfield Road was owned by a British diplomat named

* Starting with a story headlined 'Spy Tags Upset Our Patty' on 6 December 1970.

† On 7 March 1972.

Moberley. This put him off the scent. Luckily, Stuart didn't know that Mr Moberley had been posted to a job abroad and in his absence Professor Oliver had rented the house. I knew 'Professor Oliver' very well indeed and often had dinner at his Wimbledon home. His real name was Alf Bouwer, my BOSS handler as well as Patty's.

Ahmed Kajee

Some time in late 1971 I went to meet Alf Bouwer at a first-floor flat in London's Dolphin Square. The flat was rented in the name of Miss Marie Joubert, an attractive young blonde who acted as Alf's secretary at the South African Embassy but was really a full-time BOSS employee.* On arriving at the block I noticed unusual activity. Two men were cleaning windows, and several people were sitting in the gardens. Sneaking up the back stairs I opened the swing doors leading to the first floor, and at exactly that moment the lift doors opened and two stolid-looking men in rain-coats and brown boots stood staring at me. They had a good long look, then one of them snorted 'I wish people going down wouldn't push the up button.' The doors closed and the lift went up but I knew something was seriously wrong. The timing was either perfect or pure coincidence. To check my suspicions I watched the lift indicator. It went right to the top and immediately started descending again. As it did so I slipped down the front stairs and watched round a corner as the doors opened. The same two men stepped out and walked into the street outside. I ran to flat 106 and breathlessly warned Alf Bouwer we were being watched.

'Yes, I know,' he said in a matter-of-fact voice. 'I saw all

* Marie Joubert had a private telephone number in the flat (828 5127), because BOSS did not trust the Dolphin Square switchboard operators. Marie returned to South Africa in 1974 and worked at BOSS headquarters in Pretoria. Her home address was 6007 Orange Court North, Prinsloo Street, Pretoria. On 5 December 1975 she married Mr Johannes Boshoff, profession not known to me. They now have a child aged three.

the activity outside, and there's no doubt about it, the British firm are watching the flat. We'll stop using it for a while.'

Alf was sure he knew why British security was monitoring the flat. 'I recruited a Black here some time ago, and I think he's gone screaming to some leftist MP,' he explained.

He did not mention the name of the Black but I was not left in doubt for long. A few weeks later, in January 1972, the Johannesburg *Sunday Times* splashed a story about Mr Ahmed Iqbal Kajee, a South African Indian then serving a nine-month sentence in Pentonville Prison for fraud and theft. According to the *Sunday Times*, Mr Kajee had read in the British *Observer* newspaper two months earlier that British MPs had appealed for people to come forward if they had any evidence about South African spies operating in Britain. In a statement he subsequently made to British security, Mr Kajee said he had been forced to spy for Pretoria in London when two men at the South African Embassy in Trafalgar Square had threatened to expose the fact that he had entered Britain on a forged passport. After spying on South African exiles in London for some time, one of his South African spy handlers had ordered him to break into the African National Congress office in Rathbone Street, Bloomsbury, and steal ANC letterheads.

Answering Mr Kajee's allegations, General H. J. van den Bergh told the Johannesburg *Sunday Times* that he had no knowledge of Mr Kajee. 'I don't know anything about him, and we are not running any spies in London. I wonder who is paying this man to make these allegations?' he said.

Luckily for Pretoria Mr Kajee embroidered his spying story too heavily when making his statement to British security and even added some guff about being paid his spy salary through a coded Swiss bank account. As a result his credibility was damaged, and the word spread around South African exiles in London that he was just a 'criminal adventurist'. But I am quite sure Kajee spied for us. There was one thing he had not invented, the fact that BOSS wanted ANC letterheads. At the time BOSS had also

asked me if I could obtain letterheads belonging to the ANC and also the British Anti-Apartheid Movement. I was told these would be used to forge letters designed to create political embarrassment to the ANC and the AAM.

BOSS mounted a campaign of denigration against Mr Kajee in South Africa, and Alf Bouwer assigned me to help in this by writing a knockdown story. I wrote a piece, which was prominently published in South Africa, disclosing that Mr Kajee had served an eighteen-month sentence for fraud in Cape Town. My story also suggested he had only made his spy claims because he was frightened that on his release from Pentonville Prison he would be deported back to South Africa, where he was wanted by the police on allegations of fraud and theft.* This story helped to take the heat out of the subject as far as the South African public was concerned, but the British authorities clearly believed some of Mr Kajee's claims, as his deportation back to South Africa was dropped.

Ian Withers

Ian Withers, the head of a private detective agency, was exposed by the British *Sunday Times* in November 1968 as a man who had employed agents to spy on members of the Anti-Apartheid Movement and Amnesty International in London. Withers was also alleged to have bugged the hearings of the United Nations Special Committee on Apartheid which had sat in London four months earlier. A former employee of Mr Withers also disclosed to the *Sunday Times* that he had been in charge of the spying operation against Amnesty International and admitted that there had been a plan to plant pornographic photographs and drugs in the suitcase of a senior Amnesty official.

I have no definite proof that Mr Withers and his detective agency, named 'Christopher Robert & Company', were guilty of the above allegations, but I am quite sure he worked for South African intelligence in some capacity.

* Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 20 February 1972.

When the *Sunday Times* exposed him, my handler, Piet Schoeman, came to me saying 'We have to help Ian because he's a good friend of ours.'

Schoeman asked me to interview Ian Withers and write a favourable story about him for publication in South Africa. I talked to Withers at length and then cabled a long story to Johannesburg.* His defence was rather weak; he claimed to have been employed by the South African Embassy merely to trace debtors who had absconded from South Africa and were living in Britain. But Pretoria was quite pleased with his explanation. Five years later Ian Withers and his brother Stuart were convicted at the Old Bailey of unlawfully obtaining confidential information from Scotland Yard, tax offices and various banks by pretending to be government officials during telephone calls. Their convictions were quashed by the House of Lords.

Peter Tombs

Peter Tombs appears to be a very pukka Englishman. He posed as an antique dealer while working for South African intelligence in Britain. He probably spied for at least one and possibly two other countries as well, but only he can talk with authority on that subject. All I know is that he was paid £50 a week plus expenses in 1968 to spy on students at Oxford University, and his main handler was Piet Schoeman.

Mr Tombs was a tall, dark and handsome man who sported a dashing RAF-style moustache and behaved like an officer and a gentleman at all times - until BOSS was formed and H. J. van den Bergh decided he was dispensable. Then he pulled a very ungentlemanly fast one on his former South African masters. He shopped spy-master Piet Schoeman and Mr Brian Campbell, an assistant attaché in the foreign affairs section of the South African Embassy, by luring them where they could be secretly photographed by Britain's *News at Ten* television programme.

* Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 10 November 1968.

Then came a surprise. To prove that he was no mean hand at the spy game, Mr Tombs got the TV cameramen to photograph him at a secret meeting with Mr Mahmood Issa, a member of the Tanzanian High Commission in London. A hidden boom microphone and a camera with a zoom lens were used, and millions of British television viewers watched as Mr Tombs talked to Mr Issa in a furtive manner by the Serpentine in Hyde Park. Snatches of the conversation were heard in which Mr Tombs gave Mr Issa information about bombs being smuggled from South Africa to Tanzania. Mr Tombs was seen accepting £10 from Mr Issa and offering to sign a receipt for it. As they talked the camera zoomed over to a bridge above where a neatly dressed man with an umbrella over his arm was throwing bread to the ducks. This man was Mr Brian Campbell from the South African Embassy, who had been cunningly lured to the scene by the tricky Mr Tombs.

South African intelligence were caught with their pants down, and there was no way they could twist their way out of it as far as the British public was concerned. Not that they cared overmuch what the Britishers thought. But they did care about their public back home. And that's where I came in. Piet Schoeman quickly asked me to write a big knockdown story for publication in South Africa. I wrote a lengthy article suggesting that 'Triplecross Tombs' was a big chancer who had framed South African diplomats just to make money from the British TV programme. My editor in Johannesburg, Mr Johnny Johnson, was so delighted with the story - which he knew would please his secret political lover Premier John Vorster - that he splashed it right across the front page.*

Mr Tombs cropped up again a few months later when the South African Springbok rugby team toured Britain and Ireland and met with heavy opposition from Peter Hain's 'Stop the Seventy Tour'. Mr Tombs was, for some strange reason, now well disposed towards the South African Springboks and he played a leading role in a

* Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 13 July 1969.

mysterious counter-group known as the 'Anti-Demonstration Association'. The association operated from a house in Eynsham, Oxfordshire, and pressmen telephoning that address were answered by a man calling himself 'Peter Winter'. I do not know if Mr Tombs used this name as a deliberate stab in the back against me, in return for my nasty story about him, but whatever the reason it certainly caused me problems. Malcolm Dean, a reporter from the *Guardian*, telephoned me to ask if I was the 'Peter Winter' connected with Mr Tombs; and, if so, did I have any connection with South African intelligence? In a nutshell the reporter wondered if the 'Anti-Demonstration Association' was a front organization propagandizing for the South African government. Fortunately the *Guardian*'s Mr Dean was decent enough to phone back two days later to say he had discovered the real identity of Peter Winter and would I accept his apologies for the awful suggestion that I might be a spy for Pretoria. He even wrote me a nice little letter afterwards.

Keith Wallace

In the mid-1960s a Johannesburg journalist named Keith Wallace pulled off a scoop by disclosing that South African police vehicles had been used in the illegal kidnapping of a Black political figure from Zambia. It was a great story; Keith had even managed to obtain the registration numbers of the cars and he proved quite conclusively that they were listed among several used by the police in Pretoria. From that moment on Keith was trusted by the left. Little did they know that he was one of the first journalists recruited by H. J. van den Bergh when Republican Intelligence was formed in 1963. Keith had been given the registration numbers by H. J. van den Bergh, who was involved in an internal wrangle with the senior police officer who had masterminded the kidnapping. By giving Keith Wallace the story HJ put paid to that officer's promotion prospects, and

at the same time the story gave Keith a good cover for his spying.

In 1964 Keith and I had the same handler in Johannesburg, Jack 'Koos' Kemp, and we once met at Kemp's home by accident. In the beginning I did not like Keith Wallace, as he was not only intelligent but also sensitive, and I could not cope with that. He once taunted me with the fact that I was 'a half-educated smart arse who only wins through by sheer cunning'. Yet in spite of his tough veneer Keith was a kind-hearted chap, and our mutual spying activities helped to form a reasonable friendship.

A tall, athletic young man, he was good-looking when he took off his spectacles. With them on, he looked rather like the American humorist Woody Allen. In the late 1960s Keith turned up in London and started working as an assistant motoring correspondent on Fleet Street's *Daily Mail*. It was a good cover, as he loved cars and was interested in racing. Keith was handled in London by Piet Schoeman, but for some reason he also had a secret controller in Dublin and flew there quite often, telling his office colleagues he was off to see his girl-friend.

Keith Wallace had a knack of aggravating H. J. van den Bergh. At one time he helped to smuggle a woman out of an Iron Curtain country. She was apparently related to a rich businessman in the West, and Keith had done it as a one-off freelance job. HJ was livid and gave Keith hell, saying 'What if you had been caught and tortured? I would have looked stupid if you had confessed to being one of my agents.'

Not long after this, Keith annoyed HJ again. While spying in London he was friendly with Mr John Fairer-Smith, a man he had known in Rhodesia several years earlier. British-born Mr Fairer-Smith is a larger-than-life character who worked for the Rhodesian Special Branch in Salisbury until 1965 and then moved to Britain, where he ran a secret Rhodesian intelligence set-up in London. In 1969 he was exposed by some excellent investigation work on the part of

the *Sunday Telegraph* and also by the later efforts of Labour MP Mr James Wellbeloved.* Mr Fairer-Smith was connected with Mr Norman Blackburn, an agent for South African intelligence code-numbered R176. Blackburn went to jail for five years after the British security people caught him using a Cabinet Office typist, Miss Helen Keenan, who stole top-secret documents for him. She was jailed for six months.

In view of Blackburn's arrest and the strong connection with John Fairer-Smith, H. J. van den Berg warned Keith Wallace to distance himself from Fairer-Smith. But for some reason Keith ignored this order and continued to see his friend regularly. In November 1969 Keith flew to South Africa on a short working holiday; while there he was called in by HJ, who gave him a blast, saying he had disobeyed the order to keep away from Mr Fairer-Smith. Keith argued and was sacked as a spy. This depressed him so much he telephoned Sam Bloomberg, the head of 'Suicides Anonymous' in Johannesburg, and said he intended to shoot himself. Sam has great powers of persuasion and talked Keith out of taking his life. During their talks Keith spilled the beans about his career as a spy.

Keith told me all about this when he returned to London. He said he was so angry about being sacked that he intended 'going public' by telling the British *Daily Mail* everything he knew about BOSS operations in the United Kingdom. Keith was so mentally disoriented that he seemed to think I would be willing to give the story added impact by defecting from BOSS myself. Within one week twenty-eight-year-old Keith Wallace was dead.

His body was found at the bottom of a ventilation well outside his Kensington flat by Bob Hitchcock, an award-winning South African journalist who also worked on the staff of the British *Daily Mail* at the time. The coroner's verdict was accidental death caused by Keith trying to climb

* James Wellbeloved is described by BOSS as 'Mr Much-Disliked the Spycatcher' because he regularly protests against South African spies being active in Britain.

through his flat window on 31 January 1970. Soon after the death Bob Hitchcock met me for tea in the Copper Kettle, a small café next to the *Daily Mirror* building in Holborn, and presented me with some very strange facts.

Keith had arranged to spend the weekend with Bob and his wife but had telephoned to say he would not be turning up as 'an old friend of his was in town'. That night Keith went to his local pub with a stranger. He did not speak to his usual drinking friends at the bar but stood apart from them. At closing time Keith was heard to tell the stranger: 'You might as well stay at my place tonight...' He died that night after a neighbour saw him shoving his key into the door of his flat. When the body was found, Keith's keys were inside the flat in the middle of the linoleum-covered floor. Bob Hitchcock was quite emphatic about this. When he and another journalist named Peter Mason found the body, Bob picked up Keith's bunch of keys and experimented by dropping them on the linoleum. They made a loud clanking noise which Keith could not possibly have missed if he had dropped them by mistake. Bob's suspicions were aroused at once and he made a detailed search of the flat. He found that Keith's gun, camera and current notebook were missing. Three strips of mahogany veneer on the floor had clearly been torn off the wooden end of Keith's bed by something heavy being dragged over it. A doorknob was damaged and had a trace of blood on it. One of the curtains hanging across the window Keith had allegedly fallen from also had blood on it. Another remarkable fact was that both Keith's single beds were unmade. When working late Bob had sometimes spent the night at Keith's flat. He was amused every morning because Keith, a neatness fanatic, always raced over and made Bob's bed the second he got out of it.

'The idea of Keith leaving his flat with both beds unmade is preposterous,' Bob said. 'It would have been totally against his nature, because he was ruthlessly tidy.'

The most fascinating thing Bob Hitchcock told me was that, when he had brought all these strange facts to the

notice of the CID officer investigating the case, the man had been 'extremely interested'. Yet two days later the same officer clammed up on Bob and would hardly talk to him. When Bob continued to pump and pester, the officer turned to him and said:

'Leave it alone, Mr Hitchcock. The Special Branch has become involved in this case. It appears Keith Wallace was some kind of spy, and they have told us to drop that line of investigation completely. Wallace didn't get murdered. He fell accidentally while drunk.'

I asked Bob if I could mention the CID man's comment in a story I would be writing. 'No, please don't do that,' Bob replied. 'The officer only made the comment after I gave him a solemn promise that I would not quote him on it.'

I argued with Bob about this, but he was adamant. He said the officer risked losing his job if he was quoted in a newspaper.

Bob was quite certain that Keith Wallace had fallen on the bed after being hit on the head. His keys had been left in the middle of the floor so that anyone entering the flat would see them at once and presume Keith had left the flat without them and on returning had tried to climb through the window. But Bob had tested this by climbing through the window himself. He said the word 'climb' was not appropriate. The roof outside Keith's window was flat, and it was childishly simple to take a half step from the roof through the window.

As I sat talking to Bob Hitchcock in the Copper Kettle café, he sprang another surprise on me by shoving a large black address book across the table.

'Skim through that and see if you recognize any of the names in it,' he said.

It was Keith's private address book. I perused it for about five minutes, deliberately keeping a poker face in case Bob was trying to trap me in some way. I knew what I was going to find, and it was there all right - Piet Schoeman's telephone number. There was no name alongside it. Just a

number scribbled in the form of a simple three-line addition. The three lines gave the telephone digits. The underlined total was genuine but nothing to do with the actual phone number. This was a trick Keith and I had been taught by Republican Intelligence in case anyone went through our address books, or we lost them. As I looked through the book I asked Bob Hitchcock what I was supposed to be looking for.

'Keith's killer,' he replied. 'Because Keith was a BOSS agent.'

Feigning surprise I asked Bob how he could possibly know a thing like that.

'I've been talking to Keith's father, and he told me, very much off the record, that Keith had admitted being an agent for South Africa,' he explained.

On the instructions of BOSS I attended Keith Wallace's funeral and took pictures of all the mourners. I do not know why BOSS wanted these photographs. Later, BOSS told me to leak a rumour that Keith had been killed by the African National Congress in London. Another rumour spread, but not by me, was that Mr Sammy Uzong, a political refugee from South Africa, had killed Keith, but this was a ridiculous lie.

At a later stage the BBC TV programme *Twenty Four Hours* started an in-depth probe into Keith's death and the subject of South African spies operating in Britain. BOSS gave me advance warning that the programme producers would be contacting me to ask if I could help. I have no idea how BOSS knew this, but, sure enough, about two weeks later, *Twenty Four Hours* reporter David Mills came to my flat. As requested by BOSS, I tried to swerve him away from Keith being a BOSS agent by saying I had heard from reliable sources that he had worked for Rhodesian intelligence. When the BBC sent me a cheque for £10 for working on its programme *South African Spies*, I returned the money, complaining it was not enough. They then doubled the payment. At the time the programme was screened, BOSS asked me to write a story playing down its

possible effect in South Africa. I wrote a splash story stating that Keith Wallace had almost certainly been a Rhodesian intelligence agent who had worked for John Fairer-Smith.*

From broad hints I received at top level in BOSS later, it was made clear to me that Keith's assassination was committed by a member of BOSS's secret Death Squad. In BOSS circles it is known as the 'Z-Squad', so named because Z is the final letter in the alphabet. It's South Africa's 'final solution'. Keith's death certainly 'disciplined' all other BOSS agents into realizing what they could expect if they defected.

Fred Labuschagne

In my view, the London-based anti-South-African sports group SANROC has the best track record when it comes to dealing with spies working for Pretoria, and I can give good examples of this.

Fred Labuschagne was a sports writer for the *Rand Daily Mail* and the Johannesburg *Sunday Times* and one of the first journalists recruited into Republican Intelligence. When he was sent by his editor to work in the London offices of the *Rand Daily Mail* in the late 1960s, H. J. van den Bergh gave him a secret assignment: to infiltrate Dennis Brutus and his SANROC organization. A big, hulking and amiable fellow, Fred tried his best and at one stage thought he had succeeded. But SANROC quietly did its homework on this jovial Afrikaner who claimed to be a liberal and discovered that his wife Ria worked as a secretary in the South African Embassy in London. That was something Fred had not bothered to mention when talking to South African exiles. So SANROC shrewdly allowed Fred to believe he was trusted by them and, adopting the very same tactics they had applied on me, used him back against Pretoria. They gave him regular news stories about their activities, and Fred cabled these back to his newspapers in South Africa. In order to maintain his cover as a liberal

* Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 19 December 1971.

journalist Fred had to write the stories in such a way that they were mainly sympathetic towards SANROC and its aims.

The strange thing is that Fred, a reasonable man, slowly began to realize that what SANROC stood for was valid. He told me over lunch at a workmen's café in Fleet Street one day that he had to admit that the Blacks in South Africa were given a raw deal when it came to internal sports. He also confessed that he had a sneaking regard for the Brutus brothers and SANROC's publicity spokesman, Mr Chris de Broglio, who owns the Portman Court Hotel in London's Marble Arch district. I submitted a report to Pretoria on this conversation and warned them that Fred was clearly being 'dangerously liberalized' by SANROC. This, added to the fact that Fred was writing favourable stories for SANROC, made him counter-productive as a spy, so H. J. van den Bergh ordered him to keep away from Dennis and Wilfrid Brutus and their SANROC group.

I have not seen Fred for years; the last I heard of him he had divorced his wife Ria, returned to South Africa and married a woman who worked as a secretary for the 'King of South African Rugby', Dr Danie Craven.

De Koker

Another victim of SANROC was Abraham 'Spike' de Koker, a Coloured Security Police sergeant in Cape Town. In 1965 he made a secret trip to London, where he started spying on Black South African exiles. But Wilfrid Brutus, then still living in Cape Town, heard about De Koker's mystery trip and immediately sent a letter of warning to London.

The BBC was alerted, and one of their staff tracked De Koker down by telephone and invited him to take a taxi to the studio and appear on a television programme. Like an idiot, De Koker agreed, not realizing he was in for the third-degree treatment in front of millions of viewers. In this instance, luck was on Pretoria's side and someone at the

BBC either blundered or deliberately tipped off an official at the South African Embassy. Three cars sped towards the BBC studio from different parts of London, and one arrived just in time to snatch De Koker from his taxi as he arrived. He was immediately flown back to South Africa, demoted and later transferred from the Security Police. He was working as an insurance salesman when I met him in Cape Town a few months later.

Frans Kemp

Yet another victim of SANROC was Afrikaans journalist Frans Kemp, who was recruited by Republican Intelligence in the mid-1960s and operated in various Black African countries neighbouring South Africa. In early November 1967 Kemp tried to gain an audience with President Kenneth Kaunda in Zambia. He was lucky not to be thrown in jail, because the Zambia security police, although they knew Kemp was a spy, could not prove it. They gave him the benefit of the doubt by kicking him out of the country.

In 1969 Frans Kemp moved over to BOSS and later started spying in London under the cover of being an accredited representative for the Afrikaans newspaper *Rapport*. But SANROC quickly got wise to this cocky and aggressive blond, who wore a bright red blazer with large ornate brass buttons and looked more like a bandleader than a journalist.

On 11 December 1971, Frans Kemp and I were both on the spot at London's Heathrow airport when SANROC demonstrators mounted a placard protest against the arrival of the 'Proteas', a Coloured Rugby team sent to tour Britain as a propaganda stunt by the South African Rugby authorities. Frans and I were on the spot in more ways than one. As we both took photographs of the protesters one of them, James Cook, walked up to us and said 'I know you are both BOSS agents, and you might just end up with a spear in your backs if you carry on your spying activities in Britain.'

I paralysed Frans Kemp by turning to Mr Cook and saying 'You're probably right about Frans being a BOSS man, but you're completely wrong about me. I was officially deported from South Africa, remember?'

Frans never spoke to me again, but our mutual handler, Alf Bouwer, asked me about this confrontation later. He said Frans had submitted a report to BOSS in which he stated 'James Cook probably knows about me because his wife Thelma occupies an important position at Scotland Yard. She's a chairwoman there.' I was astonished to hear this and, making a check, found that Mrs Cook had in fact worked at Scotland Yard for a time; but Afrikaner Frans Kemp had somehow got his facts, or translation, garbled. She had not been a chairwoman at Scotland Yard but a charwoman.

In his report to BOSS Frans Kemp asked to be transferred back to South Africa because he felt his life was in danger. I told Alf Bouwer that Frans was over-dramatizing James Cook's spear-in-the-back threat. But Frans got his transfer many months later, when yet another death threat was made against him. He still works in Johannesburg as a journalist spy.

The Mystery Blonde Spy

When the Coloured Protea Rugby team played the combined London Old Boys in a match at Thames Ditton on 18 December, a large contingent of diplomats and BOSS operatives based at the South African Embassy turned up to watch the game. But one of them made a big mistake by taking a blonde girl with him.

The girl was immediately recognized by Mr Basil Bhanabai, a SANROC man, who had seen her hanging round his home in Palace Road, Hornsey, on at least two occasions. Basil rushed over to Dennis Brutus, the president of SANROC, who was leading a demonstration at the match, and I heard him say: 'Dennis, that blonde BOSS spy I told you about is in the audience.'

When I butted in and asked Basil to point the girl out to me, he frowned and refused. It was vitally important for me to know who she was so that I could warn BOSS about her being identified. So I photographed every white woman in the audience of 500 at that match and submitted copies to Pretoria.

I still have all the negatives I took at the Protea match and one of them obviously identifies the blonde spy. If SANROC would like access to those negatives they are welcome, as I would also like to know who the woman was. I might be wrong, but the blonde could be 'Annetjie', a BOSS operative who occupied a fourth-floor flat in Dolphin Square which I sometimes used when I met my handler, Alf Bouwer. For some reason I was never allowed to meet Annetjie, and I never heard her surname mentioned.

Hans Lombard

Hans Jurgen Lombard was, without doubt, the most successful Afrikaner ever to spy for South Africa in Britain. Born in April 1926 and educated in Johannesburg, he started working as a journalist specializing in farming matters on the pro-government Afrikaans newspaper *Die Vaderland*. He was recruited to spy by the South African Special Branch, and his outstanding success was one of the main reasons why H. J. van den Bergh decided to form Republican Intelligence as a new spy outfit which would specialize in recruiting journalists as secret agents. Lombard was transferred into Republican Intelligence while he was still operating in London, and his code number was either R002 or R003. It should have been 007.

In London Lombard posed as a freelance writer, journalist and photographer. He was a member of the British National Union of Journalists and lived in Chatsworth Court, Pembroke Road, London W8. He used two cover stories. One was that he had been forced to flee from South Africa after being caught in bed with a pretty young Black girl,

and the other was that he had moved to Britain after inheriting a large sum of money from a rich uncle.

Pretoria was delighted when Lombard made friends with Fenner Brockway, then a Member of Parliament, later Lord Brockway, a fervent campaigner against apartheid. This friendship opened many doors to Lombard on the anti-South-Africa beat in London. On several occasions Lombard gave Mr Brockway background information on South Africa for use in the House of Commons. Lombard obtained a letter from him which served him as a 'reference' in anti-apartheid circles. It was this letter which Lombard used when he infiltrated the Black South African liberation movement the Pan-Africanist Congress. By showing the letter to Mr P. K. Leballo, then the Acting President of the PAC, Lombard managed to develop a strong friendship with Leballo, who unwisely gave him a letter of recommendation which stated that Lombard was a trusted member of the PAC. This opened many other doors to Lombard in Britain and many parts of Africa. Using it he travelled widely and operated as a spy in Nigeria, Tanzania, Malawi, Italy, Switzerland, France, Australia, Japan and Ireland, wreaking havoc wherever he went.

Lombard's London flat was the scene of many parties attended by politicians and military attachés from the high commissions and embassies of various African states. Liquor flowed freely at these parties and so did the talk — which was all secretly recorded. Lombard's most valuable tapes were made in the kitchen, where a recorder was hidden behind a line of jars containing herbs. The tape was activated from the lounge. This was a very astute move, because when South African exiles attend a party they tend to move into the kitchen when members of a rival political movement arrive. And that is when the 'hard' political gossip starts. After his parties Lombard spent hours transcribing what he called his 'kitchen tapes'. In this way he garnered many important snippets of information for Pretoria. He was also able to discover what his guests had said about him behind his back. From these comments he

was able to judge who to trust, who to beware of, and who could be bribed.

The African National Congress in London quickly realized that Hans Lombard was a suspicious character and put the word out that he was almost certainly a spy for Pretoria. But Lombard cleverly negated this by alleging that the ANC was jealous of his close friendship with, and financial support of, the rival PAC group.

They still talk of Hans Lombard's spying achievements in BOSS. One of his outstanding successes was to book a room in a London hotel for Mr Sam Nujoma, the President of the South West African People's Organization (SWAPO), and then invite him to a drink party at his flat. While Mr Nujoma was there, a South African Embassy official walked up to the reception desk at a time when it was busy and said 'Can I have the key to my room, please?' Security was not tight in London hotels in those days, and he got it. A packed briefcase was stolen from Mr Nujoma's room. Nothing else. It contained documents revealing information which helped Pretoria to round up thirty-seven top SWAPO members operating in South West Africa (Namibia) in 1966.

They appeared in a massive 'Terrorist Act' show trial in Pretoria which lasted from August 1967 to February 1968. The biggest fish in the net was Herman Toivo Ja Toivo, the internationally known leader of the Namibian liberation struggle. He and eight of his men were sentenced to twenty years in jail, and nineteen others were imprisoned for life. South African intelligence men still slap each other on the back when they talk about Mr Ja Toivo, who is serving his sentence in the top security section on Robben Island with Nelson Mandela.

Hans Lombard scored another success in 1963 when he tricked P. K. Leballo in the British Protectorate of Basutoland (now Lesotho). Lombard warned Leballo that he was about to be arrested, so he fled into the mountains leaving his office, the headquarters of the Pan-Africanist Congress,

unprotected. It was raided by (British) police the next morning, and hundreds of PAC documents were found which proved that Leballo had been planning a massive uprising in South Africa. At the time it was alleged that the British authorities had secretly given Pretoria some of these documents so they could crack down on PAC men operating in South Africa, but this allegation is false. Whitehall was innocent of collaborating with the Pretoria regime in this instance.

The truth was that P. K. Leballo had drawn up a secret postal list containing the names and addresses of some 4,000 PAC members in South Africa. Hans Lombard obtained a copy of the list and gave it to South African intelligence. The majority of the people named on the list were merely rank-and-file members of PAC for years; they were hardly all 'underground terrorists' poised to mount a bloody uprising as Leballo had claimed. But that did not matter to Pretoria. A spectacular nationwide swoop was mounted in South Africa, and most of the 4,000 were arrested, beaten or tortured.

The South African government claimed that there had been 15,000 names on that list, but this was a propaganda lie aimed at frightening the White electorate into believing that the security services had smashed a 'bloody Black plot to murder innocent White men, women and children in their beds' etc. The police swoop was traumatic for the PAC and lost it a tremendous amount of support amongst Blacks in South Africa. It also stopped nearly all organized PAC activities inside South Africa for the next fifteen years. Today the PAC has adopted a pro-Peking stance, and Chinese guerrilla warfare experts are training PAC freedom fighters in various parts of the world. White South Africa has not heard the last of the PAC.

Hans Jurgen Lombard had to stop spying in London when British security 'warned him off' in 1966. When I started spying in London, Piet Schoeman told me: 'The

bastards in Whitehall strongly hinted to Hans that he should pack his bags and return to South Africa, as they had heard the PAC had him on their death list.'

Lombard returned and today helps the South African government on a propaganda level. He runs a 'public relations' firm in Johannesburg which is secretly subsidized by Pretoria.*

Michael Morris

Michael Morris, a talented writer and poet, was recruited into Republican Intelligence in December 1963 and assigned to infiltrate the South African Liberal Party led by Mr Alan Paton, the author of the famous book *Cry The Beloved Country*. Within one year Morris managed to become a senior member on the Liberal Party's official journal, *Contact*, and compiled information leading to several White liberals being banned. It was the beginning of the end for the Liberal Party, which was later forced out of existence by a deliberate government campaign of harassment and terror.

In 1966 Morris moved in on the campus of Cape Town University to weed out leftist students and became a key State witness in a trial arising out of student demonstrations in the city.

In early 1973 he was posted to London to spy for BOSS, but he did not last long. I was present when he attended a demonstration held by South African exiles outside the South African Embassy in Trafalgar Square on 14 March. I knew Michael Morris was one of our spies and was intrigued when I saw a young demonstrator steal a photograph of him. I was even more puzzled when I realized that the same demonstrator was trying to steal a picture of me. I made discreet inquiries and discovered that the youngster with the camera was Mr Eric Antony Abraham, a trainee journalist from Cape Town. He put his

* 'Hans Lombard P.R. Consultants', Delbree House, Bree Street, Johannesburg; telephone 23-0526.

picture of Michael Morris to good use by giving it to the British newspaper the *Guardian*. There was no name on the photograph when it was published but, from the angle, I recognized it as the one taken by Eric Abraham.

That one photograph ruined Morris's spying career in Britain, as the Labour MP Mr James Wellbeloved asked the Home Secretary, Mr Robert Carr, to have Morris's activities in Britain investigated. Pretoria immediately transferred Morris back to South Africa, where today, aged thirty-nine, he still works for BOSS in one of its propaganda front organizations known as the 'Terrorist Research Centre' in Cape Town. This research centre is a direct copy of the British 'Institute for the Study of Conflict' but not half as good.

BOSS got its revenge on Eric Abraham when he returned to South Africa two or three years later. Captain Nic Basson of the Cape Town Security Police approached him and asked him to work as a spy. Eric is no slouch. He secretly recorded the offer and gave the tape to a South African newspaper, which immediately published a massive exposé. For that little trick Eric Abraham was banned under the Suppression of Communism Act in November 1976 and placed under house arrest. When further police harassment followed, Eric slipped out of his home late one night and left South Africa illegally. He now lives in exile in Britain.

George Burns-Churchill

One Englishman who worked for BOSS in London and never knew it was Mr George Burns-Churchill, a well-known freelance press photographer. Decorated for bravery in the Second World War, he is not at all politically-minded but rather conservative in his dress and attitudes. On occasions when it would have been suspicious for me to take photographs, I sometimes used George. BOSS allowed me to do this and gave me an allowance to pay him for special assignments.

At one stage in the early 1970s I manipulated George into being voted on to the committee of the London Freelance Branch of the National Union of Journalists when I was its Membership Secretary. BOSS asked me to do this in an attempt to 'balance' the committee, which, at the time, was under attack and infiltration from extreme left-wingers in the union. The left-wingers were dissatisfied with the committee because they felt it was top-heavy with 'Establishment' types.

The most revealing anecdote about George is that in July 1973 he went to take photographs at the offices of Amnesty International for Dr Jossi Anthal, the London correspondent for the Swedish newspaper *Expressen*. Dr Anthal was compiling a story about prisoners being tortured in various countries, and while he was in the Amnesty offices a senior official there, Mr Victor Jokell, placed an electric shock machine on his wrists, saying that it was similar to machines used by the South African police. George took a photograph of the electric shock machine and offered it to me, thinking it would make a nice story for publication in a liberal South African newspaper.

The revealing part of the story is that I later showed the photograph to my handler, Alf Bouwer, and his immediate reaction was to burst into loud laughter. When I asked him what the joke was he said Amnesty were talking rubbish; such machines were certainly not used in South Africa.

Pointing to the machine in the picture he said 'That's just a pencil sharpener with wires attached to it. It wouldn't hurt a fly.'

He became quite indignant and added disdainfully: 'Ours are nothing like that. They have larger batteries, and there's no need to put metal clips on the wrists. Ours have proper electrode points, and the very best way to use them is to splash water on the suspect's lips or testicles beforehand.'

John Rees

As the director of that august body the Institute of Race Relations in Johannesburg, Mr John Rees is one of the most

respected men in South Africa, and I bear him no ill-will at all. I believe he is a good man who disagrees with the policy of apartheid and genuinely wishes to improve Black conditions. But, having said that, I must now disclose the fact that Mr Rees once submitted a secret report to BOSS when he discovered that anti-apartheid activists in Britain were planning to kidnap top South African industrialists such as Mr Harry Oppenheimer, the head of Anglo-American and De Beers, the diamond and gold conglomerates. At the time when John Rees submitted his astonishing report to BOSS he was General Secretary of the South African Council of Churches.

The basic details are that in January 1973 Mr Rees represented the South African Council of Churches at a world congress in Bangkok, Thailand, and then flew to London, where he had confidential talks with leading British churchmen. On 18 January he was approached by a group of seven anti-apartheid activists, including two representatives of 'Counter-Information Services', a body of left-wing academics and journalists in Britain responsible for publishing regular detailed reports of high calibre protesting against exploitation by multi-million-dollar companies in various countries, including South Africa.

During a fifteen-minute talk with Mr Rees in a café near Victoria Station, two of the group said that they intended to kidnap Mr Oppenheimer and other members of his Anglo-American Corporation or Mr Morris Cowley of the International Business Machine (IBM) firm in Johannesburg. The intention, they said, was not to harm these men but to hold them hostage until wages for Blacks in South Africa were improved.

Another member of the group, who called himself 'Joe', said he was heading a project in which Black mine-workers in Malawi would be taught trade union techniques and would then be infiltrated as workers into South African gold mines, where they would agitate amongst other Blacks and demand higher wages and basic human rights. Members of the group told Mr Rees they had lobbied him because they wanted to know if he would act as an information gatherer

for them in South Africa. They offered to place a substantial amount of money in a bank account in his name if he agreed to help.

On his return to South Africa John Rees had personal interviews with Mr Harry Oppenheimer and Mr Morris Cowley and warned them of the kidnap plans being hatched in London. Mr Rees also typed out a lengthy report to BOSS on the whole subject. And that is where I came into the picture. Telling me about the whole matter, BOSS assigned me to mount a full investigation into the Counter-Information Services set-up in London, which I did.

I do not know whether John Rees will admit to warning Harry Oppenheimer and Morris Cowley about the kidnap plot, but he cannot deny submitting a secret report to BOSS. I have a full copy of it — safely stored away in a bank vault.

25 · BOSS INTRIGUES

Pretoria uses anybody who can help on an espionage or propaganda level, whether they are Members of Parliament or postal sorters. One of the MPs who was used as a propaganda tool by BOSS was the Right Honourable Mr Enoch Powell, MBE, particularly after he made his controversial 'rivers of blood' speech and suggested that there should be a voluntary repatriation scheme for those Blacks in Britain who wished to return to their countries of origin. The South African government adores that kind of utterance, as it helps them to mount massive propaganda stories and broadcasts in South Africa 'proving' that other countries have race problems.

I first met Mr Powell on 16 April 1970, when, as a stunt, I took a reporter named Musosa Kazembe to interview him. It was a novel idea because Musosa was a Black from Malawi and Mr Powell had never been interviewed by a Black before; and he had certainly never been photographed shaking hands with one. Mr Powell was not particularly impressed when he was told that the story would be sent to 250 newspapers around the world. He didn't really need publicity, his time was valuable, but he would give us a one-hour interview if we paid him £40. I remember smiling at his explanation:

'Newspapers exist to make money. You want to come and interview me so Forum World Features can make some money. I'm a writer and journalist myself of sorts, so why should I give up my time for you and not receive payment?'

He is the most difficult man I have ever interviewed, there's no doubt about that. If you try to pin him down, he moves extremely fast. Try to plant him with a double-edged question and you end up with mud all over your face. He is remarkably clever, witty, and cuttingly sarcastic, and he

always speaks precisely. He is the kind of man who, if you pour his coffee and ask him whether he takes it black or white, will tell you there's no such thing as white coffee and he'll have it with milk, please. At one stage during the interview I threw a very nasty question at him which was not on the typed list of questions to be read out by Musosa.

'In view of your attitudes on the Black problem in Britain, would you say whether you agree with South Africa's system of apartheid or not?' I asked.

I was sure I had him trapped. If he said he approved of apartheid he would get well and truly trounced when the story was published. If he didn't approve of it, then I would have asked him why he supported the idea of repatriating Blacks from Britain. He replied:

'I don't think that's a fair question. South Africa is five thousand miles from where we are sitting. It's about as far away from my mind as Outer Mongolia, and I know as little about Mongolia as I do about South Africa, but I will say this in answer to your question: why don't you ask me to comment on the political situation in Mongolia and the people who live there or are you not interested in Mongolia?'

He had me there. I knew nothing about Mongolia.

Enoch Powell gave us an excellent interview and then posed as I took several photographs of him shaking hands with Musosa Kazembe. As he showed us to the front door he asked Musosa which country he was from. Malawi, said Musosa.

'It was a most pleasant interview. I enjoyed meeting you. When are you going home?' said Mr Powell.

As I walked along the pavement with Musosa I danced with joy and said that last quote was the headline for our story. Musosa was livid.

'That's twisting what he said and it's twisting what he meant. I'm a Black and I know better than you about discrimination. I liked Enoch Powell and he genuinely liked me. He would never have been rude enough to ask me when I was going home in the sense you mean.'

When we returned to the offices of Forum World Features, Musosa immediately complained to the managing editor, Cecil Eprile, that I wanted to put a slanted headline on the story. Cecil listened to both sides carefully and agreed with me. The headline on the story was 'I Enjoyed Meeting You - When Are You Going Back Home'.* Musosa Kazembe refused to work with me again and cut me dead whenever we met.

On the day after the interview, Enoch Powell sent me a letter saying he would try to fix up a meeting for me with Mr Edward Heath, something I had said I would appreciate. I submitted a full report to BOSS on my interview with Enoch Powell, and they quickly came back at me with a suggestion: I should use Mr Powell to focus attention on the murder in London of Robert Kent.

This case started on the night of 12 December 1969, when six Black South Africans were drinking in the Duke of York pub in Rathbone Street. A fight broke out between the Blacks and five young Whites. One of the Whites, Robert Kent, aged nineteen, was stabbed in the brain and died. There was a good reason why BOSS had a keen interest in this; quite apart from its being a brawl between White and Black, five of the Blacks accused were connected with the African National Congress, whose London headquarters were right next door to the Duke of York pub. BOSS was annoyed that the murder of Robert Kent had not been given headlines in the British press, as it felt that the case should be used as a smear against the African National Congress. I was told to publicize the matter as much as possible in South Africa, and this I did by mounting a splash front-page story in the Black newspaper *Post* and also in the Johannesburg *Sunday Express*.† I experienced quite a lot of trouble gleaning all the necessary facts for these stories, as the London CID refused to give details, saying the matter was *sub judice*. But my London handler, Alf Bouwer, sought the aid of an inspector in the Special

* Forum World Features, article F8/65, week ending 25 April 1970.

† Both stories appeared on 25 January 1970.

Branch at Scotland Yard who was a right-winger, and he gave Alf a detailed backgrounder on the case which was invaluable to me.

I kept my propaganda stories running in South Africa to such a point that when the five Blacks appeared at Marylebone Magistrates' Court in early February, defence lawyer Mr Stephen Sedley complained to the court that my reports were 'practically a trial' of the whole case. His complaint was valid, because many South Africans living in London received regular newspapers from Johannesburg. But it made no difference to me, and when the case came to the Old Bailey I kept cabling lengthy stories off to South African newspapers. BOSS was very disappointed when Fleet Street ignored the Old Bailey hearing, and was also unhappy at the conclusion of the case on 7 July, because, although one of the accused was sentenced to life imprisonment for murdering Robert Kent, only one newspaper in London reported the result next day. Even that was less than two inches in the *Guardian*. What infuriated BOSS most was that the *Guardian* report did not mention the race of the man sentenced to life; BOSS wanted it known in Britain that the man had been a South African Indian and that three of the Blacks convicted with him had been sentenced to six-month jail terms for causing an affray.

BOSS ordered me to think up some way of gaining publicity in Britain by using Mr Enoch Powell. In particular, BOSS wanted it published that the men convicted in the Robert Kent case had all been members of, or closely connected with, the Black ANC movement. It is not an easy thing to manipulate the British press, but I achieved some success by making friends with Mr Charles Kent, the father of the murdered boy. I sat in his home for hours and finally persuaded him to help me by complaining to Enoch Powell. I typed out a detailed letter to Mr Powell and took it to Mr Kent asking him to sign it, and he did so. Anyone reading that letter would at once realize that it could hardly have been written by Mr Charles Kent. It ran to five pages and contained so many carefully itemized facts and inside

details about the African National Congress that it was obviously a letter written by a journalist in close touch with South African affairs. I sent it to Mr Powell along with another letter, signed by me, which gave in-depth details about the history of the ANC, its offices in various parts of the world and its alleged links with the South African Communist Party. Mr Powell was delighted and wrote back saying he was 'most grateful for the data'. In a separate letter to Mr Charles Kent he said he would be putting down a parliamentary question 'in order to enforce some degree of publication' on the murder of Robert Kent as he was aware that such news was 'often suppressed in the British press if it involves coloured persons'.

BOSS, by the way, had pulled another crafty stunt much earlier by having an anonymous letter sent to Enoch Powell telling him about Robert Kent's murder. I found out about this when I showed Enoch Powell's letters to my handler, Alf Bouwer. He said he had been responsible for the anonymous letter. The full impact of Bouwer's letter will never be known, but there is no doubt that it urged Mr Powell to ensure that the Blacks in the race brawl would be brought to court. Proof of this came in the letter Enoch Powell sent to Mr Charles Kent, in which he stated:

'By pure chance, I was aware of your son's death and of the charges, because an anonymous correspondent who had been at his funeral wrote to me in January describing the circumstances briefly, and as a result of this I took the step of confirming with the Commissioner of Police that the charges were being brought.'

After receiving the letters from Mr Charles Kent and myself, Mr Powell leaked a story to the British *Daily Express* that he intended asking the Home Secretary, Mr Reginald Maudling, to expel the three Black ANC members convicted of causing an affray in connection with Robert Kent's death. I know Mr Powell gave this story to the newspaper because on 21 July a reporter named Yolande Brook of the *Daily Express* telephoned me at my home and told me so. Her reason for calling me was that Mr Powell

had given her newspaper a copy of my letter about the ANC, and she wanted to double-check by asking me if I had written it. Although I was perturbed by Enoch Powell's poor sense of security in throwing my letter around without first asking me, I gave Yolande Brook the confirmation she needed, and next day the *Daily Express* published a nine-inch-deep article headlined 'Powell To Ask: Expel these Coloured Men'.*

BOSS licked its lips in anticipation at the thought of interrogating the three ANC members when they were extradited back to South Africa; but fortunately for the three this never happened.

In fairness to Enoch Powell I must stress that I gave him no indication whatsoever that he was being used as a propaganda tool for BOSS.

Another British MP who was used as a tool by BOSS was Mr Harold Soref, the former Conservative MP for Ormskirk and former chairman of the right-wing Monday Club's Africa Committee. Mr Soref, however, was a different kettle of fish from Enoch Powell. BOSS told me he was a 'good friend of the South African government'. Proof of this to a great extent is the fact that Mr Soref once co-authored a book entitled *The Puppeteers*, published by Tandem Books in May 1965. The book gave in-depth details about organizations and people in Britain who opposed the policy of apartheid and the White regimes in Rhodesia and Portugal's African territories. It claimed that most of these organizations had been penetrated by Communists and were the vehicles of Communist aims and objects. Although Mr Soref's book was careful not to express approval of the policy of apartheid as such, it was so welcomed by the South African government that Pretoria bought several hundred copies for distribution among officials in government departments throughout South Africa. In addition all intelligence operatives working for

* 22 July 1970.

South Africa were given copies, and I was handed mine soon after the book was released on the British market.

I used Mr Soref on several occasions, but the most successful was in May 1971, when BOSS told me that the British Anti-Apartheid Movement was secretly planning to bring out a special 'education kit' for distribution to children in British schools. The kit included fact papers strongly attacking the policy of apartheid. BOSS told me to get Mr Soref to agitate against the kit, and I did exactly that. Mr Soref told me he was so shocked at the idea of British schoolchildren being propagandized in this way that he would place the matter before Mrs Margaret Thatcher, then the Secretary of State for Education and Science. I was the first journalist in Britain to write about the education kit, and my story was published prominently in *South Africa*.*

Fifteen months later, in August 1972, when the Anti-Apartheid Movement had issued its education kit, Harold Soref mounted a special press conference in the House of Commons, at which he and Major Patrick Wall, the Tory MP for Haltemprice, strongly attacked the kit. This generated wide publicity in Britain, particularly in the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Daily Mail*.

Mr Soref was friendly with Mr John Biggs-Davison, the Tory MP for Chigwell, and in May 1971, when the British Labour Party decided to collect money for Black 'terrorist' movements in Southern Africa, BOSS told me to use both men to criticize the move. I telephoned Mr Soref and Mr Biggs-Davison, and they were only too happy to give me a story attacking the Labour Party. To give an impression of balance to the story, I also telephoned Labour's Shadow Foreign Secretary, Mr Denis Healey, at his Sussex home. His reaction was quite different when I told him I represented a liberal newspaper in South Africa. He said testily:

'South African newspapers? I do not want to comment'

* Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 16 May 1971, headlined 'Anti-Apartheid Kit for UK Schools Slated'.

on the decision to aid the Black liberation movements if this is what you're after.' He then slammed down the phone.*

I don't know if Mr Healey had any personal knowledge of me, but unlike Mr Soref and Mr Biggs-Davison it took him only seconds to realize that I was a South African propagandist.

My propaganda stories for South Africa were appreciated by Harold Soref to such an extent that he became very friendly with me, and I still have letters from him which ask me to mount pro-South-African or pro-Rhodesian letters in the South African press. In one of these letters, dated November 1976, Mr Soref asked me if the newspaper I was then working on would be interested in buying paper from his firm in London. The newspaper he wished to supply was *The Citizen*, which was widely suspected even then as a propaganda front set up by the South African government.

On one occasion while still in London I actually carried out a 'spy assignment' for Harold Soref. In May 1971 he invited me to attend a bazaar in aid of the Anglo-Zanzibar Society at the Chenil Gallery in King's Road, Chelsea. As Mr Soref addressed the audience a group of Black demonstrators protested outside, and Mr Soref asked me to find out who was leading the demonstration and secretly get a photograph of him. Taking photographs of political protesters can be very tricky, particularly when they do not know you, so I approached the leader of the demo and told him I was a journalist who worked for the Black magazine *Drum*. To prove that I was 'on their side' I invited the demonstrators to join me for a cup of tea inside the bazaar. Their leader was hesitant, but I reassured him that Harold Soref would not dare to criticize me as I was a journalist. The leader of the demos laughed and we all went in for tea. As they were standing at the counter drinking it I slipped over to Harold Soref and suggested that he should throw

* Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 23 May 1971, headlined 'Tories Slam Terror Decision'.

the demos out. Storming over to the counter he asked them to leave, and when they pointed to their unfinished cups of tea he moved the cups away from them and refunded their money. As the demos shuffled out of the bazaar, I told them I would write a story giving Harold Soref a pasting for his petty-minded behaviour; and would they mind if I took photographs of them to illustrate my story? The demo leader fell for it and happily posed for pictures alongside all his men. They also gave me their names and addresses.

The leader of the demos was Mr Mwadini Haji, who was the Social and Co-ordinating Secretary of the Tanzanian Students' Association. One of the photographs I had taken of him showed that in his left hand was a copy of *The Comrade*, which later investigation showed was the journal of the Tanzanian Students' Association. Returning inside the bazaar I gave Harold Soref all the names and addresses of the demonstrators and said I would let him have their photographs later. Mr Soref was overjoyed by my trickery.

Another BOSS propaganda exercise was mounted in British newspapers in early June when Mr John Hipkin of the 'Humanities Project' gave me advance news that he was editing material for a 'race kit' to be sold to British schools. The kit included posters, photographs, tape recordings of a controversial nature such as Enoch Powell's 'rivers of blood' speech and a photograph of a White mob lynching Negroes in America. BOSS did not want me to use Enoch Powell or Harold Soref as fronts for this story, and suggested I use someone else. The man was Lionel Morrison, a Black political refugee from South Africa who at the time freelanced for various newspapers in Fleet Street. Today he has a senior position in the Commission for Racial Equality in London. Using Lionel as an innocent cut-out, I gave the story to him as an exclusive, and he passed it on to the *Sunday Telegraph*, which ran a balanced story on the subject.* Over the next six months regular articles appeared in other newspapers, and the subject became such a con-

* 27 June 1971.

troversial one that in January 1972 the Schools Council announced it had decided not to approve circulation of the race kit in British schools. BOSS was delighted with that result.

In 1973 H. J. van den Bergh instructed me to help in promoting the top-secret South African propaganda front the 'Club of Ten', which was set up in Britain with Mr Gerald Sparrow at its head. Mr Sparrow, then aged seventy-five, was born in Buxton, Derbyshire, educated at Sherborne School and Cambridge University, where he was president of the Students' Union. Taking up law, he practised at the Bar in Manchester for five years before being appointed legal adviser to the Minister of Justice in Bangkok, Thailand. On 6 December 1941 he was arrested by the Japanese while presiding over a case in the Bangkok High Court and spent the next four years in a Japanese POW camp barely the size of six tennis courts yet housing 400. After his release in September 1945 he again took up law for eight years and then returned to Britain, ostensibly to retire, although after three weeks he was utterly bored and started writing a book entitled *The Great Swindlers*.

Gerald Sparrow is a fascinating man who knows much about many varied subjects, and his writing career prospered when he wrote a series of books on great spies, great traitors and great judges. Then his writing calibre weakened when he turned his hand to writing sponsored books on tourism. I say 'weakened' because professional journalists tend to distrust this kind of book and the men who write them, as they usually give only a glowing account of the country in question. There is a good reason for this. Many countries agree to subsidize the printing costs with a hefty donation, so the author is hardly in a position to criticize the conditions in the country he is writing about.

That is how Judge Gerald Sparrow fell into welcoming arms when he visited South Africa in February 1972. He met Dr Eschel Rhoodie, who was then the assistant editor of *To The Point*, an English-language magazine secretly

set up and financed by the South African government as a propaganda vehicle. Dr Rhoodie took Gerald Sparrow by the hand and led him to Dr Connie Mulder, then the Minister of Information. When Mr Sparrow said he was a former Judge of the International Court and intended writing a tourist guide to South Africa, Dr Mulder said the South African government would buy the first 750 copies of the book if it was written in an 'unbiased fashion'.

Mr Sparrow was most probably unbiased when he sat on the bench in Bangkok's High Court, but when he wrote about South Africa it was a different matter. On page 14 of his book *Invitation to South Africa* he stated: 'The word apartheid is much used in the western press to describe the separation of the races in South Africa. The visitor may not even notice it.'

No wonder then that when Dr Eschel Rhoodie conceived the Club of Ten scheme to place costly advertisements in various prestige newspapers overseas, in order to defend South Africa's apartheid policies, he chose Gerald Sparrow as his front man. As Dr Rhoodie put it, 'The Club will rout the Reds and lambast those loud-mouth liberals overseas who claim South Africa's a police state.' Dr Rhoodie's crafty Club of Ten idea was one of the reasons leading to his appointment as Secretary of the Information Department in September 1972. But he had talent also. He was a vibrant workaholic, brimming over with brilliant propaganda schemes, and, best of all, he knew what journalism was all about. To have Gerald Sparrow as a respectable front seemed a marvellous idea. He was an educated Englishman of impeccable background, a former judge and a successful author. Even better, he was married to a 'non-White' woman from Thailand. Her name was Chaluey, meaning 'Small White Lotus Flower', which caused her to be nicknamed Lily. Dr Rhoodie reasoned that a dark-complexioned wife might help to stop the leftists and liberals overseas suggesting that Gerald Sparrow was a propaganda front for apartheid.

And so the Club of Ten was set up in London, where it

first operated through an accommodation address. Keeping his identity secret at the start, Mr Sparrow placed his first advertisement in the British *Times* on 28 July 1973. It cost him £1,400 for a half page. The advert caused a sensation and a lot of suspicion. It was headed 'Does Britain Have A Conscience?' and was basically an attack against Mr Adam Raphael, a journalist on the *Guardian* who had exposed starvation wages paid to Black workers employed by British firms in South Africa.

I was the first journalist to interview Gerald Sparrow in connection with his Club of Ten. It was on 6 August 1973 at London's National Liberal Club, where we had tea and a long chat. At that time I doubt if he knew I was a BOSS agent slipped in to double-check his loyalty and also to help to publicize his propaganda front. But I have always wondered who assured him I could be trusted. Someone must have done so, because Mr Sparrow definitely did not give interviews to any journalists from any country at that time, and it would have been lunacy for him to trust me unrecommended, as he knew quite well I had been deported from South Africa. Apart from that he also knew that I was a very odd character; proof of this comes in an autographed copy of one of his books which he gave me in the privacy of his Brighton home six months after our first meeting. The title of the book was *Gang Warfare*, and on page 1 Mr Sparrow wrote 'To Gordon Winter, The Expert . . .' I realized it was a gentle dig but didn't mind. I knew the joke would be appreciated by my friends in the British underworld, as, when I showed them the book, they could see from the front cover that the author was, after all, a judge!

As requested by BOSS, I bombarded the South African public with regular and glowing accounts of the Club of Ten. Knowing the truth, I was able to explain to readers that the Club was run by a mysterious 'Mr X' whose identity was known only to Mr Sparrow and myself. My arrogance and conceit were such that in the fifth major story to South Africa I stated that I was the only reporter

in the world to have interviewed Mr X, and added 'All other newspapers, including the mass-circulation Fleet Street ones, have to obtain their information from Judge Gerald Sparrow.* It was not only conceited but rash. When the bubble burst later and the South African government was revealed as 'Mr X', South Africa's liberal press could have made me whipping boy number one if they had checked through back files. But surprisingly nobody did.

When the Club of Ten was first formed, Pretoria covered its tracks well. Huge amounts of money were paid into a special account at Coutts Bank in Park Lane, Mayfair, by Vlok Delport, who worked as the Chief Information Officer at the South African Embassy in Trafalgar Square. Gerald Sparrow used this money to place whole-page pro-South-Africa advertisements in newspapers in America, Australia, West Germany, Holland, New Zealand, Scandinavia and Canada and in various journals on the Continent. To my knowledge the amount spent worldwide easily exceeded £500,000.

When the British press started investigating the Club of Ten the South African government shrugged its shoulders and professed to know nothing about it; but Gerald Sparrow, who was proud of being an Englishman, lost his cool when a Fleet Street journalist started hinting that he was a traitor to his country and a secret agent in the pay of a foreign power. He must have realized the big heat was coming when Labour MP Leslie Huckfield tabled a question about the Club of Ten in the House of Commons in June 1974. He wanted to know whether the Club's activities were known to the Foreign Office and, if so, were they undesirable or sinister? Mr Sparrow panicked and rushed to the South African Embassy, asking them what he should do. Pretoria wasted no time in letting him have the names of four millionaires whom they alleged to be the financial backers of the Club. The idea was that they were simply individuals who wished to put South Africa's point

* Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 17 February 1974.

of view across to the world and had absolutely no connection with the South African government.

This apparently satisfied Mr Sparrow, who ran to Joan Lestor, then the Labour MP responsible for African affairs, and gave her the four names to prove he was not a secret propaganda agent working for the South African government. To make it look good, the head of BOSS, General H. J. van den Bergh, got an old friend of his to fly to London and call a press conference where he announced he was one of the founder members of the Club of Ten. The man was Mr Lampie Nichas, a multi-millionaire farmer of Greek extraction who owns nine groups of farms totalling some 30,000 hectares and is known in South Africa as the 'Potato King'.

At his press conference in London in August 1974 Mr Nichas was photographed handing Mr Sparrow a cheque for £30,000 to be used in mounting a quarterly journal for the Club of Ten entitled *The Phoenix*. This would continue to put South Africa's point of view over in Britain and would be sent free to all Members of Parliament and the editors of major newspapers in Britain. But Lampie Nichas was inadequate as a front, and the pressure on Gerald Sparrow became so intense that he finally confessed to running the Club of Ten for the South African Information Department. And that was when BOSS let me off the leash to give Mr Sparrow a mauling.

The order came from H. J. van den Bergh, who introduced me to Lampie Nichas. I spent a full-day interviewing Mr Nichas. It was the first in-depth interview he had given to any journalist, and during it he gave me a pack of lies to write in a massive attack on Mr Sparrow.* The story covered sixty-six inches over a page, and when it was published Gerald Sparrow did not look for revenge. Speaking to me by telephone, he said 'In view of our past relationship I can only say I am deeply disappointed that you are now publishing lies about me which have been fed to you by the

* *The Citizen*, 28 June 1978.

South African government. And they are lies which you, of all people, know to be grossly untrue.'

I didn't feel bad about it. I saw Gerald Sparrow as a man who had enjoyed the salad days but when indigestion came had not wanted to take his medicine. As such he was a traitor to the cause. How wrong I was. But I did not understand then that Gerald Sparrow had an even more valid reason for exposing the South African government. It was the golden brown colour of his wife's skin. When he took her with him on his last trip to South Africa, Pretoria graciously awarded her 'Honorary White' status so she could share a bed with her White husband in a White hotel. Chaluey Sparrow loathed that kind of hypocrisy and worked on her husband until eventually he cracked.

It may seem misguided, but I feel I owe Gerald Sparrow and his wife an apology of sorts. I give it to them in the form of a short story and I hope they appreciate it.

The Fake Commission of Inquiry

The most scandalous aspect of the whole Club of Ten saga came when South Africa's now notorious Information Scandal started boiling over and the government instituted a special Commission of Inquiry. It was called the Kemp Commission and the man who headed it was totally unknown to the South African public or its press. Many political observers suspected that the purpose of the Kemp Commission was twofold: to give government breathing space to erect its defence and to quell the mounting anger of the opposition press. What they did not know was that the Kemp Commission was headed by my old friend and spy handler Jack 'Koos' Kemp, the head of South Africa's ultra-secret Counter-Intelligence Unit based at BOSS headquarters in Pretoria. Even worse, Jack Kemp had been selected to head his Commission of Inquiry by General H. J. van den Bergh, in collusion with Dr Eschel Rhoodie and Dr Connie Mulder, the Minister of Information. In a

nutshell it was BOSS being instructed to investigate illegal activities committed by BOSS.

At the time Jack Kemp and I were like brothers. We had worked on secret assignments together for fourteen years. I admired him and he trusted me implicitly. No wonder then that on 11 September, 1978, he telephoned me and asked me to leak the fact that five millionaires would be having dinner in a private room at Johannesburg's luxury Tollman Towers Hotel that night. The idea was that I should arrange for journalists from the hated English-language liberal press to rush into the private room and catch the five men having dinner with Mr Don Boddie, who had succeeded Gerald Sparrow as leader of the Club of Ten in Britain. Mr Boddie is a former editor of the London *Evening News*, and as far as I know was not aware of Kemp's plot. Confronted by the liberal journalists the millionaires would then have confessed to being the real backers behind the Club of Ten, and this, Jack Kemp hoped, would convincingly swerve attention away from the fact that the Club of Ten was a government enterprise illegally financed by taxpayers' money.

At Jack Kemp's suggestion I leaked the news to an innocent journalist on the Johannesburg *Star* that Mr Don Boddie was secretly in South Africa and later that evening would be having a top-level pow-wow dinner with his equally secret millionaire financers in the private Van Riebeeck Room at the Tollman Towers Hotel. The *Star* wasted no time, quickly interviewed Mr Boddie and next morning ran a story about his visit to South Africa.* But something went wrong with the late-night confrontation planned by the *Star* at Mr Boddie's dinner, and its reporters failed to turn up at the time arranged.

The next day Jack Kemp telephoned me to complain bitterly that I had not done my disinformation job properly. He added that General van den Bergh had been worried when my part of the plan had not been carried out. I apologized profusely, explaining that I had done my best.

* 12 September 1978.

and asked if he wanted me to move in on the subject by writing a story myself. Kemp said this was not necessary as such a story had already been arranged. And so it had. In *The Citizen* the next day an article appeared in which the five millionaires had agreed to 'unmask' themselves as the secret backers of the Club of Ten. As it happens, the whole intrigue failed in the end and the truth about the Club of Ten and other secret fronts, including the illegal funding by government of the newspaper *The Citizen* to the tune of over £20 million, caused the downfall and disgrace of State President John Vorster, General H. J. van den Bergh, Dr Eschel Rhoadie and Dr Connie Mulder.

My disclosure about Jack Kemp is a perfect example of how BOSS and the South African government employ any tactic, even a fake Commission of Inquiry, to deceive the South African public and the world.

In the British context Jack Kemp's call to me was like an Old Bailey judge telephoning a witness to pervert the course of justice in a trial over which he was presiding. Kemp cannot deny these facts, as I taped both his telephone calls to me in full and his voice has been authenticated by reputable sources in both London and Johannesburg.

I knew the South African government would try to deny my disclosure of the Kemp Commission fakery and that is why, during a secret two-day meeting in Ireland in 1980, I handed the Jack Kemp tapes to the one man I trust above all others in South Africa. He is Mr Allister Sparks, the award-winning editor in chief of South Africa's courageous liberal newspaper the *Rand Daily Mail*.

Armed with the tapes, Allister Sparks returned to South Africa and mounted a lengthy investigation. Four months later the *Rand Daily Mail* splashed the story across its front page (22 October 1980).

When the *Rand Daily Mail* asked General Kemp to explain why he had assigned me to thwart justice he replied: 'I am afraid I cannot comment. I am not entitled to. It might or it might not have happened, but I am afraid I am not going to comment.'

The fake Commission of Inquiry trick was first used by the South African government as far back as 1964, when public indignation was mounting about the secret activities of the notorious and sinister Afrikaans Broederbond (Bond of Brothers).

On 9 June 1964 the South African Premier Dr Hendrik Verwoerd announced in parliament that a one-man Commission of Inquiry, under Appeal Judge D. H. Botha, would investigate the Bond and similar 'secret organizations'.

The Bond willingly agreed to give evidence to the inquiry — which was held *in camera* — and it came out of the whole thing unscathed. What the South African public did not know about the inquiry was that Dr Verwoerd, the man who set it up, was himself a secret and top Broederbond member.

Even more disgraceful, the two key men who helped the Honourable Judge Botha with the day-to-day running of the inquiry were also secret and high-ranking members of the Bond. They were Mr J. P. J. Coetzer, who led all the evidence before the Commission of Inquiry, and Mr C. M. van Niekerk, who acted as the secretary for the inquiry. Both men held senior positions in the South African Department of Justice.

I do not know whether Judge Botha was a member of the Broederbond or not, but the above facts prove quite clearly that the Commission of Inquiry was, at all times, well and truly nobbled. No wonder the Broederbond was exonerated.

The stories I have related about Enoch Powell, Harold Soref, Judge Gerald Sparrow, his Club of Ten, and the Kemp and Broederbond Commissions of Inquiry, illustrate how much Pretoria worries about what appears in newspapers and the extraordinary amount of time, effort and money they spend on the subject. Apart from the fact that Pretoria uses press clipping agencies to monitor newspapers, particularly in Britain and America, they also have several small British newspapers on what is known as the 'hate list'. I was told to keep a special eye on some. Amongst

these were the *Catholic Herald*, the *Kensington Post*, *Tribune* and the *Hemel Hempstead Echo*. These journals had a special dislike of apartheid and regularly published articles giving it a hiding. But one small newspaper can take pride that BOSS men at the South African Embassy in London read every word of it. This was the *Hampstead and Highgate Express*, known as the 'Ham and High', which circulates in an area where many top British liberals, and South African exiles, reside.

When I first arrived in London, Pretoria thought it would be a good idea for me to get a job on that newspaper. I went for an interview with Mr Gerald Isaaman in early 1967, when he was deputy editor of the newspaper. I know I flopped badly, and Mr Isaaman instinctively knew there was something odd about me. He did not say anything, but I could tell from his eyes. A few weeks later Pretoria told me that after I had seen Mr Isaaman he had spoken to Gerhard Cohn, who ran a camera shop named 'Photocraft' in Heath Street, near the Ham and High office. I was told that when Mr Isaaman had mentioned my name Mr Cohn had described me as 'a suspicious character'. Gerhard Cohn had left South Africa in the mid-1960s, and his wife Gertrude was banned under the Suppression of Communism Act when she lived in Johannesburg.

As a matter of routine BOSS monitors all Letters to the Editor columns in British newspapers. They are looking for any letter which mentions South Africa or is written by any South African listed on their political files. It is quite surprising how much they can glean from such letters. I remember one tiny mention in a small Irish paper which I would have overlooked, as there seemed to be nothing political in it at all. But one of the eagle-eyed desk men at BOSS headquarters in Pretoria spotted that a Black woman from South Africa had settled in a small village near Cork and that she was 'very impressed' by the local school her children attended.

The matter was followed up by a South African agent then based in Dublin, and he discovered that the Black

woman was living with a White political exile from Johannesburg. Pretoria discovered that the White man was writing letters to a cover address in Cape Town. His letters were intercepted when they reached Cape Town, an alleged Communist cell was smashed as a result, and several men went to jail. From small acorns big oak trees grow.

BOSS is so cunning that it even monitors letters in overseas newspapers which praise South Africa. This may sound silly, but, as H. J. van den Bergh said, 'We'd be stupid if we didn't.' What he was looking for were people who might be of some use to South African intelligence. If the pro-South-Africa letter writers worked in a government department in Britain they might be put to good use. I personally vetted some of these pro-South-Africa types.

Another newspaper which is top priority on Pretoria's hate list is the *Anti-Apartheid News*, which often contains astonishingly useful clues. BOSS claims the British Anti-Apartheid Movement is a Moscow front organization which exists not only to create hatred for South Africa but also as a fund-raising vehicle for other Communist fronts in Britain. The Anti-Apartheid office in London's Charlotte Street has long been a prime target for BOSS infiltration and at one stage this was relatively easy, as the movement regularly took on voluntary workers. At least six youngsters were sent to infiltrate the AAM during the time I spied in London. But they were quickly spotted as spies. A regular lament of my BOSS handler, Alf Bouwer, was 'They've caught our latest man at Charlotte Street...' Mrs Ethel de Keyser, then the AAM Secretary, regularly set traps for new arrivals at her office and personally unmasked at least four of them and sent them packing. As far as I know, her victories were never publicized. I could never quite understand that.

The Anti-Apartheid Movement has a wide network of groups operating in schools and universities all over Britain, which BOSS maintains is a ploy to 'brainwash British youth.' For that and other reasons, H. J. van den Bergh had

spies planted at various universities in the UK. Student spies do not have to be South Africans, though some obviously are. I know that a few youngsters from Germany agreed to spy, as did some Britons. BOSS does its homework on these students and in cases where it is clear that, although right-wing in their attitudes, they might refuse to spy for apartheid, they are recruited under the false-flag system. It is quite simple. A German student can think he is working for German intelligence and a Briton for Britain. In 1970 BOSS had a senior spy-master operating in London. He recruited Americans, particularly Black American draft-dodgers or Blacks who had defected from the American forces because they were unhappy about the war in Vietnam. They worked for BOSS but thought they had been recruited by the CIA's African Section. These false-flag spies often submitted vitriolic comments about apartheid in their reports, but H. J. van den Bergh did not mind. They were good spies for Pretoria because the leftists and liberals they were spying on in Britain could never guess they were agents for South Africa.

The spies on campus start off getting a proportion of their accommodation and living costs paid by BOSS. If they do well, everything is paid for, plus a good wage. Spying in British universities is not a difficult task, as it is mainly a matter of observation and research. The main thing the spy students look for is a 'South African connection'. Any left-winger, whatever his nationality, who has a friend or relative in or from South Africa is immediately befriended or watched. BOSS wants a list of all his politically-inclined friends on campus and their home addresses, plus the addresses of any contacts in South Africa. It may sound very time-consuming but the desk men at BOSS headquarters are ruthlessly efficient, and delight in applying themselves to small detail. Again, I quote H. J. van den Bergh's favourite saying: 'They'd be stupid if they didn't.' What they were looking for was 'cover addresses' being used by the campus leftists inside or outside South Africa. All addresses are placed on

Pretoria's suspect list and monitored whenever possible. From these BOSS gleans much valuable information, particularly when left-wing members of Britain's National Union of Students (NUS) write to like-minded members of the National Union of South African Students (NUSAS).

The information BOSS picks up is not always of a political nature. In 1973 or 1974 a letter was intercepted when it was sent through a known cover address in South Africa used by a left-wing student in Britain. The letter itself was not important, but the two small sheets of blotting paper enclosed with it were mind-blowing. Chemical tests showed that the hallucinatory drug LSD had been absorbed into the blotting paper. The South African students paid for the LSD by posting back easily obtainable dagga (marijuana) seeds to their friends in Britain. The students in Britain had a friend who worked as a gardener on the Scottish estate of a titled man. The gardener planted the dagga seeds in large greenhouses used for his lordship's rare collection of orchids and other hothouse plants. The LSD-taking South African students were trapped by the Drugs Squad in Pretoria and Johannesburg. At least one was jailed, but one was not. He was persuaded by BOSS to leave South Africa and continue his studies in Britain. The deal was that he would not be prosecuted, thus bringing shame to his prominent parents, if he agreed to spy for BOSS on a British campus. He agreed.

Pretoria had the occasional spy on campus at British universities in the mid-1960s, but the real build-up came in 1969 when BOSS was officially formed. In that year my London handler started giving me regular information about suspect students on campus. He did this in case I knew the student or any of his friends. I obviously could not remember all the names given to me over the years, so I kept short memory-jogging notes on them in my private files at home, and I still have all those names. If some bright young British student would like to write a thesis on the subject, with the aim of finding out what bad things happened to those students then, or in later years, I will gladly

give him all the names. I did not always find out why a student had been placed on BOSS's suspect list, but often he or she had been involved in some sort of protest about South Africa, Rhodesia or the former Portuguese African territories such as Mozambique and Angola. BOSS passed on its knowledge of these students to those countries; in those days South Africa, Portugal and Rhodesia pooled most of their intelligence information, because an enemy of one was normally an enemy of the others.

BOSS had at least three spies at Cambridge University in 1976, two of whom were active in the African Society which operated on campus and had about 300 members. I could always tell when BOSS knew very little about a suspect student on campus as my handler would only give me 'file data' such as date of birth, and perhaps addresses. There would be no personality background. But when BOSS had an agent close to the suspect, a good indication of his personality, likes and dislikes would be added to the backgrounder I was given. For instance, in December 1972, when I was sent the name of Bob Hepple, then a law lecturer at Cambridge, it was clear that BOSS had someone close to him and that all the background information was less than six weeks old. I knew Mr Hepple was a political refugee from South Africa, as in 1963 H. J. van den Bergh had told me to mount a smear alleging that he had been a Security Police informer. I did so, but it was an outright lie.

BOSS spies acted on campus at Oxford University in 1971, and a very good one worked there as recently as 1978. Leeds University is the most hated by BOSS, as a long list of South African political figures including Nelson Mandela, Bram Fischer and Dennis Brutus have been voted honorary vice-presidents by students on that campus over the last fifteen years. I am quite sure BOSS will have spies there even today. At one stage Pretoria hired a firm of private detectives to spy on students at Reading University.

Pretoria was also interested in Kent University at Canterbury:

Message to agent R017 from BOSS (exact date not known):

‘BLOOM, Harry, author of “Episode” and a named Communist in SA who writes on law for the British Times and Sunday Times. London address 13 Frogmal Road, Hampstead, London. Query: Is he connected with Freda Goldblatt of 29a Frogmal, London NW3? He is lecturing in law at Kent University, Canterbury. Query: What connection does he have, if any, with Dan Mokonyane, a Black lecturer there? Mokonyane’s address is: 152 Windcheap, Canterbury, Kent. Ends Message.’

Exeter University also came under scrutiny:

Message to agent R017 from BOSS (September 1969):

‘MERVYN Bennun, an old customer of ours. Now a lecturer at the Faculty of Law, Exeter University, Gandy Street, Exeter. We have information he agitated students on campus to demonstrate against the Springbok Rugby tour of UK. Bennun is a leading light in the Exeter Anti-Apartheid Committee. Home address: Connells, Nadderwater, Exeter EX4 2LD. Phone Longdown 384. Ends message.’

Pretoria was active at Sussex University, the first spy being sent there at a time when Peter Bunting was chairman of the Anti-Apartheid group on that campus. Peter is the son of Brian and Sonia Bunting.

Excerpt from secret BOSS files (1974):

‘BUNTING, Brian Percy. Adult White Jewish Male born Johannesburg 9/4/1920, the son of Sidney Percival Bunting (former leader of the South African Communist Party who died 1936) and Rebecca Bunting, also a founder member of the SACP who was born Natlovitz and died in London 1970. Brian Percy Bunting worked as a reporter on the Rand Daily Mail until World War Two when he served as lieutenant. Returning to SA joined staff

of official SACP organ “The Guardian” becoming editor 1948. Elected Member of Parliament (Bantu Representative Western Cape) in 1952 until 1953 when unseated after being named as Communist. Banned under Suppression of Communism Act 1962 and served with house arrest order. Fled to Britain 1963, elected Central Committee member of SACP “in exile.” Author of “Rise of the South African Reich” (Penguin, 1969) and now writes for Russian news agency TASS in London. Wife Sonia Beryl Bunting (born Isaacman 1924), also listed Communist who first joined SACP aged 18. Now works in senior advisory capacity for Anti-Apartheid Movement and Canon Collins’ International Defence and Aid Fund in London, where she liaises with veteran SACP member Rica Hodgson. The Buntins have three children and live at: 32 Oakshott Avenue, London N6. Telephone: 340-7516.’

The London School of Economics is the most important seat of learning in London when it comes to BOSS spies. A South African agent was active there as far back as 1967 and was closely connected with and spying on Mr Ronnie Kasrils and his friends. Ronnie Kasrils, now aged forty, fled from South Africa in 1963 and so did his wife, Eleanor Kasrils, née Anderson, who was born in Scotland. Eleanor Kasrils escaped from police custody after feigning a mental breakdown caused by interrogation and managed to smuggle herself out of South Africa illegally. Ronnie Kasrils is rated by Pretoria as ‘one of the 30 most dangerous South African political figures in Britain today’. BOSS constantly mounts smear stories in the South African press claiming that Mr Kasrils is a member of the South African Communist Party who helps to train Black guerrillas to be sent to South Africa for sabotage purposes. BOSS claims that Mr Kasrils works closely with Mr Joe Slovo, ‘who is the guerrilla warfare expert for South African Communist Party based in Maputo, Mozambique, and a Colonel in the KGB’. From time to time I put little snippets of information

together which raised suspicions in my mind that certain students on campuses were spying for South Africa, but to name them here would be unfair, as some could be completely innocent.

BOSS is not interested only in leftists in Britain. In the early 1970s I was assigned to compile an in-depth dossier on all right-wing groups in the UK, particularly those which criticized Blacks being allowed to settle in Britain. My job was to find the figureheads in each movement and how many genuine members were on its books. (Pretoria warned me that most of them lied about their membership strength.)

I spent several months compiling this dossier, which contained various pamphlets, publications and all addresses and telephone numbers. Much later I discovered the reason for my probe. A senior BOSS operative told me that Pretoria intended helping certain right-wing movements in Britain by sluicing secret cash funds to them. The point to remember here is that anything which might 'confirm' the South African government's views that race is a problem, and that countries other than South Africa have difficulties with their Black citizens, can be sure of getting covert support from Pretoria in one form or another.

One of Pretoria's best-kept secrets is that BOSS had, and I am sure still has, people working for it in main post office sorting sections in London. The amount of information obtained through these men is phenomenal, and South African exiles in London can blame themselves for unwittingly causing the whole thing in the first place.

It all started way back in early 1965, when a Black South African exile took a part-time job as a postal sorter at a main sorting section in London. He had got the job because the British post office employs extra workers during the heavy Christmas and New Year periods. As he sorted through letters, he handled many going to South Africa, and this gave him an idea. Why not stick anti-apartheid labels on all the letters addressed to South Africa? When he placed his plan before the British Anti-Apartheid Move-

ment they approved it, and a large number of stickers were printed by Columbia Printers of Holborn, London WC1. The message on them was simply 'Release South African Political Prisoners'.

Pretoria was furious when hundreds of letters bearing these propaganda stickers arrived in various parts of South Africa. I was told all about this by H. J. van den Bergh, who said I could write a story about it. And I did.* He mentioned something else, saying I should not write about it. Pretoria had quietly complained to Whitehall, and the matter had been passed on to the British post office, which took a very dim view of its mail being tampered with by anybody for whatever reason. An investigation was mounted in the relevant sorting section in London, and when the culprit was discovered he was reprimanded or sacked. H. J. van den Bergh was quite pleased about that, but he was niggled by the reaction he received through diplomatic channels, which said Whitehall thought the whole incident was 'rather amusing, old chap'.

HJ told me that this had given him the idea of getting his own back. He was going to assign one of his men to work as a postal sorter in London during the next Christmas rush period. He did, and the man had such fantastic success that the plan was extended to the point where a small group of right-wing Londoners, working as full-time sorters, were paid to intercept 'Communist and liberal letters'. In the beginning HJ was not so much bothered about intercepting letters to and from South Africa. What he wanted was access to mail sent from other countries, or inside Britain itself, to certain 'target' addresses in London, such as the African National Congress, Canon Collins' Defence and Aid Fund and the Anti-Apartheid Movement.

The plot ran smoothly and as far as I know there was only one serious slip-up. This came in the early 1970s, when the South African government appointed the Commission of Inquiry into the National Union of South African Students (NUSAS), and four members of BOSS gave secret

* Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 7 March 1965.

evidence before that Commission. One of them was Pieter Swanepoel, the head of BOSS's 'White Suspects' division. He handed the Commission many photocopies of letters which had been intercepted for BOSS by the South African postal authorities *inside* South Africa. But Swanepoel made a bad mistake. He had not noticed that one of the letters had been posted from the offices of the World University Service in Geneva to the Anti-Apartheid Movement in London. His error was not picked up until the Commission published its final report on NUSAS* and the letter was there for all the world to see. But nobody grasped the full significance of it, so H.J.'s postal sorters in London carried on their clandestine work.

In addition to obvious 'political' addresses in London the postal sorters were also asked to keep their eyes open for letters going to South African Associated Newspapers and the South African Argus Group, which both have offices in Fleet Street where several South African journalists are based. Monitoring such people proved to be a veritable treasure chest for BOSS. In January 1973 a journalist named Patrick Laurence, who was then working for the Johannesburg *Star*, managed to obtain a secret interview with Robert Mangaliso Sobukwe, the banned leader of the Pan-Africanist Congress. Being security-conscious, Patrick posted the story to a colleague of his named John Cundill who worked at the *Star*'s office in Fleet Street and asked him to pass it on to Mr Colin Legum of the *Observer* newspaper. But the letter never arrived at the *Star*'s office; it was intercepted by one of BOSS's postal sorter friends in London and given to Alf Bouwer, my handler at the South African Embassy.

Under South Africa's Suppression of Communism Act it is a serious offence to quote a banned person such as Robert Sobukwe, and in his story for the *Observer* Patrick Laurence had quoted Mr Sobukwe several times. Realizing that a photostat of the story might not be sufficient to have Laurence convicted, Alf Bouwer posted the original letter

* The Schlebusch Commission Report (RP/33 of 1974).

back to the South African police. He then telephoned Johan Coetzee in Pretoria to tell him the letter was on its way. Coetzee, as I have mentioned earlier, was once my handler in Johannesburg and is today the head of the South African Security Police.

To deflect suspicion away from our postal sorters in London, Johan Coetzee waited until the letter arrived and then took it along to Patrick Laurence indicating that it had been returned by an anonymous person in the *Star*'s London office. At the same time I was told to leak a rumour amongst South African journalists in London that one of the reporters working in the *Star*'s London office was a BOSS agent who had seen Patrick Laurence's letter arrive and had taken it from John Cundill's desk before he arrived for work that morning. There was no BOSS agent working in the *Star*'s London office, but this rumour certainly started a spy scare there at the time.

Patrick Laurence was brought to court and found guilty of communicating the quotes of a banned man by post with the intention of getting them published in the *Observer*. He received an eighteen-month jail term suspended for three years. Back in London, in August 1973, Labour MP Mr James Wellbeloved was so mystified by this case that he asked the British government to investigate whether BOSS agents had intercepted the letter in the *Star*'s London office. Mr Wellbeloved and Mr Laurence now know the answer to that mystery.

During the years I spied for South Africa in Britain my handlers regularly showed me photostats of letters posted in London to other addresses in London. On one occasion my handler, Piet Schoeman, handed me a photostat of a letter which was pinned to a photocopy of the envelope in which it had been posted. I read the envelope first and immediately said 'This was written by Dennis Brutus. I recognize his handwriting.'

The letter had been sent by Dennis Brutus to Mrs Rita Hodgson at the Defence and Aid office in Newgate Street. In it Dennis mentioned his anti-South-African sports

group SANROC, and said he would be sending Mrs Hodgson a copy of the minutes of some meeting. He also said he couldn't understand why a previous letter he had sent to Mrs Hodgson, containing a copy of the minutes of the meeting in question, had not arrived. He said something about its possibly 'going astray in the post'.

Piet Schoeman explained that he had spilt black coffee all over the letter as he was opening it at his desk in the South African Embassy and had therefore been unable to post it on.

I asked Piet how he managed to open the envelopes of such letters without leaving a trace. Did he steam them open with a boiling kettle, or did he use a long 'spinning needle' device which, when inserted into the tiny crack at the top of the envelope, spun the letter up so tightly that it could be withdrawn? Piet laughed and said such tricks were old hat. No, the latest method, he explained, had been picked up from German intelligence, who used a special glue-dissolving chemical to open sealed envelopes. For some reason this chemical could only be used on ivory, so Piet had gone searching round junk shops in London until he found a wafer-thin ivory letter-opener. He apparently had another chemical which reconstituted the glue on the flap of the envelope, so that it could be sealed again without give-away marks.

On another occasion Piet Schoeman showed me a different letter posted in London by Dennis Brutus to Mrs Rica Hodgson or Mrs Sonia Bunting at a central London address. In this letter was a list giving the names and full addresses of 103 delegates from all over the world who had been at some kind of congress attended by 'left-wing' leaders of student unions. Piet gave me a photocopy of that list which I still have.

Piet explained how his agents in the post office managed to pass letters on to him. These agents had to be extremely careful when stealing letters, as the British post office has a very efficient group of highly trained security men who often spy on workers in sorting areas by infiltrating a man into

their section or sometimes even by watching them secretly through holes in glazed windows or one-way mirrors. This security squad exists mainly to catch dishonest postal workers suspected of stealing registered envelopes and parcels. The postal sorters working for South African intelligence slipped letters under their armpits or in to their underpants and then went to the lavatory, where the letters were passed to an accomplice waiting outside. The accomplice met Piet Schoeman in a near-by pub and the handover took place under or over the wall of two adjoining toilet cubicles. Piet dashed back to the Embassy in a taxi, opened the letters, made photostats of their contents and returned the originals by the same toilet procedure within the hour.

Piet said he spent a lot of pennies. 'But,' he quipped, 'it's money well spent.'

26 · THE SMEARING OF STAN WINER

If any man has good cause to loathe me it is Stan Winer, a South-African-born photo-journalist. In collusion with BOSS I took part in a campaign of denigration aimed at smearing him as a BOSS spy. It was so successful that the smear is still believed in London – even by some British security men.

In order to protect myself against Stan's freak discovery that I was a BOSS agent, I deliberately befriended his wife Astrid, took nude photographs of her in my London flat and circulated them among South African exiles to 'prove' Stan was making false claims against me because he was jealous of my affair with Astrid.

I first met Stan Winer on 14 March 1973, when I dropped in for tea at the North London home of SANROC activist Wilfrid Brutus. Stan was there with Astrid. I was intrigued by Stan from the start, as he was sensitive, intelligent, well-read and articulate. I did not like the look of him, though, as he wore a tatty black polo-neck sweater, badly scuffed high-ankle suede bootees and an old coat of a different colour to his trousers. His shiny black hair appeared to have been carefully permed in one of those thick, frizzy Afro-Asian styles so popular with American Blacks at the time. He also had a Che Guevara-type moustache and beard with a mouth that kept uttering matching Marxist-Leninist verbals.

Stan noticed two Leica cameras in my open-topped satchel, and we started to talk about photography. Taking one of the cameras out and pressing the shutter I said 'That's why I prefer Leicas; they've got a quiet shutter, which makes pinching pictures so much easier.'

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I had done this to get a sneak picture of Stan, but it was not such a smart move, because, as a professional cameraman himself, he knew exactly what I had done. In an attempt to cover up I then stood up and took another picture of him openly. Later he complained to Wilfrid about this. While Stan was in the kitchen at one stage his wife Astrid casually mentioned he would be flying to South Africa shortly to see his mother, who was 'not well'.

Returning to my flat I typed out an urgent report and handed it to my BOSS handler next day. In the report I recommended that Stan Winer should be watched while in South Africa as he talked like a leftist, was married to a Coloured woman and was also a friend of former Robben Island prisoner Wilfrid Brutus.

Pretoria wasted no time in flashing back a message saying Stan's mother was certainly not ill, so his movements would be monitored when he arrived in Johannesburg. By this time my roll of film had been developed and I sent BOSS a copy of the photograph I had taken of Stan in Wilfrid's home. This was so that BOSS could easily identify Stan at the airport in Johannesburg. BOSS also asked me to obtain more data on Stan Winer and, to help me familiarize myself about him, sent a good backgrounder. It was so fascinating that I kept a memory-jogging set of notes of the essential facts. This, in my own words, is roughly what BOSS told me:

'Winer, William Stanley, alias "Stan" – adult White Jewish male born Johannesburg 10/2/1941. Charged under Immorality Act 1966 after arrest by police in a Cape Town bedroom with Miss Astrid Francis, an adult Coloured female born Wynberg, Cape Town 25/10/1945. Case withdrawn through lack of evidence that illegal sexual intercourse actually planned although the female was wearing trousers only as she lay in bed and Winer was naked. Winer left SA for Malawi in 1967, followed by Astrid Francis in 1968. They were married in the Register Office, Blantyre, Malawi on 6/9/1969, best man John Connolly (not on file). Information was received by Cape Town Security Police

that Winer had known and worked for Marine Diamond Corporation with Dimitri Tsafendas, the insane half-caste who assassinated Dr Verwoerd in 1966. Agent S239 based in Malawi was assigned to monitor Winer and wife and if possible have them arrested on a possession of drugs charge there leading to their extradition, if convicted, back to SA. Agent reported back that he offered to supply Winer with cannabis but Winer denied using it. Winer and wife obtained cash grant from the United Nations office in Zomba, Malawi, under pretence they were political refugees from SA. Using the grant they flew to Britain arriving Heathrow airport 12/10/1970. They booked into YWCA at Victoria for the first night and then took a small rented flat in London. Winer, a South African passport holder, applied for British work permit, first refused (*Tribune*, 6/8/1971) then approved (*Tribune*, 20/8/1971). Winer got Astrid job as typist/telephonist at UK Immigrants' Advisory Service (UKIAS) in St George's Churchyard, Bloomsbury Way, London WC1, through Anti-Apartheid Movement secretary Mrs Ethel de Keyser, who was friendly with John Ennals, then director of UKIAS.

Just twenty-three days after my meeting with Stan Winer at Wilfrid's home, Stan flew to South Africa, arriving there on 6 April. A police tail was placed on him, but somehow they lost him and he vanished for nearly two months, which caused such a panic in BOSS that they sent me a message asking if Stan could possibly have returned to Britain. He hadn't and they traced him again in July 1973, when a twenty-four-hour watch was kept on him.

Stan was quite definitely 'up to nonsense', as they quaintly describe it in Pretoria, and within one week police caught him red-handed in a Black area. He was filming Black poverty scenes with a movie camera and equipment worth £2,000, which was confiscated along with 1,000 feet of film. They also found sixty-two grams of cannabis, which Stan claimed had been secretly placed in his car by the police.

One day after his arrest, police visited the home of Stan's

mother, Mrs Elsa Jelliman, who watched as they searched Stan's bedroom. But she was called away by a phone call for a couple of minutes, and when she returned a detective held up a quantity of cannabis he said he had found in Stan's wardrobe. It's an old police trick which gives them a 'holding charge' and time to make more inquiries while they keep a suspect in custody.

After about ten days in solitary confinement Stan was released on bail and immediately fled across the border to Swaziland and freedom. Or so he thought. He was betrayed by a World Council of Churches official, who claimed he was some kind of Communist saboteur. That still puzzles me because the South African government never stops churning out propaganda that the World Council of Churches is 'a totally Communist-infiltrated and -controlled body'.

Stan was thrown back over the border into the welcoming arms of the South African police on 10 August. Now he really was in trouble. In addition to the two cannabis charges against him he had jumped bail and left South Africa illegally. It was enough to guarantee him five years in jail at the very least. But, ironically, I saved him from that.

Back in London I had discovered that Stan had been commissioned by Canon Collins' Defence and Aid Fund to take movie film of poor Black living conditions in South Africa. At the same time he had been secretly financed, to the tune of more than £5,000, to take pictures of possible sabotage targets by a senior member of the African National Congress in London, Mr Ben Turok.

Excerpt from secret BOSS files (1978):

'TUROK, Benjamin alias "Ben". White Adult Jewish Male born in Latvia 1927. Settled in SA 1934, later naturalised. Was an accused in the Treason Trial, charge later withdrawn. A named Communist, he was banned under the Suppression of Communism Act in 1961. A former member of the Cape Provincial Council he was arrested under the Explosives Act and found

guilty of being a party to the ANC's "Spear of the Nation" sabotage campaign by helping to plant a bomb on the doorstep of Johannesburg's Rissik Street Post Office on 19/2/1962. His fingerprints found on newspaper wrapped round bomb. Served three years in jail. Released 22/7/1965 and served with house arrest order. Left SA with wife Mary Elizabeth Turok, also a banned person. Settled in UK where both became active in affairs of South African Communist Party and the ANC. Eavesdropping device planted in the ANC's London office confirms office organiser Reginald September typed out answers rather than speak when Turok asked him 'sensitive' questions.

Turok's address: 19 Abbots Gardens, London N2. In 1978 Turok flew to Zambia to run an ANC office and terrorist training camp there. Mary Turok followed him on 4/6/1978.*

While investigating Stan Winer's links with Ben Turok in London, I heard from a friend of Astrid's that she had telephoned Mary Turok to say 'Something terrible has happened. Stan was arrested in South Africa more than a week ago and my flat has been broken into by BOSS...'

Mary Turok replied 'My goodness, Ben will be shocked. No, wait a minute... We must not talk on the phone. I will come round to see you straight away.'

I flashed this conversation back to BOSS exactly as I had heard it, and the interrogators moved in on Stan Winer, beating and torturing him. But rather than betray Ben Turok, Stan tried to commit suicide by cutting both his wrists. This convinced BOSS that Stan was a dyed-in-the-wool Communist. Only Communists have the kind of discipline which dictates they should kill themselves rather than betray a comrade. (That is BOSS propaganda, not

* The Turoks now live in Canada. They apparently split from the ANC after several thousand pounds of ANC funds vanished from their home in Zambia late one night. They said the house had been burgled during their absence. The ANC criticized them bitterly for their neglect.

mine.) So now they tried the soft-sell. One interrogator offered Stan a cup of tea, saying 'Stan, you're a young man still and it would be such a waste if you went to jail for fifteen years. There's not much point in holding out on us, as we know everything about you anyway. Play the game and we'll go easy on you when you come to court and that'll mean two or three years instead of fifteen.'

Knowing this was standard interrogation technique, Stan played it canny and said if the cop could prove that, he might consider talking. The interrogator countered with 'We not only know all about you, we're also getting daily bulletins about your wife's telephone conversations, because we have a bug on the phone at your London flat.'

When Stan asked for proof of this the cop repeated word for word the conversation I had relayed to BOSS about Astrid's call to Mary Turok. Stan Winer was shocked. He knew it sounded right and that Astrid would have phoned to warn the Turoks on hearing of his arrest in South Africa. But Stan still refused to talk.

Then that stupid interrogator dropped me right in it. He pulled something out of a thick police file bearing Stan's name and showed it to him, saying 'Doesn't that prove we know all about you?' Incredibly, it was the photograph I had taken of Stan sitting on the sofa in Wilfrid's London home. What Stan said next was only natural, but it was to change his life dramatically. Sneering at his opponent, he said 'You may not realize it but you've just told me who your BOSS agent is in London. It's Gordon Winter, because he took that photograph just before I left London to come here.'

Police regulations emphatically state that a suspect must never be allowed to catch sight of anything in his file. Mr Idiot Interrogator knew he was in for a roasting from his superiors, as Stan would obviously tell his lawyers about me and the photograph. The cop was stupid, but at least he was honest enough to tell BOSS about his serious error. H. J. van den Bergh hit the roof when he heard, and wondered how the hell he was going to get me out of it.

But, as he was so fond of saying, 'There's always a way . . .' BOSS's 'Dirty Tricks' department, Division C3, leaked the word to carefully chosen but loquacious journalists that Stan Winer was suspected of being a BOSS agent. Yes, he had apparently started spying way back in 1966, and the Immorality Act charge against him which had been dropped because of 'lack of evidence' was just to maintain his cover. He had then been sent overseas to spy and had married a Coloured girl to make himself even more presentable to the leftists.

People with no experience of the apartheid regime may think that such a smear sounds far-fetched and few would have believed it. There is a simple way of checking on that. Ask any South African exile what he thinks. To ensure that the smear was believed, H. J. van den Bergh pulled another fast one by telling the police to 'substantially reduce' their evidence against Stan when he came to court.

That is why Stan received only a suspended six-month sentence on the charge of cannabis being found in his car. That is astonishing when you know that Pretoria is paranoid about drugs, and the average sentence on such a charge is between three and five years. On the charge of jumping bail and leaving South Africa illegally Stan was given a three-month jail sentence - also suspended. To cap it all, the prosecution never even mentioned the cannabis found in the wardrobe at his mother's home.

I know what journalists in Johannesburg thought when Stan walked out of court a free man. A good indication is that the liberal South African *Sunday Times* and the *Rand Daily Mail* declined to accept his work when he tried to make a living as a freelance photographer.

To add to Stan's troubles, H. J. van den Bergh ordered that his passport be confiscated, so he could not fly to London and start a witch-hunt against me in Fleet Street. Stan tried to tell South African journalists I was a BOSS agent, but his credibility was low and few believed him.

Then fate conspired with BOSS to make Stan's position even worse when he caused Astrid to be ridiculed in Britain.

This all started when Stan contacted her, by telephone or letter, and mentioned what Idiot Interrogator had told him about her telephone call to Mary Turok. Astrid said 'My God, that's word for word what was said.' Being a journalist Stan was careful to double-check this by asking Astrid if she had told any other person about this call. But, fearing his anger at her lack of security, she lied and insisted she hadn't.

Then Astrid mentioned her flat being burgled a few days after Stan had been arrested in South Africa, and the strange fact that no valuables had been stolen. That was enough for Stan. He told Astrid to give the story to the *Daily Mirror*. 'And make sure they pay you for it,' he added. Instead of selling the story to the *Daily Mirror*, Astrid gave the story to British journalist Peter Niesewand, and he made a front-pager out of it.*

British security was furious. The clear inference was they had neglected their duty by allowing a foreign intelligence set-up to bug a phone in London - or, even worse, might be seen to be in collusion with them. Experts were sent to examine the telephone, which, in fact, was not inside the Winer flat but was a public call-box by the staircase. By minutely examining the interior of the telephone and all the screws, the experts were able to state categorically that it had never been interfered with. A Special Branch officer questioned Astrid Winer and again she denied telling anyone about her call to Mary Turok. In the end the officer told Astrid that perhaps her husband Stan was lying and that he had only erected the phone bugging story because he was a BOSS agent who was enhancing his cover.

When Astrid vigorously defended Stan, the Special Branch man told her: 'Well, if that's not the case, then it's you who has the bug and it's in your head. You obviously have a bug about BOSS spies.'

This may sound strong language but he was on firm ground. By a ridiculous coincidence Stan Winer had flown to Northern Ireland in early 1973, and while he was away

* *Guardian*, 6 October 1973, headlined 'Vorster's Police Tap Phone, Raid London Home'.

Astrid had seen a large car bristling with radio aerials outside her home. She had made a panic call to the Special Branch saying she suspected it was 'a BOSS spy car'. But investigation showed it was a CID car on special crime surveillance because there had been several crimes in the area at that time.

Worse still, Astrid had complained about suspected BOSS men following her in a car on two different occasions. At another time a car had knocked her down and failed to stop, so she feared that BOSS was trying to kill her. Considering all these unsubstantiated claims, it is no wonder the Special Branch cast a doubtful ear on Astrid's claims that her flat had been burgled by BOSS.

And so, by a series of coincidences, Astrid was labelled a neurotic and the BOSS-mounted smear against Stan Winer was thus helped along, albeit unwittingly, by British security. Journalists in both Britain and South Africa now started to doubt everything Stan and Astrid said. The majority of South African exiles in London also became convinced that Stan was a BOSS man when they heard about his lenient treatment in court; so much so that rumours started spreading about Stan being murdered by angry Blacks if he dared to return to Britain.

One of the men who heard this rumour was George Hallett, a Coloured press photographer from Cape Town then working in London. George went to photograph a demonstration held in London against the Portuguese Prime Minister, Dr Marcello Caetano, and while standing in the crowd he mentioned the rumour to a South African friend. This was overheard by a Labour MP, who reported it to British security. When Special Branch men interviewed George Hallett on the subject he told them he was sure Stan Winer was a BOSS agent.

This somehow leaked back to Stan Winer in Johannesburg, and he was furious. When he had calmed down he made it his business to find out all he could about George Hallett. He discovered that I had taken George to the British Home Office and helped him to obtain a work

permit when he first arrived from South Africa. I had also driven George Hallett and Wilfrid Brutus to an anti-apartheid meeting in Derbyshire.

Considering the tremendous psychological pressure Stan was suffering at the time he cannot be blamed for jumping to the conclusion that George Hallett and Wilfrid Brutus must be BOSS agents working with me, as I was friendly with both men and I had first met Stan in Wilfrid's home. Stan then started warning people to beware of all three of us because we were BOSS spies. It may sound fanciful, but at the time the African National Congress was so worried that it started an investigation into George Hallett and even Wilfrid, one of the most trusted South African exiles in Britain.

At one stage Wilfrid Brutus was actually confronted by two Fleet Street reporters who asked him if he was a BOSS man. Wilf was innocent, and vehemently denied the terrible slur, but the rumours damaged him. This was all lovely grist to the BOSS mill, as it sowed further discontent and suspicion in the ranks of South African exiles in London.

Only one person remained loyal to Stan Winer, and that was his wife, who refused to believe he was a BOSS spy. So BOSS schemed up a nasty series of smears aimed at creating a split between Stan and Astrid. This was done by leaking rumours to Astrid that Stan was sharing a Johannesburg flat with a pretty girl named Megan Lewis. It's a small world. Megan had earlier lived in London, in a flat directly across the road from mine, and we had been friendly. She had also been in the car with me that day I had driven George Hallett and Wilfrid Brutus to the meeting in Derbyshire.

No wonder Stan freaked out more when he discovered this. Whichever way he turned there was a connection with that BOSS agent Winter. To confuse the issue even further, BOSS had also told Stan that his wife was having an affair with a friend of his in London named Mike Clark. Strangely, when this rumour reached Britain a member of Scotland

Yard's Special Branch asked Astrid if it was true. When Astrid angrily denied it, the Special Branch man said 'That's strange, the nurse named Mary who lives in the flat below says this man Mike did spend the night in your flat once.'

Astrid was furious about this invasion of her privacy, but there was little she could do about it. Mike, a good-looking Yorkshireman, had slept on her sofa one night, but Astrid said she had been innocent of any 'romantic' involvement with him.

At one stage Stan Winer became so upset by the smears shuttling back and forth that he wrote a letter to Astrid in which he said the South African police had told him about her being involved with Mike Clark. Stan sent the letter to a cover address in London, not to his wife's flat, but BOSS still managed to intercept it, and I was shown a photocopy by my London handler. Stan wrote: 'They said you and Mike were having a heavy scene together . . . yet in London they are telling you that I am an agent for S.A. Don't listen to them. It's a plot to put us against each other, but it won't work as far as I'm concerned.'

In view of this, BOSS thought it would be a good idea for me to get friendly with Astrid, who was feeling low because she was being ostracized by some of her South African friends. BOSS said I need spare no expense in courting her. It was very enjoyable. Although normally rather timid and shy, Astrid had a delightful personality when drawn out of her shell. She had a great sense of humour and was a good conversationalist. I took her out for a few expensive meals, but she liked home life, so I often cooked meals for her in my flat. It was easy to be kind and attentive to her, as she not only appreciated it but also showed it.

As I got to know her well, the truth about her life with Stan emerged. She had loved him and respected him; he had been the first man to take her to bed and had been a good lover. But during the previous eighteen months he had become so absorbed in his work and politics that he had

neglected her. She felt physically and mentally frustrated. At the time he had gone to South Africa she was actually considering a divorce, but when he was arrested she felt obliged to give him loyalty and support.

Astrid and I got on so well together that the only time she saw her flat was when she needed a change of clothing. She was easy to live with and sat as quietly as a mouse when I had a story to write. Listening to her talk about life as a Coloured girl in South Africa was so absorbing that I once sat spellbound right through the night until daybreak. At weekends we walked in the rain or fed the ducks in Hyde Park as we talked. If that sounds romantic, it was not. I liked Astrid in more ways than one, but my main motive was to use her as a weapon against Stan.

When we first became friendly I asked her not to tell her husband, but, being an honest person, she did. She wrote saying she was seeing me regularly and liked me. Stan wrote back angrily: 'Sorry if this letter is abrupt but you have shocked me with your last letter. Please avoid Winter. The only journalist to talk to is Peter Niesewand. No one else.'

Astrid did not show me that letter. I found it in her handbag as she was having a bath in my flat late one night, and photographed it. I also took countless photographs of Astrid. Nude in my bath, sitting in my lounge or bedroom, and various other pictures including some of her standing in the street with my flat clearly in focus behind her. Nothing demonstrates more clearly that I was compiling conclusive proof of our liaison for future use.

That moment came when Stan Winer finally managed to leave South Africa five years later and returned to Britain. The first thing he did was to rush down to Fleet Street to expose me as a BOSS informer. He found a receptive ear at the *Observer*, because they had long known I was a BOSS man and said so in a carefully written story.* And that is when I pulled out thirty-six of my photographs of Astrid and posted them to Wilfrid Brutus to 'prove' to him that Stan Winer's

* 28 May 1978, headlined 'South African Spies Infiltrate UK Groups'.

real motive in branding me as a BOSS spy was – jealousy.

I told several other South African exiles about those photographs and all they had to do was telephone Wilfrid if they wished to verify what I said. I'm sure they did, because not only did the spy rumours about Stan increase but Astrid was then also labelled as unreliable.

To my mind the most important aspect of the Stan Winer story is the burglaries committed by BOSS. The Winers' flat was broken into by BOSS a few days after Stan was arrested in South Africa. I have two of many photographs stolen during that raid, which was carried out by BOSS operatives using walkie-talkies to ensure they were not caught in the act. After the break-in my handler, Alf Bouwer, gave me the photographs from Stan's flat and asked me to investigate addresses written on the backs in Stan's distinctive handwriting.

I was told something else about this burglary. Two of the BOSS men who entered the flat made a thorough search for documents which might link Stan with the South African Communist Party. While one of them rummaged through Stan's negatives and photographs, the other made a list of some of the many books on the shelves. I was given a list of these books, which included *Underground Films* by Parker Tyler; *Dialectical Materialism* by Gustav A. Wetter; *The Art of Counter-Revolutionary War* by John J. McCuen; two books on Trotsky; two on Karl Marx; one on Lenin; and various copies of *African Communist*, the quarterly journal of the South African Communist Party. Some of the books in Stan's flat contained scribbled notes, and these were taken by the BOSS burglars.

BOSS committed another burglary. One of Astrid Winer's friends in London was Miss Carol Trelawny, a Coloured South African exile who worked as secretary for the Women's Section of the African National Congress at its offices in Rathbone Street.

On the night of 10 October 1973, Astrid spent the night in Carol's flat in North London. This was noted by BOSS, and on the following evening, when Carol went out with a

male friend named Laurie, two BOSS operatives entered her flat. They used a walkie-talkie to keep in contact with a third BOSS man who stood outside. This is normal procedure when BOSS mounts what it calls a 'pick-over' (break-in). The burglars were hoping to find confidential documents connected with Carol's work at the ANC office or a political link with Stan Winer.

From the flat they took a diary, a notebook, several letters, various blank sheets of ANC-headed notepaper and a camera containing a half-used roll of colour film. The BOSS man who found the camera was wearing gloves, and when he tried to wind back the film inside he could not get his thumb under the release catch. To save himself all the bother of removing his gloves, taking out the film and then having to wipe his prints off the camera, he just shoved it into his overcoat pocket.

The film inside the camera was processed by BOSS and bore three or four pictures of one man and two women in differing poses. The man wore blue jeans and a T-shirt. One woman wore tailored trousers and the other a lightweight summer dress, which showed that the pictures had been taken months earlier, in warmer weather. The background in two of the pictures was leafy, suggesting a field or a garden, but in another picture there was a suggestion of a building or a white wall.

When my handler, Alf Bouwer, showed me these photographs, in case I could identify the people in them, he laughingly asked me if I needed another camera. I was surprised by this offer, because a year or so earlier, when BOSS had committed another break-in at a London flat, they had stolen only documents and had left valuables lying around.

I had criticized this and pointed out that by stealing only documents they had made it clear that the burglary had a political motive. I asked Alf Bouwer why our men did not take jewellery to make it look like an ordinary burglary.

Alf's reply was interesting. 'Oh no, we can't steal jewellery and things. That would be common theft. We're policemen, not criminals.'

27 · SETTING UP PETER HAIN

The 'Stop the Seventy Tour' (STST) movement became the most successful agitation group in British sporting history, though nobody was to know that when it was formed in a dingy little upstairs room in the White Swan pub in London's Fleet Street area on 10 September 1969. But BOSS certainly realized that the meeting would be important, which is why I was there that day to photograph and make tape recordings of all the people who stood up to speak.

About eighteen people turned up as representatives of different movements. They were a motley crowd. Four of them were well-known Young Liberals, three were executive members of SANROC, two were from the Anti-Apartheid Movement, and the rest were from various church groups and student bodies. One by one they stood up to say their bit. Basically, the idea was that all the movements should band together to protest against a tour of Britain and Ireland by the all-White South African rugby team the Springboks. Some of the speakers were clearly in favour of clubbing the Springboks senseless, but one was a quiet young man who impressed everyone when he spoke. It was the good-looking and articulate Peter Hain, himself an exile from South Africa. The press liked the look of him, as he was cool and reasonable, and so from that moment on, whether he liked it or not, he was 'the leader of the STST' as far as we headline-hunters were concerned.

Peter Hain was born in Nairobi, Kenya, on 16 February 1950. In 1951 his parents settled in South Africa and bought a home in the suburbs of Pretoria, where politics was discussed over breakfast, lunch and dinner. Peter's father Walter, an architect, was the chairman of the local Liberal Party and his mother Adelaine was its secretary. A

fearless couple, they opposed apartheid, and, although they were certainly not Communists, they were banned under the Suppression of Communism Act.

As an architect, Walter Hain was mainly dependent on government and municipal contracts, and, once he was banned, he soon discovered that no official dared to give him work. So the Hain family packed their bags and set sail for Britain, arriving one year to the day after John Harris was hanged.

Peter Hain joined Britain's Young Liberal Movement in 1968 and was voted on to its executive at the age of nineteen. Later he became the chairman of the Young Liberals. He was only eighteen when he took part in his first public demonstration in Britain; I photographed him as he stood outside London's White City stadium on 13 July 1968, protesting against the South African sportsmen who were competing in the Amateur Athletics Association Championships. That photograph was never published, but sixteen months later the British public came to recognize his face when he led several hundred young demonstrators in a mass protest against the first match played by the Springbok team at Twickenham.

Four months before the Springbok rugby team started its tour of Britain, BOSS secretly arranged for a political pamphlet to be sent to all leading British newspapers. The pamphlet, signed 'The Vigilantes', stated that 'counter-protest cells' had been set up throughout the country and that any left-wing demonstrator who dared to run on to the field of play in an attempt to embarrass the Springboks would get 'carried off and walloped'. The pamphlet was worded to give the impression it had been prepared by British rugby enthusiasts who resented politics being dragged into the sport they loved. But it was all a hoax. No such group of vigilantes existed. BOSS was hoping that the idea would be picked up by British rugby men.

One week before all the pamphlets were posted out, my London handler, Piet Schoeman, gave me an advance copy and said I should write the first story on the subject for a

South African newspaper, which I did.* Piet told me that if any British newspaper approached me and asked for my source I should lie and say the Vigilante group was based at the Zambezi Club in London's Earls Court district. Ten days after my exclusive story appeared in the Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, the British newspaper *The Times* carried a similar story on the subject, saying the Vigilantes were based at the Zambezi Club.

BOSS later used the same tactic when the Springbok team arrived in London. A press release was sent to several Fleet Street newspapers stating that demonstrators who tried to disrupt any of the Springboks' matches in the United Kingdom would be dealt with in an unusual way. The press release claimed to have been issued by a group calling itself the 'Democratic Anti-Demo Organization', based in Earls Court. The group said its members would attend Springbok matches armed with tins of red spray and small bags of feathers.

'Any long-haired anarchists blowing whistles, letting off fireworks or attempting to run on to the field of play in such a way that could disrupt sport for political motives will be sprayed with red paint and then covered with feathers.'

Again, my London handler, Piet Schoeman, gave me a copy of this fake press release two days before it was posted to Fleet Street newspapers. And again I was given permission to write the first story on the subject for a South African newspaper, to give the White voters back home the false impression that they had many friends and supporters in Britain. I cabled the story to the Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, which used it as a splash front-page lead.† But BOSS fell down on this propaganda stunt, because the Fleet Street newspapers ignored the press releases. They probably realized that if they published the tar-and-feather threat they might be accused of incitement to violence.

The Stop the Seventy Tour movement was a phenomenal success. At one stage during the tour a leading news-

* Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 27 July 1969, headlined 'Move To Counter Anti-SA Sports Protests'.

† 2 November 1969, headlined 'Tar, Feather Threat To Bok Haters'.

paper estimated that at least 60,000 were taking part. Bishops, MPs and even members of the House of Lords joined in some of the protest marches. It was a time of high activity for me; in addition to covering the matches for various South African newspapers I also had to photograph all the demonstrators for BOSS.

Covering all the battles between police and protesters was not too difficult, but, as I knew nothing about rugby, I asked a senior British sports writer to educate me on the rules of the game. He was Bob Trevor, a Welshman who worked on the staff of the London *Evening News*. Bob hated apartheid and admitted that, although he appreciated the skill of the Springbok rugby team, he disliked the system they represented so much that he had contributed money from his own pocket so that a crowd of young protesters could hire a bus to take them to the first match at Twickenham. I submitted this minor detail in one of my reports to BOSS. I do not know whether BOSS passed this snippet on to the British security people, but something certainly happened to make Bob Trevor suspicious of me.

I took some care in my dealings with Bob Trevor and went out of my way to reduce his suspicion of me. On one occasion I definitely succeeded. He and I attended the Springbok match against Midland Counties at Leicester on 8 November 1969. There I saw a group of uniformed policemen plucking out demonstrators who were obviously ringleaders. As the police dragged the demos past a toilet I noticed they stopped for a few seconds and searched them for offensive weapons. The strange thing was that the police always stopped at exactly the same spot. Looking for the reason, I spotted two men in plain clothes taking photographs of the demos. These cameramen were clearly taking police-type 'mug shots', as they only clicked their shutters when the youngster being searched had his head held high.

Later, when the two cameramen moved to a section of the crowd where demonstrators were most active I sidled up to them and started shouting pro-Springbok slogans. One of the cameramen asked 'Where are you from, then?'

'South Africa,' I replied. 'And we know how to deal with these scruffy long-haired demos over there. We don't treat them with velvet gloves like you lot do. We give them a good hammering.'

The two cameramen laughed and asked how I knew they were policemen. I explained that they made the mistake of aiming their cameras at the faces of their victims, so they were clearly not press photographers or they would be taking more action-type shots.

One man turned to the other. 'That's something worth knowing, we'll watch out for that in future.'

Knowing now they were definitely policemen, and possibly Special Branch men, I secretly took pictures of them both with my thief lens. After the match, at about 4.30 p.m., I cabled a full report to the Johannesburg *Sunday Express* and mentioned that British security men had secretly taken photographs of the demonstrators. That cable took twelve hours to reach my newspaper - making it six hours too late for the print run. As a result my story never saw the light of day. During the seven years I spent in London I sent hundreds of press cables to South Africa and all reached their destination within the hour, some within twenty minutes. Suspecting my cable had been nobbled by British security, I made discreet inquiries through a friend of mine at post office headquarters.

'They'll tell you that the lines were overloaded, but the truth is your cable went to a little back room where certain experts sit vetting all suspicious or potentially embarrassing cables sent abroad,' he said.

I believed him then and I still believe him. This aggravated me intensely and made me determined to get the story published in Britain. So I gave all my photographs of the two plain-clothed cameramen to Bob Trevor. Being an outstanding journalist with a good nose for news, Bob realized the political significance of such a story. British police secretly taking photographs of demonstrators smacked of Gestapo methods, particularly when the demos were protesting against an apartheid regime like South Africa. The

police denied taking photographs when first approached by the *Evening News*, so an assistant editor of that newspaper, Don Boddie, called me in and quizzed me on the whole subject. When I insisted that the two cameramen were policemen, the *Evening News* started an in-depth probe, and the police finally admitted, under pressure, that they had taken photographs of the demonstrators. The Deputy Chief Constable of Leicester and Rutland, Mr Eric Lacey, claimed that the pictures had only been taken in case the demonstrators later alleged they had been ill-treated while under arrest. When asked if the photographs would be destroyed or passed on to Special Branch files, Mr Lacey refused to comment. It was a sensational story, and when the *Evening News* ran it other newspapers quickly followed up with similar stories, particularly the Communist *Morning Star*, which demanded that the Home Secretary, Mr Jim Callaghan, should 'jump on' the police chiefs who ordered secret photographs to be taken of anti-apartheid demonstrators.* The matter was even aired in parliament.

Security at all the Springbok matches was very tight, and most of the rugby clubs refused to grant press tickets to the Communist *Morning Star*, so I did a private deal with Ernie Greenwood, the chief photographer of that newspaper. I told him that if he printed up all my film I would let his newspaper choose any photograph they liked and publish it free of charge. On the face of it, this was a fair deal for both sides, and Ernie jumped at the idea. But it was a much better deal for me, as it gave me full protection against being hammered by suspicious demonstrators who might think I was a right-winger or a policeman. Using the *Morning Star* as a cover saved my skin on several occasions when I took photographs of demonstrators being arrested or running on to the pitch to stop play. Once, when four demos pinned me to a wall, I pointed out that if they telephoned Ernie Greenwood of the *Morning Star* he would confirm I was taking pictures of 'police aggression'. On the

* *Evening News*, 10 November 1969, *Guardian* and *Morning Star*, 11 November 1969.

other hand, if the police nabbed me on suspicion that I was taking pictures for a left-wing or 'underground' paper I would pull out proof that I was an officer of the National Union of Journalists. The *Morning Star* used my photographs well. So did the Anti-Apartheid Movement's newspaper, *Anti-Apartheid News*.

Peter Hain was a useful ally. When I told him I would be travelling up to Wales to cover the match at Swansea, he gave me an introduction to a group of students there who allowed me to accompany them when they made a mass invasion of the pitch. But the rugby authorities at Swansea had a nasty shock up their sleeves for the demonstrators that day. They had hired eighty 'stewards' to keep the peace, and, whether by accident or design, many of these peace-keepers were skinheads just itching for a good punch-up. When a group of 200 demonstrators tried to rush on to the pitch, shortly after half-time, the skinheads moved in with a vengeance, punching, kicking and creating general havoc. Between forty and fifty demonstrators were taken to hospital for treatment as a result. David Jardine, the vice-president of Swansea University Students' Union, was beaten black and blue and suffered such severe shock that he was unable to talk after being picked up off the floor. Roger French, of Reading University, was taken to hospital with a broken jaw. Paul Jordan, also from Reading University, was taken to hospital for an eye operation. The skinheads showed no mercy and even kicked girls in the ribs as they fell during the vicious mêlée. In this instance the police acted very correctly and rushed reinforcements to the area in an effort to stop the fighting; one constable was stabbed when he tried to save a girl being trampled underfoot.

I was the only press photographer on the spot when the fighting broke out, and Bob Trevor used my pictures to great effect in the *Evening News*.* Sixty-seven demonstrators were arrested at that match and I photographed most of them one by one as they were thrown into police vehicles.

When allegations of brutality were laid against the
* 17 November 1969.

police, an official investigation was mounted, and I received a request from Mr K. Oxford, the Assistant Chief Constable for the Northumberland Constabulary, for all the photographs I had taken at the Swansea match. Mr Oxford assured me that whatever material I supplied would remain confidential. I wrote back to him saying I would be willing to lend him all my negatives but asked him to wait for three weeks as I was busy. The real reason was that I had sent all the negatives to BOSS in Pretoria for identification purposes. But finally, in the third week of January, I met Mr Oxford and handed over some one hundred negatives. About two weeks later he returned them all to me after having photographs printed up by police darkroom technicians. I do not know what use he made of those photographs or if anyone appeared in court as a result.

Some well-disposed person sent me an anonymous letter one week later. It consisted of a long list of the names and addresses of most of the demonstrators I had photographed being arrested at the Swansea match. Alongside each name was a number. I checked with my negatives and found that each number on the list related to my numbered negatives. To this day I do not know who sent me that list, but it was clearly someone who had access to my negatives during the time they were out of my possession. Even stranger, the envelope containing the list was postmarked London, not Swansea. BOSS was very impressed when I submitted the list for their political files at Pretoria HQ.

During the 22 November match at Twickenham, police defence measures were so strong that only four press cameramen were allowed on the pitch. I tricked my way behind the police lines by sidling up to the officer in charge and saying 'Where do you want me to be based, sir? I'm taking the pictures of the demonstrators.' It worked. The officer, speaking out of the side of his mouth, said 'Situate yourself on the other side in the middle of the grandstand, there's a big group of demonstrators over there.'

For the rest of the match I stood amongst about thirty policemen and photographed all the demos to my heart's

content. But my crafty move bounced back on me when I was spotted by Herschel Strauss, who was in the middle of the protesters. He is a lawyer from Cape Town who left South Africa for political reasons and knew me well. Soon afterwards he gave a story to the British *Sunday Telegraph* claiming that I must be a BOSS spy because I not only photographed all the demonstrators but for some strange reason seemed to be in cahoots with the police at the match. The *Sunday Telegraph* ran the story but, for some reason, left out my name. Once again I escaped widespread suspicion.

When the Springboks played at Edinburgh I flew there from London at BOSS expense. The same applied when I attended the match in Dublin on 10 January 1970. My flight and hotel costs were met by BOSS so that I could take close-up photographs of every well-known Irish person who took part in the mass march against the Springboks. These included Bernadette Devlin and Mr Kadar Asmal, an Indian barrister from South Africa who was then the number one activist in the Irish Anti-Apartheid Movement. On my return to London the Communist *Morning Star* gleefully front-paged one of my photographs showing a policeman falling off a wall after a demonstrator had hit him in the face with a rotten egg.*

The Springbok tour was a rotten time all round for the police. They were spat at, called 'filthy capitalist running dogs' or 'racist pigs', and many were injured. But they often got their revenge. Their favourite tactic when pulling a demonstrator out of the front ranks was to go into a huddle all round him. This meant the arrested man got a few 'accidental' elbows in his face, stomach and back during the scuffle. Another target was the testicles, but it was extremely difficult to take a photograph of that. There were usually so many policemen that the demonstrator could not even be seen.

At several matches the police outnumbered the demonstrators. London's riot chief, John Gerrard, admitted that

* 22 January 1970.

he had assigned 1,560 policemen to the international at Twickenham on 20 December. Peter Hain's Stop the Seventy Tour campaign received worldwide publicity, and several British policemen I talked to privately agreed with the outcry against apartheid. But other policemen took the attitude that all the demonstrations were secretly master-minded by Moscow Communists, and they put the boot in whenever they could. They also framed some of the people they arrested running on to the pitch. One such policeman was Detective Sergeant Grant Smith, who planted a knife in the pocket of a Black youth he arrested during a match at Twickenham; the Black was convicted, but Sergeant Smith confessed four years later, saying he wished to clear his conscience.

Others were not so lucky. One demonstrator, aged twenty-six, was drinking a pint of beer when he was arrested at one of the matches. On appearing in court he produced excellent character references from Liberal MPs John Pardoe and Eric Lubbock, to show he was not a violent person. But it made no difference; he was fined £20 after being found guilty of possessing an offensive weapon – a one-pint beer mug. David Fysh, a student of economics from Hornsey, London, found crime did not pay when he was arrested at another Springbok match. He was fined £10 after police told the court he had intended throwing two offensive weapons during the game: two one-penny coins.

The funniest incident I reported on concerned Peter Cockcroft, a Manchester University student who was charged with threatening behaviour after he had assaulted a police horse. Peter, aged twenty-two, was knocked off his feet during a rush by demonstrators and fell underneath the horse. Giving evidence in court, Constable Keith Williams swore that the accused had 'grabbed hold of one of the horse's legs and bit it fiercely'. Peter Cockcroft denied the charge strenuously, and even the court smiled as it bound him over to keep the peace in future.

Peter Hain could perhaps be forgiven if he didn't smile at that story, as he was later to claim that police officers had

planted evidence on, and lied in court against, at least thirty demonstrators during the Springbok tour. He said details of the cases had been sent to the Home Office, but 'nothing was done'. Peter Hain could hardly grumble, however, about the overall success of the STST campaign against the Springboks. It was a phenomenal triumph in terms of mass protest, and the Springboks went home with their tails between their legs.

Peter Hain and his followers then turned their attention to the proposed tour of Britain by a South African cricket team in the summer of 1970. A campaign of widespread condemnation was mounted, and it was clear right from the start that even if the South African cricketers did arrive in Britain their tour would be a farce. Unlike rugby, which is conducive to screams, yells and bashings, cricket is a far more gentlemanly pursuit, calling for long periods of play and tranquillity. The noise of 1,000 chanting demonstrators would have been enough to put any batsman off his stroke.

The MCC argued long and hard that the Springbok cricketers should be welcomed to Britain; one of its favourite slices of misleading reasoning was that 'bridge-building', not isolation, was the best way to end apartheid. The MCC did not seem interested in Peter Hain's argument that Blacks in South Africa were not given equality in sport. They apparently believed the South African government's claim: 'Our Blacks are simply not interested in cricket; that's why there is no Black in our cricket team.'

It is a pity that Peter Hain did not go on British television and remind the MCC of a similar statement made about sport: 'The reason why no Jew was selected to participate in the Olympic Games was that no Jew was able to qualify by ability for the Olympic team. *Heil Hitler.*' That remark was made to the world press by a Nazi leader in 1936 when he explained why the German team was all Aryan.

Peter Hain's STST members never confronted the South African cricket team. The tour was called off, and the MCC suddenly changed gear by stating that it would not

have any relations with South African cricket until substantial changes were made in the practice of apartheid as far as team selection was concerned. Meaning: 'Let's see some Black faces in your White South African cricket team, old boy.'

One Johannesburg newspaper reported the cancellation of the Springbok cricket tour with the headline 'Hain Stops Play'. It was then that Peter Hain became the most hated man in White South African sporting circles. It was clear he must be taught a lesson.

Within hours of the Springbok cricket tour being called off, my London handler, Alf Bouwer, gave me a special assignment. I should type out a lengthy report on everything I had witnessed at all matches played during the Springbok rugby team's tour, the names of all demonstrators, times, dates, places and photographs. In addition I was to incorporate all I knew about Peter Hain, his friends, his STST movement and its links with student bodies at universities all over Britain. This was a massive job which took me the best part of a week. When it was finished it ran to more than sixty pages. Alf Bouwer was delighted and immediately sent a copy of it to BOSS in Pretoria. A few days later Alf told me that BOSS wanted to 'pin that political butterfly, Peter Hain, to the wall'. And I was to be used as the pin.

At the time a British barrister named Francis Bennion had announced he was planning to institute a private prosecution against Peter Hain on charges of conspiring with others to mount unlawful demonstrations against South African sportsmen. Alf pointed out that Mr Bennion would need good witnesses if his case against Hain was to succeed. BOSS was satisfied that I would be the most valuable witness Mr Bennion could hope to find, as I was the only newsman who had attended all the Springbok rugby matches. Fleet Street newspapers had, of course, sent representatives to cover all the matches, but different reporters had been chosen for some of them, particularly when the Springboks had played in Wales, Scotland and

Ireland. Apart from this, I had been present when the Stop the Seventy Tour group was formed, I had been friendly with Peter Hain throughout the tour, and, even better, I had taken more than 1,000 photographs of the demonstrations at the various matches. BOSS told me that immediately after giving evidence against Peter Hain my cover would be broken and I would be flown back to South Africa.

For some reason BOSS told me not to approach Francis Bennion direct. Alf Bouwer said this was most important. I was to make sure that someone else introduced me. That person was Mr Gerald Howarth, a good-looking man in his early twenties. BOSS described him as a staunch right-winger who had been courageous enough to attend the mass anti-Vietnam demonstrations outside the American Embassy in Grosvenor Square – courageous because Gerald had paraded round the estimated 10,000 demonstrators carrying a banner which defended the United States.

BOSS told me that Gerald Howarth would probably make contact with me but, to ensure that he did, I should visit the office where he worked and casually let it be known there that I had attended all the Springbok rugby matches. Gerald Howarth was the general secretary of a set-up known as the Society for Individual Freedom (SFIF) which rented small offices at 55 Park Lane, Mayfair. It was a right-wing group which opposed free entry to Britain of Black immigrants. Its chairman had once called for the repatriation of coloured immigrants. Most of the people associated with it were eminently respectable, and at least four of them were titled. Alf Bouwer told me to pop into the Park Lane offices of the Society for Individual Freedom on the pretence of wishing to buy one of the books they sold. But, Alf warned, 'Watch yourself very carefully when you visit the society, because at least two senior British intelligence operatives are members and it's almost certainly a British intelligence front organization which is mainly used for disseminating Establishment-type propaganda.'

I was astonished, but Alf was quite adamant on the subject. He said he had received his information from a British

Special Branch Detective Inspector. I asked Alf Bouwer to tell me the names of the two senior British intelligence operatives connected with the Society for Individual Freedom. He said they were Mr Ross McWhirter, co-author of the *Guinness Book of Records*, who was shot dead by the IRA in November 1975, and Mr George Kennedy Young, MBE, a merchant banker and president of the Nuclear Fuel Finance SA of Luxembourg, who had been head of counter-espionage in the 21st Army Group during the Second World War and Under-Secretary at the Ministry of Defence from 1953 to 1961.

It all sounded very cloak-and-dagger, but I did as I was told and took myself off to the Park Lane offices of the Society for Individual Freedom, where I noticed a large pile of books ready for distribution. They all bore the same title, and the author was Mr Enoch Powell. While buying a copy I casually mentioned that I was a South African journalist who had covered all the Springbok rugby matches. It was only a matter of hours before I received a telephone call from Gerald Howarth. He almost carried me over to the Lincoln's Inn Fields chambers of Francis Bennion when I said I would be willing to give information which could help to convict Peter Hain.

I was impressed by Francis Alan Roscoe Bennion and found him to be not only a gentle person but also very much the gentleman. He was educated at Harrow and Balliol College, Oxford, and had flown as a pilot in the RAF during the Second World War. After qualifying as a barrister he had lectured in law until 1953 and then entered government service. In 1956, when only thirty-three, Mr Bennion had been sent to Pakistan to help draft the country's new constitution. His expertise was such that he was then loaned to Ghana in 1959 as legal adviser on converting the country into a republic.

Francis Bennion explained that arrangements had been made for the South African cricketers to play twenty-eight matches during their four-month tour of Britain; many thousands of people would have attended these matches,

and millions would have watched them on television. His point was that these millions of ordinary people should not have been deprived of such legal pursuits just because of the unlawful agitation activities of Peter Hain and his left-wing associates. Mr Bennion emphasized that he had no personal grudge against Peter Hain, but 'agitators like him must not be allowed, however good or bad their cause may be, to stop the lawful activities of others'. I agreed with Mr Bennion entirely and offered to liaise with his leg man, Gerald Howarth, who was building up a dossier against Peter Hain.

Mr Bennion gave me details of an anonymous death threat he had received by telephone. This was a new angle on the aspect of Peter Hain being prosecuted, so I wrote a highly flattering story about Mr Bennion and cabled it off to South Africa, where it was well used.* Mr Bennion was so delighted with my story when I gave him an airmail copy of the Johannesburg *Sunday Express* three days later that he took me to lunch near his office. After listening to me talk about the demonstrations I had witnessed against the Springbok rugby team, he told me I would be his key witness. 'On your evidence I am sure we shall secure a conviction,' he said.

He then told me he wished to hold a press conference. Did I know a good venue? I suggested that, to take the mickey out of Peter Hain and the STST movement, Mr Bennion should hire the room in the White Swan pub where STST had held its first press conference. Mr Bennion thought this a crackerjack idea and it was in that small room that he faced the press when he outlined his intention to prosecute Peter Hain.

I had several meetings with Gerald Howarth as a result of which he typed out a statement based on the evidence I could offer. But, bearing in mind what Alf Bouwer had told me about the Society for Individual Freedom having links with British intelligence, I had taken the precaution of getting Gerald to sign an agreement in which he and Mr

* Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 14 June 1970, headlined 'Death Threat To Anti-Demo Man'.

Bennion promised not to disclose my name 'to any person, or any court of law, at any time' without my prior permission. It was only a short document, but it got me out of a tremendously difficult situation two years later. When this agreement was signed I gave Gerald Howarth and Francis Bennion a revised draft of my sixty-page report to BOSS on the whole Springbok rugby tour and Peter Hain's STST movement. But I deliberately did not sign it before a Commissioner of Oaths.

In June 1971 BOSS asked me to write a story giving publicity to a fund being set up in Britain to raise money for the financing of Francis Bennion's prosecution. Called the 'Hain Prosecution Fund', it hoped to raise £20,000. The man who officially fronted this fund-raising appeal was none other than Mr Ross McWhirter, who acted as the chairman of the fund, and the treasurer was Gerald Howarth. When I suggested writing an article giving the fund valuable propaganda in South Africa, Gerald Howarth was enthusiastic and introduced me to Mr Ross McWhirter. Both were pleased with the story I wrote, which was given prominent treatment in South Africa.*

Francis Bennion flew to South Africa two weeks later to collect possible witnesses for his Hain prosecution. BOSS took full advantage of his visit by circulating a vast amount of roneoed subscription lists throughout the offices of all civil servants in South Africa. The significance of this was not quite understood by the British press. After all, if a subscription list were sent out to civil servants in Britain those people who agreed with it would subscribe and those who did not would not. It's not like that in South Africa. If you are a civil servant there, your job is at risk if you are not seen to be pro-government. You subscribe. While in South Africa Mr Bennion spoke at public meetings, and members of the audience donated money for what they called the 'Pain For Hain Fund'. Mr Bennion has a sister living in Cape Town, and her husband, Mr John Rowling, also made himself active in the anti-Hain campaign.

* Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 13 June 1971.

Francis Bennion sold his Georgian home at Warlingham in Surrey to help raise extra funds for the Peter Hain prosecution. I gathered that his wife, Elizabeth, and three daughters were not in complete agreement over this move. At one stage it caused a separation between Mr Bennion and his wife.

Although Mr Francis Bennion definitely had close links with several people who were clearly anti-Black, it is only fair to stress that when talking to me he insisted that he was opposed to the policy of apartheid. He said 'I have worked with Coloured people in several countries and have a lot of friends among them.' I doubt if Mr Bennion's Coloured friends would have agreed with his tour of South Africa to compile evidence and funds to be used against Peter Hain. The Jamaican government certainly took exception to such activities. At the time, Mr Bennion had a lucrative £10,000-a-year contract as a tax consultant with the Jamaicans, but they sacked him on hearing about his anti-Hain campaign. When it comes to his views on race, Mr Bennion is clearly something of an enigma. For example, when he was invited to dine with the South African Premier in 1971, he refused because he knew Mr Vorster had been interned during the war for pro-Nazi leanings.

Francis Bennion did not get it all his own way when he tried to mount his prosecution against Peter Hain. A magistrates' court refused to grant summonses, so he appealed to the High Court. During that hearing it was publicly stated that Mr Bennion's 'star witness', a journalist named Gordon Winter, had disappeared. To make it worse, the Director of Public Prosecutions had sent police to my home to serve a subpoena on me to attend court. But something had gone seriously wrong, and the DPP stated that 'extensive police inquiries have failed to locate Gordon Winter'. Suddenly, I was a missing man, and the *Guardian* ran a story on 21 May 1971 announcing that. It was all very embarrassing, so I sat down and wrote a strong letter of complaint to Sir Norman Skelhorn, the Director of Public Prosecutions, telling him that no police officer had been to my flat to the

best of my knowledge, and that if one had done so he could have spoken to my landlord, who lived in the same building, or to any of my neighbours, who knew I was not missing. Furthermore my name, address and telephone numbers were listed in the Foreign Press Association handbook, I was an accredited member of the Parliamentary Association for Overseas Correspondents at the House of Commons, and in any case even the briefest inquiries at the National Union of Journalists would have disclosed the fact that I was an officer of that union and that I certainly had not disappeared.

The Director of Public Prosecutions mounted a special inquiry into my complaint and discovered that the police officer sent to my home had merely knocked on my door when I was out and had then apparently taken the afternoon off to see a cowboy film instead of searching for me. The upshot was that the DPP sent me a letter of apology in which he expressed regret that the police report in his possession had been 'inaccurate and conveyed the misleading impression' that I had disappeared. I took this letter to the *Guardian* and made sure they published details from it.*

Some very strange things also happened to Peter Hain and his friends before and during the Hain trial. One month before, someone sent Peter a large envelope by air mail from Vienna. It contained an explosive device, which fortunately did not go off, because Peter's sister Sally, aged fifteen, opened it from the bottom instead of the top. Later it was neutralized by explosives experts.

Two months earlier, Peter Hain disclosed that he had definite evidence that his telephone was being tapped at his London home and that the telephones of other leading Young Liberals had also been monitored. In addition to this their letters appeared to have been opened before delivery. 'It is not clear whether the phone tapping is by BOSS, or their British counterparts, or by some collaboration between the two,' he said.

* 13 July 1971, headlined 'Apology To Journalist'.

BOSS definitely tried to recruit South African journalists to spy on Hain. One was Eugene Hugo, a quiet young reporter from Natal. On 15 January 1970, my handler, Alf Bouwer, gave me this message from BOSS in Pretoria:

'HUGO, Eugene N. White Adult Male working as a journalist for the South African Argus Group based in London. Born 26/3/1943 in Dundee, Natal. Passport number D14866. Married to Margaret Mary Hugo, White Adult Female SA Subject, passport number D5238. Eugene Hugo is very friendly with Peter Hain and claims to be a liberal, but there is a possibility he may pose as such to further his career with the liberal Argus Group. Please assess whether he can be trusted.'

I knew what that meant: BOSS wanted to recruit him as a spy. I submitted a warning to Pretoria stating quite categorically that Eugene Hugo could not be trusted. He despised the South African government.

But BOSS did not accept my assessment. Within a matter of days Alf Bouwer approached Eugene Hugo and offered to pay him well if he spied on Peter Hain for BOSS. Hugo not only refused; he rushed to Mr Alex Noble, then the managing editor of the Argus Group in London, and told him all about the approach. Mr Noble complained to the South African Ambassador in London, who promised that Eugene Hugo would be left alone as long as no publicity was given to the 'alleged spy approach'.

Alf Bouwer was angry and told me: 'We will deal with the bastard later.' It was about seven years before BOSS took its revenge on Eugene Hugo. He was then working in America, and BOSS mounted a massive smear campaign against him which made headlines in South Africa. I do not know how it was all engineered.

I was often surprised by the things BOSS knew and the confidential files they were able to peep into. On 18 February 1971 I accidentally bumped into a young man who was buying some far-left literature in Collets Bookshop in London's Charing Cross Road. He spoke with a South

African accent, so I asked him his name. He said he was Alan Berry from Sweden and had once lived in Johannesburg. During our five-minute chat he casually mentioned that he hoped to contact Peter Hain during his one-month holiday in Britain. As he was clearly a left-winger, I submitted a report on him to BOSS. Back came this reply:

'BERRY, Alan. Adult White Male, born Republic of South Africa 14/1/1949. Now studying in Sweden where he is known to be interested in setting up a local group to aid Peter Hain. Berry is a card-carrying member of the Swedish Communist Party. He lives with Miss Gunnel BERBCRABTZ, an Adult White Female who is also a senior member of the Swedish Communist Party. They live together as man and wife at Tangu 36, Hagersten, 21638, Sweden, but are not legally married. Please submit details if Berry makes contact with Peter Hain.'

BOSS gave me other information about Mr Alan Berry, but I did not keep a full note of it all. One thing is clear, however: BOSS certainly had access to security files in Sweden, as they also had Alan Berry's Communist Party card number, and that of his lady friend.

During the Hain trial, one of the witnesses for the defence was Mrs Ethel de Keyser, the secretary of the Anti-Apartheid Movement. Prosecution counsel, Owen Stable, QC, asked her about the Movement's annual meeting held at the National Liberal Club in 1969. Mrs De Keyser said she could not remember everything about this meeting, as a full note had not been taken by any of her members. All she had kept was a note of all the resolutions and records of the voting. The interesting aspect of this was that the press had not been admitted to the meeting, yet the prosecution seemed to know everything that had been said during that closed session. Peter Hain, who was defending himself, stood up in court and asked Mrs De Keyser: 'Mr Stable seemed better informed than you about the annual general meeting of 1969. To your knowledge have South African spies been at AAM meetings?'

Mrs De Keyser answered 'Yes, we think this has happened.'

But I happen to know that no BOSS spy attended that AAM annual general meeting; my handler, Piet Schoeman, told me that our spy, who was a senior member of the AAM, was unable to attend because of illness. I do not know his or her name.

Finally the big moment came when I was due to stand in the witness box at the High Court and give evidence as a witness for the prosecution, proving that Peter Hain had conspired to disrupt South African sports tours in Britain etc. So what did BOSS do at the last minute? They told me to switch sides and give evidence in favour of Peter Hain and *not* against him! Anyone who has the slightest knowledge of court procedure will realize what a pickle this landed me in. I had given Gerald Howarth and Francis Bennion a minutely detailed sixty-page report against Peter Hain and all his alleged conspirators. Now I was being ordered to ignore that and help Hain get off the charges I had helped to erect.

But two very important things were in my favour. I had insisted that Gerald Howarth should sign the agreement that details in my statement should not be disclosed under my name without my permission. I held them to this and said I could not give all that evidence in court. When Gerald Howarth opened his mouth in astonishment and asked why, I told him I was 'involved in intelligence work' and that I had no option. I did not say I worked for BOSS, but I am sure he realized it. The other thing which stood in my favour was that Francis Bennion was a gentleman. Once he has given his word he keeps it. He called me to give evidence only on all the photographs I had taken of the various demonstrations against the Springboks. And this was the big escape hatch I used when I finally gave evidence.

After prosecuting counsel had led me through my evidence I suddenly turned 'maverick' witness and told the court I had taken more than 1,000 photographs at the anti-Springbok demonstrations but that the prosecution had

chosen only photographs that showed aggression by demonstrators against the police. Pulling a photograph out of my briefcase, I showed it to the court saying that it was one of several the prosecution had not been interested in because it showed police aggression against demonstrators. At this point Judge Bernard Gillis, QC, intervened and asked to see the photograph I held in my hand. It showed about twenty uniformed policeman, and at least one plain-clothed Special Branch man, clustered round a demonstrator as eight policemen pulled him backwards over a steel barrier at the Springbok match at Edinburgh on 6 December 1969. After looking at the photograph closely Judge Gillis told me that if I had any other photographs like it I should produce them for the sake of justice.

'I have 1,000 negatives,' I answered. 'Obviously if you choose your photos you choose what you want. Some of my photographs show quite clearly that as the tour progressed the police got more vicious and caused a lot of trouble. This one shows quite a few policemen plucking a demonstrator out of the crowd. There is a crowd beneath them. The police are higher than the demonstrators. The police tactic was to pluck out one of the most vociferous. They would grab his testicles – this was common practice – and give them a good squeeze and give him a good hammering. This picture shows one policeman going for his testicles. This in turn enraged the demonstrators and they became more aggressive. They spat at the police. It was a progressive thing that led to unhappiness all round. In this match certainly the police were to blame. No doubt about it. I was myself arrested for taking pictures of that incident . . . Two other journalists were assaulted at the match. Frank Herrmann of the *Sunday Times* was given a hard time by the police. He complained to me afterwards on the plane back. I think all the pressmen in my vicinity agreed that the police had been diabolical.*'

That evidence I gave was completely true, but the irony

* *The Times*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Glasgow Herald* and *Scotsman*, 3 August 1972, all headlined 'Police Vicious'.

is that if BOSS had not told me to help Hain get off I would have omitted to mention 'police aggression' when being led through my evidence by the prosecution. Peter Hain's defence counsel (later dismissed in the course of the trial) were delighted by my disclosure, so I rounded it off nicely for them by confirming that Peter had been chosen by the press as the spokesman for the STST movement because he was 'a very cool, articulate, independent, reasonable young man' who understood what journalists wanted when they telephoned for an interview. I also added that, at all times during his many interviews with me, Peter Hain had made it clear he was not in favour of violence, and that the groups who had taken part in the formation of the STST movement had acted on their own initiative. This gave the defence the chance to exploit its main line of rebuttal, that Peter Hain could hardly be held responsible for everyone's demonstrations as the elaborate conspiracy charges claimed.

In his book *The Cricket Conspiracy*, the British *Sunday Times* journalist Derek Humphry stated that my evidence was almost certainly the main reason why Peter Hain was found not guilty on the three most serious charges brought against him. I could not help Peter Hain on the remaining charge, that he had unlawfully conspired to hinder and disrupt the Davis Cup tennis match between Britain and South Africa in July 1969, as I had not been present at that demonstration. Peter Hain was fined £200 after being found guilty on that charge.

As I walked out of court after giving evidence, Nancy White, a senior member of the Anti-Apartheid Movement, rushed up and threw her arms round me.

'I'm so delighted by the evidence you gave,' she said. 'We were all worried that you were a BOSS agent set up to frame Peter and send him to jail. But on behalf of all the other people at the Anti-Apartheid Movement I would like to apologize for the suspicion that you could be the kind of disgusting person who could work for BOSS.'

Later I was thanked by Peter Hain's mother as she talked

to Lord Avebury (the former Liberal MP Eric Lubbock), who had been responsible for starting a 'Hain Defence Fund' to collect money for costs not covered by legal aid. Mrs Hain had tears of joy running down her cheeks as she embraced Lord Avebury. The delight on all these faces made me realize what life would have been like if I had given evidence against Peter Hain, as originally planned by BOSS. Losing my temper with Pretoria for one mad moment, I pulled Mrs Hain aside and whispered: 'I don't exactly know what part BOSS played in mounting this case against your son, but I do happen to know there's some other jiggery-pokery going on, as at least two British intelligence men are said to be involved with the Society for Individual Freedom which helped Francis Bennion to mount the whole thing.'

I am not sure whether I mentioned Ross McWhirter's name to Mrs Hain, but I definitely told her about Mr George Young. At a later stage Mrs Hain told me that a friend of hers had checked on George Young and that my information was 'almost certainly correct'.

Some of my right-wing friends in South Africa wrote to tell me they were disappointed by the evidence I had given in favour of Peter Hain. My editor on the Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, Johnny Johnson, wrote to say 'It's about time you made up your mind whose side you are on.' But BOSS was pleased by the way I had extricated myself. They knew it left me free to mount the most important political smear of my career. The victim this time was the Right Honourable Jeremy Thorpe, MP, leader of the British Liberal Party. That was why BOSS had told me to switch sides in the Hain trial. The Thorpe scandal had fallen into my lap. BOSS took the view that rather than give evidence against Peter Hain, which would force me to return to South Africa at once, I should keep my cover intact and stay in Britain to deal a crippling blow to the Liberal Party.

28 · BRINGING DOWN JEREMY THORPE

I was making a pot of tea in my flat early one morning in June 1971 when the telephone rang. It was Jill Evans, calling from her office in the *Daily Mirror*.

'Come and have lunch with me and I'll give you a story that's right up your murky alley,' said she, witty as ever.

As we piled into a salad lunch in the *Daily Mirror* canteen a few hours later, Jill told me something that eventually resulted in headlines all over the world, exposed me as a BOSS agent, totally changed the course of my life, and ruined Jeremy Thorpe's political career. Jill explained that a friend of hers, Lesley Ebbetts, who freelanced on the fashion beat for the *Mirror*, had introduced her to a young male model named Norman Scott.

'He's one of those limp-wristed, pouting pooves,' Jill said, not cruelly, but to give me a quick visual image of the man. 'He's highly sensitive, rather neurotic but charming, witty and intelligent, and he claims he is the discarded lover of Jeremy Thorpe. It all sounds rather sordid, not my line of journalism at all, but there's no doubt he's a voice in the wilderness crying out for help, so I mentioned your name to him and gave him your home phone number saying you were an investigative reporter who might be able to assist him.'

Thanking Jill profusely, I returned to my flat and anxiously waited for Norman Scott to telephone. He did so the next day, Wednesday, 16 June, at noon. I was so keen I told him to drive round to my flat by taxi and I would pay the fare.

When I opened my flat door he stood there with his right arm half-raised as if to ward off an expected blow. Under

his left arm he carried a light brown whippet bitch which also cowered. He was pleasing to look at, tall and slender, with beautifully tailored cream trousers and an expensive snakeskin jacket over a striped hand-knitted French jersey and black shirt. Jill had been right; he was outlandishly effeminate, but his face was ruggedly masculine with a deeply dimpled chin, strong sensuous lips and a large, slightly bent nose. His bush of black curly hair was carefully styled to look as though it had not been combed, and, all considered, he could have been taken for a monied pop star. But not when he opened his mouth. The timbre of his voice was soft, even musical, and his cultured English accent was such that he sounded like a duke, which was the kind of rank he felt he should have been born with.

As he walked in hesitantly, his large dark eyes swept my lounge and he opened the door of the bathroom, peeping in to make sure it was empty before returning to the lounge and settling himself in an armchair with exaggerated delicacy. Watching all this, I realized I was in for a hard time. His attitude towards me was rather like that of a rabbit cornered by a stoat. His lips actually trembled and his whole frame jerked in fear whenever I spoke. The whippet sitting by his feet jerked in unison with him, and it was difficult to tell which was the more neurotic. In an effort to relax them both, I fetched a saucer of milk from the kitchen and gave it to the whippet. Norman appreciated the gesture but I had done it all wrong. The milk was out of the fridge and Emma didn't like her milk cold. 'We must warm it up a bit for her,' he said.

When that was done I began asking Norman questions, but he stopped me in mid-stream.

'Have you ever met Jeremy Thorpe? Are you a member of the Liberal Party? Do you know any top Liberals?'

When I said I had once met Mr Thorpe at St Paul's Cathedral and photographed him on two occasions, Norman let out a high-pitched, strangled scream. 'Oh, my God, how can I trust you?'

Five minutes later, when I had calmed him down,

Norman explained that he was terribly suspicious of anyone new who tried to befriend him.

'Jeremy has planted people on me before, you know, and one of them even threatened to have me put away in a mental home if I didn't stop causing trouble.'

At this point it occurred to me that perhaps Norman Scott belonged in a mental home, as he was clearly paranoid as well as neurotic. He launched into a venomous tirade against Jeremy Thorpe. The outburst disturbed me. Why did he hate Mr Thorpe so intensely?

'I was deeply in love with Jeremy for three years,' he replied. 'We were inseparable and I thought our idyllic friendship would last for ever. But he discarded me like a cheap tart and told me to leave his flat.'

When I pointed out that most 'gay' friendships tended to be temporary, Norman looked horrified.

'No, no, it wasn't like that with us. It wasn't a nasty sexual thing. Well, certainly not from my side. I loved him and he promised to look after me for ever and ever. He even took my National Insurance card, saying he would pay the contributions, and I shouldn't bother myself about money as he would look after me.'

I found this very interesting, as, by taking possession of Norman's National Insurance card and paying the weekly contribution stamps for it, Mr Thorpe had placed himself on record as being Norman's employer. I asked Norman if Mr Thorpe had employed him in any capacity or paid him a wage.

'Don't be silly, I wasn't his below-stairs maid. I loved him. He was my boy-friend and my mentor. He looked after me. You can call it being kept if you like. He paid all the outgoings and gave me regular pocket money. When we did bump into someone he knew he sometimes pretended I was a researcher for the Liberal Party.'

Norman claimed the friendship had ended when Mr Thorpe had invited a sailor for tea at the town flat Mr Thorpe rented in Marsham Court, Westminster. Refusing to believe that the good-looking young sailor was one of

Mr Thorpe's constituents who had a political grievance to air, Norman threatened to walk out if the sailor did not leave at once. Mr Thorpe told him not to interfere in his political affairs so Norman flounced out in a huff, vowing never to return. When he changed his mind a few days later, Mr Thorpe was not interested and blanked him out completely. It is said that hell hath no fury like a woman scorned and Norman was not only furious, he was vindictive. He threatened to go to the police and lay a charge alleging Mr Thorpe had seduced him. Homosexuality was a serious offence at the time and, whether true or false, the case would have received maximum publicity; the career of the up-and-coming Mr Jeremy Thorpe, Liberal MP, would have been ruined.

One thing can be said for Jeremy Thorpe. He had courage. Risking everything, he thrust his jaw out and told Norman Scott to go to hell. Norman backed down and went looking for a job. And this was where the National Insurance card became a crucial ingredient in what later became a world-famous scandal. Any person leaving one job to take another has to give his new employer that all-important insurance card. When Norman asked Mr Thorpe to return the card he did not oblige. Having been threatened once, he suspected that Norman wanted the card to show as proof of their relationship. Norman retaliated.

'If you won't or can't give me my insurance card back,' he told Mr Thorpe, 'I can't get a job, so you'll have to give me money to live on.'

In the end, Mr Thorpe knuckled under and Norman was given a weekly 'retainer' for several years. But Mr Thorpe protected his back by using a cut-out to pay Norman the money. That man was Mr Peter Bessell, a close and trusted friend who was the Liberal MP for Bodmin, Cornwall.

When I asked Norman Scott to show me proof of these payments, he took a taxi to his lawyers and brought back a large bundle of letters. Reading through them all I knew with total certainty that Norman was not the paranoid, neurotic lunatic I had first judged him to be.

The letters, many of them written on House of Commons headed notepaper, clearly indicated that Norman Scott was not being paid a weekly retainer as a Liberal Party researcher. One showed that Peter Bessell was quibbling about Norman's request for £200 so that he could set himself up as a male model. He wanted £28 for photographer's fees, nearly £16 for a model book, £40 for clothes, £40 for advance rent, £37 for food, gas and electricity and £15 for a bag. Mr Bessell had written back saying £15 for a bag was 'excessive as you can buy very good suitcases cheaply at Marks and Spencers'.

In a following letter, Mr Bessell wrote 'My reason for doubt about spending as much as £200 is that it does not guarantee a future and what I am anxious to do is make certain that your future is secure.'

Another series of letters showed that Norman, a little male model nobody, had not had to stand in a queue when he faced prosecution for not having his National Insurance cards stamped for six years. Mr Bessell had helped by making a personal approach to Mr David Ennals, then Britain's Minister of Health. It was all top-drawer stuff. Norman's problem was solved, and he didn't even have to pay for the back stamps he owed! While Mr Ennals was dealing with this matter, Peter Bessell wrote a long letter telling Norman all about these VIP-style arrangements. And at the end of that letter, also written on House of Commons notepaper, Mr Bessell added a very telling paragraph. He told Norman: 'I have spoken to Jeremy Thorpe and put him in the picture regarding the present position.'

H. J. van den Bergh's comment to me that if you sift through the dirt you are forced to find a gem one day, and perhaps fall into a gold mine now and again, was so true. I was digging dirt here all right and had fallen into a gold mine. Norman Scott's collection of letters was political dynamite. By a fantastic stroke of luck I had obtained exactly the kind of smear material H. J. van den Bergh had told me to look out for when he first sent me to spy in London five years earlier. His words were clear in my

memory: 'Keep your ears open for any gossip about top people in British politics who are homosexuals or married and having affairs on the side.'

He couldn't hope for better than this. The man involved with Norman Scott was the leader of the hated British Liberal Party. And another Liberal MP had been paying out 'hush' money. I didn't rush round to my handler with the goods news, though. In order to tie the whole thing up neatly I embarked on the longest and most searching series of interviews I had ever done with one person.

First, I warned Norman Scott that if he wanted me to mount a full-scale investigation into his claims against Jeremy Thorpe I would only do so if he agreed to let me subject him to many hours of gruelling questions. I told him he must imagine he was standing in a witness box at the Old Bailey while I was an aggressive and cunning defence barrister determined to prove him a liar. And, if I caught him out in one single lie, I would stand up and kick him out of my flat. I thought Norman would wince and go all fey on me, but not so.

'Oh, Gordon, what a sweetie you are. I'm so terribly grateful to you. You'll never know the strain I've been under. Nobody will listen to me. Everybody thinks I'm lying or mad. If I hadn't met you I think I would have had a mental breakdown. Can you really spare your precious time? I can see you're a busy man, because you have a tape-answering device on your telephone.'

I told Norman that he would have to allow me to tape all our conversations, although I would let him switch off my tape recorder when he wanted to say something off the record. He agreed, not knowing I had another tape fixed up in the cupboard which I switched on by remote control when he switched the other off. I was determined to capture every word he uttered. Those 'off-the-record' comments would be invaluable for BOSS in making an in-depth character assessment of the male model Norman Scott.

And so the quizzing started. He came to my flat for two weeks, spending at least eight hours with me every day and

sometimes more. I made countless cups of coffee and cooked meals for him. I didn't insult his palate with cheap Spanish wine but pandered to his pretensions by buying BOSS-funded bottles of Chablis or a fine Bordeaux.

I copied police interrogation technique by building him up during the first four days. I told him how clever and articulate he was and what a fabulous memory he had - like a computer with instant recall. He adored the flattery, and then, when I felt satisfied I had enough raw data on him anyway, I turned tough. I shouted at him, called him a liar. When he protested, I reminded him I was an aggressive barrister trying to rile him and catch him out. Then I really turned vicious.

'I don't believe your story about getting a retainer from Peter Bessell. It all smacks of blackmail. Either you've been blackmailing Peter Bessell over some affair he's had with a woman, or you're blackmailing Thorpe, or both.'

Norman was not ruffled. 'You may call it blackmail if you wish, but it is what I feel I'm entitled to following the promises made to me by Jeremy and his failure to keep those promises. In any case, if Jeremy had given me my insurance card back, all this wouldn't have happened. He only has himself to blame.'

'That's a convenient get out,' I hit back. 'But I think you're a simpering little queen, too lazy to go out and work, so you resort to petty blackmail.'

Norman let out a piercing shriek, jumped out of the chair, ran to the bathroom and locked himself in. I heard him sobbing his heart out but let him sob. About ten minutes later he peeped round the bathroom door.

'Please reassure me. That wasn't you asking that question: it was the barrister in court, wasn't it?'

When I said yes he gave me a good one back: 'Well, then, my clever learned friend, if I was blackmailing Peter Bessell, how do you explain the fact that the letters he sent me with my weekly retainer were very friendly and helpful? If I was extorting the money from him he would hardly write letters on House of Commons notepaper starting "Dear

Norman" and ending with "All good wishes", would he?'

I quizzed Norman on every aspect of his life. He was born Norman Valentine Josiffe, in Bexley, Kent, two days before Valentine's Day in 1940. His father was also called Norman, and his mother was Ena, a cultured woman who was once Conservative candidate for the local council in Erith and Crayford, Kent. Norman had four brothers and one sister. He was an intelligent child but not particularly studious and was at an ordinary secondary modern school until at fifteen he left to start work as a stable boy. He had been shovelling horse dung out of a stable when he first met Jeremy Thorpe, who had leaned over the stable door and said 'How do you do?' Norman was twenty at the time, working for a man known as The Honourable Normand Vivian Dudlay Van den Brecht de Vater, in Kingham, Oxfordshire. Jeremy Thorpe was a close friend of the Hon. De Vater and had been best man at his wedding in 1961. Jeremy Thorpe was warm and sympathetic as he chatted up this healthy-looking and remarkably well-spoken young stable lad with straw in his hair.

Sighing with nostalgia, Norman told me: 'I'd never been in love with a man before, but we looked into each other's eyes and we both knew.'

Norman said Mr Thorpe had skilfully made the first overture. 'Van de Vater is rather an odd fellow,' he had said. 'If anything unhappy happens to you due to this man, don't hesitate to contact me for help. You can always call me at the House of Commons. I'm the Liberal Member of Parliament for North Devon.'

Mr Thorpe's assessment that De Vater was an odd fellow turned out to be correct. He was not 'The Honourable' at all but the son of a Welsh coalminer. Norman Scott had a row with him about wages. Mr De Vater later moved to Ireland, setting himself up as the Master of Foxhounds for the United Kennels in County Cork, and Norman went to London and looked up Jeremy Thorpe.

They met in the House of Commons and later Mr Thorpe drove down to the Limpsfield, Surrey, home of his mother

Mrs Ursula Thorpe. Mr Thorpe introduced his mother to Norman under an assumed name pretending he was a member of a television unit. Norman told me it was in that house his friendship with Mr Thorpe was consummated. His description, not mine.

Norman gave me a wealth of detail about Mr Thorpe, his cars, his friends, his habits, his wit, charm and great musical talent. Norman called Mr Thorpe 'Jay' and he called Norman 'Bunny', because he was nervous and often jumped like a frightened rabbit. Norman said Mr Thorpe had written several very intimate letters which started 'My Dearest Angel', but Norman could not prove this. When I asked him to produce the letters he said he had once left one of his suitcases in Switzerland, and Mr Thorpe, in league with Peter Bessell, had gained possession of it and removed all the letters. In addition they had torn out all the laundry marks and tags on Norman's clothing. This was so that Norman could not prove that some of the laundry marks on his shirts were the same as those on Mr Thorpe's linen as they had naturally sent their clothing to the same laundry when Norman was staying at Mr Thorpe's flat at 66 Marsham Court, Westminster.*

Retrieving letters and tearing out laundry tags was obviously a good way to negate Norman Scott's threats of exposure, but there were many other little clues which could not be hidden. These were all tucked away in Norman's memory bank, and all I had to do was let him gabble on. Most journalists searching for hard news stories do not have the time or inclination to sit listening to a man talk for two weeks. But I was a journalist working for BOSS. One by one the clues fell from Norman's lips. They sometimes sounded trivial, but when put together they helped complete the jigsaw.

Norman had written letters to Mr Thorpe and had once forgotten to write the word 'Personal' on the envelope. It had been opened by Mr Thorpe's secretary, a Miss Jennifer

* Mr Peter Bessell later confirmed that he had intercepted Norman's suitcase so that Mr Thorpe could regain possession of the letters.

King. The letter was intimate and Norman had ended it with 'I miss you terribly, Love, Your Norman'. Mr Thorpe had been furious and ordered Norman to make sure he always wrote 'Personal' on the envelope in future. He had also warned Norman to be careful what he said when telephoning him at the House of Commons because Miss King was 'a bit nosy' and sometimes listened in to his calls. Norman said that Miss King obviously knew he was not working as a researcher for Mr Thorpe as she had sometimes accompanied the two men as they drove down to Mr Thorpe's mother. Miss King's father lived at Limpsfield, which was near Mrs Ursula Thorpe's home.

Norman said Mr Thorpe had two cars at the time, a dark blue Sunbeam Rapier and a Humber Snipe. These were sometimes parked at Brown's, a small garage near Paddington Station, and the owner, Mr Brown, had often seen Norman with Jeremy.

Norman had once attended an open-air function in Berrynarbor near Ilfracombe, Devon, and press photographers had taken photographs. One of them had almost certainly taken a picture of Norman standing with Mr Thorpe.

Norman had bought a pair of brown oxford shoes and some underwear at Gieves in London's Bond Street, and the assistant at the store, a Mr Macintosh, had been authorized to put the cost of these items on Mr Thorpe's account.

Norman had a Jack Russell terrier named 'Mr Tish'. He could not take it inside the House of Commons when he went to see Mr Thorpe there, so on several occasions he had left the dog in the care of the police constable on duty at the St Stephen's entrance.

In 1967 there was a burglary at Mr Thorpe's London flat, and various valuables were stolen including a pair of sapphire cufflinks which someone had bought from Cartiers and given to Mr Thorpe as a present. Some of the valuables were recovered when a porter was arrested on the burglary charge, and he was later jailed. He strongly denied stealing

the sapphire cufflinks, which the police were unable to trace. Norman said there was a good reason for this. The porter had not stolen them. Mr Thorpe had given them to Norman as a present four years earlier and Norman said he could prove the cufflinks had been in his possession as long ago as that, because in 1963 he had, without Mr Thorpe's knowledge, taken them to a shop run by a Mr Hayes in Hatton Garden and sold them for £50.

Once Norman had gone to Paddington Station to see Mr Thorpe off. He had boarded the train with Mr Thorpe and two other men, one of them an M.P. The train was packed, and as they walked through the coaches the train slowly started to pull out of the station. Mr Thorpe had told Norman to jump off while the train was still crawling, but Norman admitted he was 'too much of a cissy' to do a dangerous thing like that. As the train was full, the four men had ended up sitting on packing cases in the guard's van and they all thought it hilarious. Mr Thorpe had given Norman his return fare and told him to get off the train at the first stop and go back to London.

After his friendship with Mr Thorpe had broken up, Norman had stayed as the guest of Mr Keith Rose, a Welsh garage owner, in Talybont, Conway, and had told him all about the affair. Mr Rose did not believe Norman's claim that Mr Thorpe had offered him £5,000 to start a new life. To prove it, Norman asked Mr Rose to listen in while he telephoned Liberal MP Mr Peter Bessell in London. After hearing the conversation, Mr Rose sat down and wrote a statement in which he confirmed that Peter Bessell had promised to raise the £5,000. I obtained a copy of Mr Rose's statement, which was confirmed by a Mr Bernard Davies, who had also listened in to the telephone conversation and heard Mr Bessell promise that amount of money.

Norman Scott told me of several other similar incidents where witnesses had been present to prove his unusual friendship with Mr Thorpe. But what really riled Norman was the fact that, when he tried to prove this relationship to

some of his friends, Mr Thorpe had denied even knowing him!

Norman experienced some depressing periods after his break-up with Mr Thorpe. He eventually made a genuine attempt to settle down and live a decent life. In 1968 he met Angela Mary Susan Myers, an English girl whose mother lived at Partney Grange, Spilsby, Lincolnshire. Susan knew Norman was bisexual and tried to wean him off men. They married at Kensington Register Office on 13 May 1969, and a child, now aged ten and still living in England, was born of the marriage.

Norman's marriage was a dismal failure. I obtained a copy of his wife's petition for divorce, filed in 1971, and it disclosed a totally different side to Norman Valentine Scott. His wife made the following statements on oath: he had failed to get or keep regular employment throughout the marriage; he had expected her to live off her sister, who was married to the comedian Mr Terry Thomas, and also expected her to rely on the charity of her mother. He had stolen her jewellery and sold it. He had assaulted her several times and threatened to 'beat her brains to sawdust'. He had committed sodomy with at least two young men, one of them the son of a millionaire. Susan Scott obtained her divorce and custody of the child.

As I talked to Norman Scott in my flat, I asked him if there was any person in the world he trusted. He said yes. Her name was Gwen Parry-Jones, and she was a widow who lived in North Wales.

'She's much older than me, but we are very good friends and I told her everything about my love for Jeremy Thorpe.'

Norman gave me permission to telephone Mrs Parry-Jones, who had once been the postmistress of the village of Talybont in North Wales. It was only then that I discovered the astonishing fact that a special committee of top Liberals had mounted an investigation into Norman's strange friendship with their leader Jeremy Thorpe.

Mrs Parry-Jones told me: 'Norman stayed as my guest a few weeks ago. I have long been a keen supporter of the

Liberal Party, and I was incensed to hear the allegations Norman made about Mr Thorpe. I questioned Norman at great length in an effort to find out whether he was telling the truth. I'm a very efficient person and, try as I may, I was unable to catch him out in any lie. I came to the conclusion that he was telling the truth, although some of the things he told me still seemed outlandish.

'And that, Mr Winter, is why I took Norman down to London by train last month and arranged to see top members of the Liberal Party. It was imperative for me to find out if Norman was lying, and, if so, why. They mounted an official but private inquiry, but I have my doubts about their motives. It seems to me that some of the top Liberals are not so bothered about getting justice done for Norman but in unseating Jeremy Thorpe and bringing their own man to power as the leader.'

I couldn't believe my ears and asked Mrs Parry-Jones what she was talking about. A private inquiry by top Liberals? Yes, she had written to the Welsh Liberal MP and barrister Emlyn Hooson, and he, in league with Mr David Steel, the Liberal Chief Whip, had later set up a three-man investigating committee with Lord Byers, leader of the Liberal peers in the House of Lords. I asked Mrs Parry-Jones when these three men had held their inquiry.

'Just eleven days ago in a room at the House of Commons. Norman gave evidence before the committee. Hasn't he told you about that?'

Norman hadn't. I had been quizzing him for five days solid, yet he had failed to mention this vital aspect. It just goes to show how careful you have to be. I asked Mrs Parry-Jones if she had any correspondence in connection with the Liberal Party's three-man committee.

'Oh yes,' she said, 'I have a letter written by Mr Emlyn Hooson in answer to mine.'

I asked Mrs Parry-Jones to send a copy of this letter to me.

'I'll do better than that. I'll send you the original.' She did, and I still have it. In the letter, dated 14 June,

Mr Hooson said that Norman Scott 'tells a very convincing story' which was being 'thoroughly investigated'. Emlyn Hooson did try to investigate the matter with great thoroughness. But two things were against him. When he talked to Peter Bessell by telephone, Mr Bessell confirmed Norman's story. But Bessell played a double-cross later by denying he had given such confirmation. This placed Mr Hooson in the nasty position of appearing to be lying in the hope that Jeremy Thorpe would be unseated as the Liberal leader so that he, Mr Hooson, could take his place. Years later Mr Hooson was exonerated when Peter Bessell admitted lying about the telephone call. Politics can certainly be a very dirty game.

Scotland Yard did not play the game either. Two officers who attended the Liberal Party committee of inquiry failed to disclose that Norman Scott had once signed an official statement giving a detailed account of his relationship with Jeremy Thorpe. And so, the committee of inquiry, being balked in these ways, was unable to make the thorough investigation promised by Mr Hooson. Norman was not believed; Jeremy Thorpe came out of it virtually unscathed and carried on as the leader of the Liberals.

After talking to Mrs Parry-Jones I asked Norman Scott to tell me all about the evidence he had given to the three-man committee. As he recounted the details Norman said that Mr David Steel and Mr Emlyn Hooson had been very fair, listening carefully to everything he had said. But Lord Byers had aggravated him to the point where he had stood up and walked out calling him 'a pontificating old sod'. As Norman had walked out of the House of Commons, a total stranger had accosted him. 'We know all you've been saying in there, and if you carry on as you're doing we'll kill you.' That man was never identified.

On 21 June 1971, the day after Mrs Parry-Jones told me about the Liberal Party's committee of inquiry, I decided to make absolutely certain the inquiry had taken place by double-checking with a friend of mine. I went to the House of Commons and signed a green card saying I wished to see

Mr Harold Soref, the Tory MP for Ormskirk. When he appeared I gave him brief details and asked him if he could find out whether the Liberals had investigated claims made by Norman Scott against Jeremy Thorpe. Mr Soref told me to stay where I was while he went to speak to another member of the House who would know the answer to my question. I stood leaning against a statue of William Gladstone until Mr Soref returned ten minutes later. Harold Soref doesn't smile much. His face normally has the sombre but alert expression an undertaker adopts when he's about to tell you how much the coffin will cost. But as he scurried back to me he was positively beaming.

'Goodness gracious, my boy,' he said, as he took my arm and led me to a quiet alcove. 'You really have a big story up your sleeve this time.'

'It's all true,' he whispered. 'Every word of it. But I advise you to be very careful. You'll get the hiding of your life if you don't play your cards right.'

Mr Soref confirmed that the Liberals had investigated allegations of homosexuality against Mr Thorpe. Not only that, British security had recently conducted a 'vetting' probe into the illicit sexual activities of several other Members of Parliament. This had been mounted because there was a scare on at the time about the KGB 'setting up sex snares' for blackmail purposes.

Harold Soref made me promise I would not mention his name in any story I was writing. He said it was an 'unwritten rule' in the House that a member's sex life should be private. It was considered ungentlemanly for a member to look into or discuss such things, and it was only very rarely that something like a Christine Keeler scandal erupted.

'It's fair game for a newspaper, but no MP can risk being associated with such a probe. You mustn't tell anyone about your chat with me, otherwise I could become an outcast in this House,' he said.

I could hardly tell Mr Soref I had no intention of writing a story at that stage and that I was compiling a dossier for

BOSS. Shaking hands with me as I prepared to leave him, Harold Soref said: 'It's wallowing in mire, and I strongly urge you to reconsider your decision to write a story about Thorpe. He's got powerful friends, you know.'

I said I also had powerful friends. Mr Soref nudged me in the ribs.

'I wish you good luck. You're going to need all you can get,' he said.

The fact that top Liberals had mounted a secret inquiry into homosexual allegations made by a young male model was in itself a story I could have sold at once to any mass-circulation Sunday newspaper in Fleet Street. Even without names being published it was a crackerjack front-pager and would have netted me at least £500. But I did not do that. I typed out a seventy-four-page report to BOSS and gave it to my handler, Alf Bouwer, along with tapes and copies of all the letters Norman Scott had given me.

You should have seen Alf's face as he read the first three or four pages. His jaw dropped and his eyes widened as if he was being strangled.

'Good God!' said Alf, glancing across at my beaming face. 'You really are the luckiest bastard I've ever met.'

Shoving my report into his briefcase he said he could read it later back at the office. What he wanted now was for me to tell the whole story right from the beginning. I said it would take a couple of hours. He looked at his watch and suggested a working lunch. Casting security to the winds, we went round to the Carlton Towers Hotel in Knightsbridge.

Alf set the mood by ordering a bottle of champagne instead of soup. Then we had a bottle of fine white wine with grilled sole followed by black coffee and half a dozen brandies each. We took a taxi to Alf's home in Wimbledon to continue our celebration by drinking the best part of two bottles of South African KWV brandy. Alf's wife, Audrey, thought we were quite mad as we punched each other playfully round her ornately furnished lounge. I ended up being carried to bed in the spare room, blind drunk.

General H. J. van den Bergh was also pleased when he received my report. But he sent me instructions that I was to write nothing at all about Norman Scott or Jeremy Thorpe. I was to continue my friendship with Norman and keep him happy in preparation for the time when BOSS was ready to strike. A few months later HJ sent me a message that that time would be when Britain held its next general election. That, he said, would be the perfect moment for me to give the whole Thorpe/Scott dossier to a leading British newspaper. HJ was convinced that, all things being right, such a sensational story would smash the British Liberal Party, split the Labour vote and help the Conservative Party (adored by Pretoria) to power.

I did exactly as I was told. I kept the story up my sleeve for more than two years and then gave it, with supporting tapes and Norman's letters, to the popular British newspaper the *Sunday People* – one week before Britain's general election in February 1974.

29 • BRITISH INTELLIGENCE MOVES IN

One year after I had completed my dossier on Norman Scott, I gave a copy of it to a man I knew to be a British intelligence operative. He was Harold Edward Tracey, known as 'Lee' to his friends, who also used the alias John Marshall. I met him quite casually in a London night club in November 1972, and he told me he owned a company known as Allen International, which sold bugging apparatus and various items of sophisticated military hardware such as infra-red night vision binoculars and radar devices.

One of the strangest things about being a spy is that you quickly learn to spot another. As I chatted to Lee Tracey over dinner it was not difficult to work out that he knew what intelligence work was all about. Although he was charming and brimming over with wit, he asked all those questions which often give spies away: penetrating, pumping questions aimed at building up a quick need-to-know profile. I'd had a few drinks too many and stupidly gave the game away by showing him that I also knew what pumping was about. Lee didn't see it like that. He was impressed that I didn't beat about the bush, and took it as a compliment that I had not underestimated his intelligence. Before the hour was out we were bosom pals and he insisted that I visit his office the next day.

The office was above a betting shop in Old Pye Street, Victoria, diagonally opposite New Scotland Yard. The front door was guarded by a closed-circuit television spy camera high in the ceiling. This camera was to save Lee's bacon a year later, in October 1973, when a bearded man planted a bomb at the office.* He was seen through the spy camera,

* *Guardian*, 2 October 1973, headlined 'TV Scanner Spots Bomber In The Act'.

and Lee ran out to catch him. As he spotted the time bomb Lee picked it up and threw it at the man who had planted it. The man made a brilliant one-handed cricket catch and hurled the bomb back at Lee, which distracted him somewhat and gave the bomb-planting time to escape. The bomb was planted by the IRA because Lee, some time earlier, had tried to sell an unusual weapon to the army in Northern Ireland. It was a 'photic driver' light device designed to control angry crowds of demonstrators by interrupting brainwave rhythms. The most controversial effect of this device was that it could cause epileptic fits, and the IRA, not liking that at all, had obviously decided to teach Lee Tracey a little lesson.

As he guided me round his office Lee showed me dozens of fascinating items - microphones disguised as cufflinks, ashtrays, tie-clips and packets of cigarettes. He had the latest transmitters, some disguised as fountain pens or table lighters and others to be hidden in wall cavities or linked with voice-activated tapes for telephone tapping. Lee Tracey had one device I had never heard of before. This was for locating terrorists lurking in dense bush or wooden areas. A searchlight with no visible beam, it could be mounted on a jeep and aimed at a large tree or dense bush. If anyone was hiding behind the tree, the searchlight beam picked up heat waves emanating from his body, and a well-aimed shell then blew him to smithereens. I thought this was marvellous and suggested that Lee should try selling it to South Africa or Rhodesia, as it would be a fabulous weapon for them to use when hunting members of Black guerrilla movements in the bush.

'That's why I showed it to you,' said Lee. 'I've worked it out that you work for BOSS, so perhaps we can put our heads together and make a few bob.'

I didn't actually admit working for BOSS, but I didn't deny it either. I just smiled broadly at Lee and asked him who he worked for.

'Oh, I'm retired now,' he lied. 'I did work for British

intelligence but there was no money in it, so I branched out into this business instead.'

Later, as he guided me round a vast warehouse packed with many other items of military-type hardware, Lee told me his main customers were police and military forces overseas, particularly in Black African states and the Middle East. Now and again he was visited by shadowy men representing political groups which were planning a coup or revolution in far-distant countries and needed hardware. Leering knowingly at Lee, I told him that was exactly the kind of information British intelligence would love to know: who was buying what, for which country, and in what amounts. Knowing that, British intelligence would be able to assess not only which political group was planning a coup but also where and when. Then, depending on various political factors, British intelligence could decide whether to help or smash the coup.

'You're a right smart arse, aren't you,' said Lee. 'But you could be wrong, you know. The Americans might be more interested in getting that kind of high-level advance information and using it to their own ends. And there's something else you should consider. The Yanks have bags of money, whereas the British firm hasn't.'

What Lee said was absolutely true. The CIA is far more active in plotting coups and revolutions, and it pours millions into such ventures. Any person who doubts that should read the excellent book by the CIA-defector Philip Agee, *Inside the Company. A CIA Diary* (Penguin Books, 1975). I never found out whether Lee Tracey was steering me away from my suspicion that he was an active British intelligence operative, or whether he did deals with the CIA for purely financial reasons. One thing I do know. When I discussed the subject of Lee Tracey with General H. J. van den Bergh, he told me:

'Tracey sells hardware from an establishment directly opposite New Scotland Yard. It's common sense that British security wouldn't let him flog all that strange hard-

ware so openly if they didn't have a secret deal going with him. Of course they insist that he tips them off about his clients and their requirements.'

HJ added his favourite saying: 'They'd be stupid if they didn't.'

I tried to persuade BOSS to buy a million dollars' worth of Lee Tracey's hardware (which would have netted me a tidy one hundred thousand dollars in commission). 'Why should we buy from him?' BOSS said. 'We get all that kind of stuff from the Germans. And much cheaper.'

When I showed Lee Tracey my dossier on Norman Scott, he said 'I'd love to pass a copy of this on to the British firm. How about it?'

I gave it to him. Later he came back to me. 'They didn't seem grateful. They claim they knew all about the Thorpe/Scott thing anyway and there's nothing new in your dossier.'

This niggled me intensely. How typical of the British firm: give them something good and they say 'We knew all about this anyway, old chap.' What a load of nonsense. Nobody had interviewed Norman Scott before on an intelligence level – and certainly not in a series of in-depth eight-hour interviews spanning two weeks! Quite apart from that, Norman Scott had not given any other person his full collection of some fifty letters. But let us presume that I am wrong and British intelligence *did* know 'all about Norman Scott and Jeremy Thorpe'. If that is so, why wasn't something done? Why was there a cover-up? They can't have it both ways.

That is exactly what I told Lee Tracey, and I am sure he must have passed on my angry comments, because, a few days later, British security sent two officers to lean on me. Hard.

On Monday, 11 December 1972, a Detective Sergeant Fryer telephoned my flat saying he was a member of Scotland Yard's Special Branch and would like to make an appointment to see me. When he suggested 11 a.m. three days later I agreed but asked him for his telephone number so that I could call back and cancel if an urgent news story

cropped up at the last minute. He gave the number, White-hall 1212, and said his extension was 3866. I deliberately waited until lunchtime the next day and telephoned that number. The man who answered the extension number said Fryer was out to lunch. I asked if that was the Special Branch and he said it was. I also asked if Fryer was a Special Branch man. Yes, he was. This satisfied me that Fryer's appointment was genuine.

At precisely 11 a.m. as arranged, Fryer arrived at my door with another man, named Walden. Before I let them in I asked them to show me proof of their identity and they handed over two plastic identity cards. As they sat down in the lounge Fryer looked round at the bookcase containing some 400 books, mostly political, the paintings on the walls and the IBM 'golf-ball' typewriter.

After he had written it all down in his head, he turned and said, in a very loaded tone, 'So this is where it all happens, is it?'

I tried to lighten the heavy atmosphere with a crack. 'No, the bedroom is next door.'

They didn't smile. These two comments should appear on the tape recording that I know they made of their talk with me. It was certainly on mine. Walden took out a ball-point pen, wrote my name and the date on a large pad of lined government-issue paper, and then put the pen down.

'I don't need to write down everything you say, do I? Let's have a friendly chat first,' he said.

It was obviously a psychological ploy aimed at relaxing me and putting me off my guard. But it did not work, because Walden put the pen down twelve inches from his left hand – a very awkward movement, as he had used his right hand when writing. Looking closely at the pen I saw a small hole in the base. It was one of the pens sold by Lee Tracey.* During the interview when one of the Special

* A 'Schneider Caracta 88' transmitter pen made in Germany, costing about £100 (in 1972) and powered by four Duracell RM-312H hearing-aid batteries; maximum effective range approximately 100 feet.

Branch men asked me a crafty question, I pointed to the pen and said: 'Turn that off and I'll answer.'

After a slow build-up they came to the point. They knew I was an agent working for BOSS. British security did not like that, and I should stop my nonsense or they would come the heavy with me. When I started to prevaricate, Walden said 'Come on, Gordon. Don't let's play games.' He then hit me with the fact that I had been monitored on a day when I had had a secret meeting with Mike Geldenhuys in a private room at London's Strand Palace Hotel. I was dumbfounded.

Mike Geldenhuys is today South Africa's Commissioner of Police. At that time he was number four at BOSS HQ in Pretoria and the overall controller of all BOSS agents overseas. He had travelled to London to make a routine check on all BOSS operatives in Britain. I had been told to take elaborate precautions ensuring I was not followed when I went to see him at the Strand Palace. I know I was definitely not followed. I drove my car to a tube station, took two trains and jumped out of them at the last minute as the doors were closing to make sure nobody else jumped out and then took a taxi to the Strand. I entered the hotel through a shop instead of going through the main door and went up to the bedroom area by the back stairs. Yet British security knew I had been with Mike in that hotel and they even appeared to know what had been said in that private room. It was obvious what had happened. Mike had been monitored, not me. And that meant he had led British intelligence to all BOSS's secret (non-admitted) agents in London. Some spy-master he had turned out to be.

My handler, Alf Bouwer, told me not to worry overmuch about the warning from the Special Branch men.

'I think they only warned you as a precautionary measure in case the Jeremy Thorpe matter blows up, and then they can fall back on the excuse that they not only knew about you being an agent but that they had warned you to stop your activities.'

But this did not reassure me. I had visions of being 'fitted

up' by British security if I did not follow their advice. It would be the easiest thing in the world for a parcel of drugs to be planted in my car. I was an ex-con and would have little chance of trying to protest my innocence. So I sat down and typed out an official application to General H. J. van den Bergh stating that I wished to stop my intelligence work in London and be allowed to return to South Africa. HJ sent back a message saying I could slowly start planning my return and he would 'leak' it back to British security that this was being done. From that moment on I had no further problems with the British firm. They never came to see me again.

The relationship between British intelligence and BOSS is basically simple. They feed each other information about known Communists in both countries, as do other countries in the West such as France, Germany, Spain and Greece. In a nutshell the attitude of all these countries is that the real fight is East versus West, Communism versus Capitalism. Communism is the mutual enemy, so they all stick together to preserve Capitalism, or, as they would put it, Democracy.

British intelligence knows all the BOSS operatives based at the South African Embassy in London under cover of being first or second secretaries. There is no secret on the subject. It's just that the public is not told. British intelligence cannot deny this because their operatives monitor all official BOSS operatives on a man-for-man basis. Alf Bouwer once told me something interesting on this subject:

'The man detailed to keep an eye on me is Inspector "Jim". He's my opposite number, so to speak, but he's not opposite to us in his political thinking. In fact he lifts interesting stuff from British security's H and S files and gives it to me.'

I asked Alf what 'H and S' meant and he explained: 'Hammer and sickle. It's British security jargon for the files kept on people in Britain who are politically undesirable. You know, people like Vanessa Redgrave, Jimmy Reid and Tariq Ali. Another phrase they use is PO Box 500, the

initials "PO" meaning Political Offenders files, that's people like the Angry Brigade.'

Alf Bouwer once brought me ten pages of a fifty-page typed document which he said 'Jim' had given to him. This document was headed 'Subversive Activity in Britain' and it listed many left-wing people and organizations active in Britain. Alf told me that Inspector 'Jim' had also arranged some kind of infiltration for BOSS of the British Anti-Apartheid Movement's offices in London's Charlotte Street. A few months later British security discovered that 'Jim' had a private arrangement going with Alf Bouwer. During questioning, 'Jim' admitted openly that he had made the mistake of having several 'irregular' meetings with Bouwer which he had failed to report. 'Jim' was suspended from duty and placed under virtual house arrest while his case was being investigated. He was warned not to have contact of any kind with Alf Bouwer again.

But 'Jim' had no choice. When another right-winger in the Special Branch tipped Alf Bouwer off that 'Jim' was in trouble Bouwer rushed round to see him. At the time 'Jim' was in hospital. Alf Bouwer entered through a side entrance and sneaked into 'Jim's' ward.

'No, Alf. Please. I can't talk to you. If they find out, I'll lose my job,' exclaimed 'Jim'.

But Alf Bouwer refused to go until he knew what the trouble was all about. Alf came round to my flat late that night, immediately after seeing 'Jim'.

"Jim" tells me that the Special Branch man who stuck him was Eddie Bracken,' he said. 'Beware of him. He hates us. He's one of those bloody socialist types who thinks Barbara Castle pees champagne.'

Alf was very sorry for Inspector 'Jim'.

'He's a really decent chap who's in no way a traitor to his country. He only helped us because he's a realist who understands that Britain and South Africa need each other in the constant battle against the Communists.'

While on this subject Alf said Inspector 'Jim's' pre-

decessor had also got into serious trouble when British security discovered that he too had been friendly with one of our senior intelligence officers based at the South African Embassy and had accepted duty free State Express cigarettes and KVV brandy from him.

Alf knew the names of many British security men and he also had a hate list of all the operatives in Scotland Yard's Special Branch who were anti-South-Africa. I cannot remember all the names he gave me, but I made a note of the ones he said I should be on my guard against. One was Matthew Rogers, a Scot. Alf described him as 'a dangerous man who is vicious towards the SA government.' Another was Detective Sergeant Roy Creamer, who 'hated apartheid.' Alf Bouwer disliked Vic Gilbert, the head of the Special Branch at Scotland Yard. 'Watch out for him, he's very anti us.' Alf Bouwer also mentioned Bob Wilson, but he added 'I don't think you are likely to bump into him as he's just been transferred from the Special Branch to the CID.'

The most astonishing allegation I heard about British intelligence and its links with BOSS was that the names of all people who voted Communist in British general elections were passed on to South Africa and other anti-Communist countries. This was told to me in confidence by General H. J. van den Bergh in 1968. This was invaluable to South African intelligence. When British Communists visited South Africa they were automatically monitored at all times in case they were involved in underground politics.

I asked H. J. van den Bergh how on earth British intelligence could obtain all the names of people who voted Communist in British elections. Surely the vote was secret. HJ laughed and said any voter attending a polling station automatically had his name checked on the voters' roll, which naturally gave his residential address. And when he voted he was given a numbered counterfoil. His voters' roll number was written on the counterfoil stub which bore the same number.

'It is therefore possible for the voting slip to be related to the counterfoil stub, which then gives the man's number on the voters' roll,' explained Van Den Bergh.

'But all the voting slips are locked in big black metal boxes and locked away after the elections, so how do British intelligence get to them?'

H. J. van den Bergh shook his head sadly as if he was sorry I was such a simpleton.

'That's the answer the British authorities will always give if anyone claims that ballot papers are secretly scrutinized. But let me ask you some very simple questions. First, you agree that the voting slips are placed in boxes and then filed away in some official building somewhere?'

'Yes,' I answered.

'And presumably those boxes are placed in a room?'

'Yes.'

'Does that room have a door?'

'Yes, I suppose so.'

'Does the door have a lock?'

'I should imagine so.'

'Is there a key to that lock?'

'Yes, there must be.'

'Then,' said H. J. van den Bergh triumphantly, 'somebody must look after the key.'

Only then did I realize what he was getting at.

'Those black boxes contain the names of people who voted Communist. In intelligence terms that's like knowing where there's several thousand tons of gold which can be stolen without anyone knowing. Can you imagine British intelligence not scrutinizing those voting slips? They'd be stupid if they didn't.'

30 · HONG KONG ASSIGNMENT

The Christmas Ball held by the Foreign Press Association at London's Savoy Hotel was a glittering black-tie affair attended by some 600 journalists and British VIPs. It was also graced by the presence of Princess Alexandra, who dipped her gloved hand into a tombola drum and pulled out a lottery ticket bearing the number 174. I was the lucky winner. Her Royal Highness handed me two free return air tickets to Hong Kong, donated by British Airways.

In a report I submitted to BOSS later I mentioned winning the trip to the British Crown Colony and applied for three weeks' leave in August 1973, so that I could enjoy my free holiday. Permission was granted. But then something very interesting happened. A *Guardian* journalist named Adam Raphael travelled to South Africa and compiled an in-depth report on the fact that many British firms were paying 'starvation wages' to their Black workers in South Africa. A sub-heading to one of Mr Raphael's excellent articles was 'Britain's Shame in Africa'. His reports had tremendous repercussions; British firms came under severe attack and a House of Commons committee was set up specially to examine Black wages in South Africa.

General H. J. van den Bergh sent me a typical message. It stated: 'If you are going to Hong Kong in August, why don't you investigate wages paid by British firms to Chinese workers? I think you will find that they are paid starvation wages. That being so, you can then write a series of articles posing the question: why did the British newspaper the *Guardian* investigate Black wages in South Africa, a country which should not concern them? Why did that newspaper not investigate the wages and working conditions of Chinese on Britain's own dirty doorstep, the Crown Colony of Hong Kong?'

It was a fabulous propaganda stunt which greatly appealed to me, so I telephoned the editor of the Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, Mr Johnny Johnson. I did not have to tell him who had put the idea into my mind. He's not stupid. Apart from that I had already written to him in confidence to say I would soon be returning to South Africa with Premier John Vorster's permission and Johnson had written back to me to say I could rejoin the staff of the Johannesburg *Sunday Express* any time I liked. I don't think Johnny Johnson believed me when I told him I had won the two free tickets to Hong Kong. He almost certainly reasoned that BOSS was secretly paying for the trip.

Editor Johnson said he would give my stories splash treatment, and he made one other promise. He would cover for me by telling journalists in Johannesburg that it had been his idea that I should go to Hong Kong. That gave me total freedom to operate as a reporter on a special assignment. I chose a young South African journalist named Michael Kallenbach to accompany me to Hong Kong. He would help me by doing some of the less important leg-work.

As we flew to Hong Kong from London I outlined my plan of campaign to Michael. I told him that while we were in Hong Kong I would take all the photographs and interview all the big businessmen. He would make all the telephone calls to set up interviews with trendy priests, left-wing Chinese students and militant members of various trade unions who would give us all the nitty-gritty on bad working conditions for the Chinese.

Michael is a highly intelligent young man who today works for the United Nations in New York, but in those days he was politically naive. He could not understand why he was to interview the left-wingers. I pointed out to him that he travelled on a South African passport. Therefore he would be kicked out of Hong Kong when the local intelligence men heard he was interviewing all the liberals and leftists. They could hardly pick me out because I held a British passport. Michael Kallenbach refused to believe me.

"You're crazy," he exclaimed. "South Africa has warped your mind. That's the kind of thing they would do, but not the British. They have a great sense of fair play."

I laughed and told him to wait and see.

When we landed at Hong Kong's Kai Tak airport the immigration officials waved me through. But seeing Michael's South African passport they said he could stay for seven days.

"It's merely routine. Mr Kallenbach will automatically be permitted to stay longer when he reapplies next week," they told me.

We booked into the luxury Mandarin Hotel and Michael immediately started telephoning and setting up interviews. One was with Father Patrick McGovern, a local priest who was keen to establish trade unionism as a means of balancing the uneven distribution of wealth between the rich Whites, who composed less than 1 per cent of the Hong Kong population, and the poor Chinese (98 per cent). Michael Kallenbach also started rooting out the worst examples of Chinese working for little pay. Then the anonymous telephone calls started.

An educated English voice told us: "All you damned liberal journalists from overseas only come here to stir up trouble and misrepresent Chinese working conditions in the Colony. Why don't you investigate the plight of the poor Blacks in London's Notting Hill Gate area?"

Another caller woke us at three in the morning. "Why don't you people sort out your own troubles in Britain before you visit other countries on your liberal crusades? Why don't you go to Ireland, for instance, and leave us alone?"

A third caller, at midnight, threatened to come round and punch us.

Another caller told Michael Kallenbach: "Be careful what you write."

Yet another told him: "Don't try to rock the boat or you'll be given your marching orders."

That last caller knew what he was talking about. Two

days later Michael was ordered to report to the Immigration Department. As we walked round to the office I teased Michael mercilessly and told him to start packing his bags. He didn't like it and told me to keep my sick humour to myself.

We walked up to the reception counter and Michael addressed a Chinese police constable: 'My name is Kallenbach and I have an appointment ...'

The constable smiled. 'Yes. With a plane the day after tomorrow.'

Saying this he handed Michael an envelope containing a letter telling him to leave Hong Kong within forty-eight hours or risk being prosecuted. After reading the letter Michael told the constable that he wanted to see a senior officer.

'Nobody will see you. You have your instructions. All you have to do now is obey them,' replied the constable.

Investigating Chinese working conditions in Hong Kong was almost like being in South Africa. We heard the same old trite phrases: 'Our Chinese are a very contented bunch of people. Most of them are illiterate, you know. They need White expertise and they appreciate the way we look after them.' One of Pretoria's favourite propaganda arguments is that South Africa's Blacks are much better off than Blacks in African countries to the north, and that thousands of Blacks enter South Africa illegally every year in search of the 'good life'. It was exactly the same in Hong Kong. White businessmen repeatedly told us: 'Our Chinese are much better off than those in Red China. Do you know that thousands of Chinese risk their lives by swimming across the sea from China because things are so good for them here?'

We discovered that Hong Kong also had an apartheid system, but it was more subtle than the South African brand. Some of the large companies in the British Crown Colony had 'Expatriates Only' notices on lavatory doors. The word expatriate in Hong Kong means White; expatriates are mainly people from America, Britain and Australia. The other lavatory doors had 'Chinese Only'

signs on them. We also found that segregation was practised in some of the staff canteens run by big firms in Hong Kong. Most of the staff who used them were White. One table was usually set aside in a corner for the higher-ranking Chinese office workers but the rest of the Chinese staff were not allowed in the canteens at all. They don't have to practise apartheid in the posh clubs and top restaurants in Hong Kong, as 99 per cent of the local Chinese simply cannot afford to enter them. Senior White journalists rarely venture out of their air-conditioned offices in Hong Kong. They send a couple of Chinese reporters out into the heat to do the leg-work for them.

The stories Michael Kallenbach and I wrote caused a sensation when launched by the Johannesburg *Sunday Express* on 9 September 1973. When they were picked up by the British *Times* and *Guardian* the next day the multi-million-dollar British and American firms in Hong Kong made a desperate attempt to call us liars. One journalist propagandist there wrote a story saying our allegations had caused the Hong Kong authorities 'more amusement than concern'. This was horrific when you know that our investigations in Hong Kong unearthed the scandalous fact that some 36,000 Chinese children, aged between nine and fourteen, were being ruthlessly exploited by unscrupulous businessmen who employed them illegally in factories or gave them part-time work to do in their homes at sweated labour rates ranging from twenty pence to £1 for an eight-hour day. But the British *Sunday Times* did its homework and admitted that our allegations were true.*

While in Hong Kong I had luckily met Mr Tom Pendry, the British Labour MP for Stalybridge and Hyde, who was making his own investigations into labour conditions in Hong Kong. He later supported me by stating that British firms in Hong Kong were paying 'inadequate wages' to Chinese workers. I pushed it further than that by describing them as 'near-starvation wages'.

* 16 September 1973, headlined 'Children In Scandal of 36,000 Jobs'.

The South African government was over the moon with delight at my propaganda exercise and quickly paid my fare to Johannesburg so that I could tie up the shock Hong Kong series. And, to add more fuel to the fire, BOSS later arranged for Judge Gerald Sparrow and his Pretoria-funded 'Club of Ten' to place massive advertisements costing £10,000 in British newspapers pointing out that Chinese workers in the British Crown Colony of Hong Kong were badly paid. The cream on the cake came when the British newspaper the *Guardian* published an eighty-four-inch survey on Hong Kong underneath the headline 'Our Sweat Shop Colony'.* You can't get better confirmation than that.

After the Hong Kong venture I talked to Harry Cousins, who was then a London correspondent for the Russian news agency Tass. Born in Yorkshire, Harry is a canny fellow, and when I asked him what he thought of my Hong Kong exposé he replied 'I suspect your motives for doing the story. But that doesn't really matter. You did a good job and it's yet another nail in the Capitalist coffin.' BOSS didn't like that comment one little bit.

* 5 October 1973.

31 • GATSHA BUTHELEZI AND THE CIA

While tying up the loose ends of the Hong Kong series in South Africa in September 1973, I was granted a special interview with Premier John Vorster in his office at Union Buildings in Pretoria. It was a milestone in my life, because Mr Vorster thanked me for all the 'wonderful work' I had done in Britain. He was particularly complimentary about the role I had played in the four-million-pound forgery plot, and about the Hong Kong stories.

After five minutes of flattery Mr Vorster became business-like again and said he was worried about the Progressive Party, which was making strong attempts to increase its strength with the South African electorate.

'I have a very good story for you,' he said, tapping my knee. 'It's about Colin Eglin. If you pop over to Hendrik's office he'll give you all the background on it.'

I went to see Hendrik van den Bergh at BOSS headquarters. He laughed when I told him John Vorster had sent me to get a story on Colin Eglin, the Progressive Party leader. HJ called in two of his top BOSS men, Hans Brummer and Mike Geldenhuys, to educate me on the Eglin story. It took them the best part of an hour.

We sat in Mike's office, where I was shown a letter dated 30 July 1973 in which Colin Eglin had asked a Mr William Cotter of the New York-based 'African-American Institute' for permission to attend a high-level 'dialogue' conference of forty-five African and American leaders in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, on 3 December 1973. Mr Eglin had written this letter after hearing that South Africa's Zulu chief, Gatsa Buthelezi, had been invited to the conference; he asked Mr Cotter if he could attend the conference with Chief Buthelezi.

In a reply dated 8 August 1973, Mr Cotter had written: 'I am afraid that it simply will not be possible for you to be invited.'

Mr Cotter softened the refusal by saying that Mr Eglin's application was too late, as all the invitations had already been sent out. But the real reason was spelled out clearly in another letter BOSS had managed to intercept. This was written by Mr Cotter to Chief Gatsha Buthelezi on 8 August, and it told Chief Gatsha that he should *not* travel to the conference in Ethiopia with a White South African, not even with 'such an obvious liberal as Colin Eglin'.

Mr Cotter added: 'Rather make that trip alone, to make it clear to all concerned that you are your own man and not some faint echo of a liberal White South African plan.'

Mike Geldenhuys chuckled as he showed me the letters. 'You can write a lively story disclosing how Colin Eglin, the darling of the South African Progressive Party, has been snubbed by the African-American Institute.'

It was a great story and I liked it very much. But there was something very odd about the letter William Cotter had sent to Chief Buthelezi. It had not been posted to the chief's home in Zululand but to: 'Chief Gatsha Buthelezi, c/o Consul-General Edward Holmes, The United States Embassy, Durban, Natal.'

This clearly meant that BOSS had intercepted mail addressed to an American diplomat. I asked Mike Geldenhuys to explain Edward Holmes's involvement.

He opened his arms wide and said 'That's the really big story, but you can't print it.'

Mike told me that Consul-General Edward Holmes was a high-ranking CIA agent of many years' standing who operated under diplomatic cover. To hammer home his point, Mike took a book from his bookcase and handed it to me. In it I saw that Edward Warren Holmes, born 15 November 1923, was listed as a CIA agent since 1957 and had operated in Malawi, Venezuela, Israel, Ethiopia, Rhodesia and various cities in South Africa. The book,

entitled *Who's Who in the CIA*, was published by Julius Mader of 69 Mauerstrasse, East Berlin.

'Julius Mader was just a front for the book,' said Mike Geldenhuys. 'It was really brought out by the KGB, and the names of most of the CIA operatives were compiled by the Russian spy Kim Philby when he was in charge of the American section of British intelligence in London.'

Mike told me that Edward Holmes's assignment in South Africa was to cultivate and build up a strong friendship with Chief Gatsha Buthelezi, the leader of South Africa's four million Zulus, so that the CIA could offer to groom Chief Gatsha for power with financial and political backing. Should a revolution come to South Africa the CIA would prefer him to be the natural Black leader rather than the 'Moscow-backed Nelson Mandela'. In the event of Chief Buthelezi coming to power, the CIA could put the might of the United States government behind him to ensure he stayed in control. In return for all this the Americans wanted only one thing: a guaranteed supply of all South Africa's valuable mineral deposits and full exploration rights.

Mike Geldenhuys did not have to say any more; I had heard it all before. The South African government's propaganda machine constantly churns out the story that twenty of the critical minerals essential to a modern technological society are to be found in bulk only in two main world regions: Southern Africa and Russia.

The Pretoria line goes something like this: if the Soviet Union gained control of South Africa, South West Africa and Rhodesia, it would possess:

94 per cent of the world's platinum production, plus 99 per cent of the reserves;

67 per cent of the chrome production and 84 per cent of the reserves;

62 per cent of manganese production and 93 per cent of the reserves;

72 per cent of the gold production and 68 per cent of the reserves;

43 per cent of natural uranium and 17 per cent of the reserves, etc. etc.

General H. J. van den Bergh had once given me those figures to publish.

'That's the only language the moneybags in the West understand, and it will frighten the daylights out of them,' he had said. 'The very last thing they want is for the Soviet Union to gain control of such a huge proportion of the world's key minerals. They know it would prove fatal in undermining Europe's will to resist Communist domination, quite apart from gravely damaging the industrial economy of countries such as America, Britain and West Germany.'

H. J. van den Bergh told me that the Western 'money-bags' had tried every trick in the book to pressure the South African government into abolishing the policy of apartheid, as they could not be seen to be investing in a country which insisted on continuing such a policy.

'But they are hypocrites. They don't give a fig about apartheid or the so-called plight of the Blacks. All they care about is ensuring political stability in South Africa, the land of milk and honey as far as their investments are concerned.'

HJ said this was where the CIA played a different game. 'To ensure there will always be their kind of stability in South Africa, they have tried to bring the government down in a variety of ways – mainly by building up Black leaders in South Africa who will toe the Washington line should they come to power.'

He said the CIA had helped to create the split in the African National Congress in 1959 which had given birth to the Pan-Africanist Congress. HJ said he had proof of this in the form of secret tapes showing that the idea of forming the PAC had been born at a meeting between CIA operatives and three disenchanted ANC members, one of whom was Potlako Leballo, in the United States Information Service offices in Shakespeare House, Commissioner Street, Johannesburg.

HJ said that the CIA had secretly financed the PAC as a breakaway movement and that later the CIA had covertly

supported Mrs Veronica Sobukwe and her children while her husband Robert Sobukwe, the leader of the PAC, had been jailed in South Africa. HJ told me the CIA had later created a split in the PAC when its acting leader, Potlako Leballo, had tried to shake off the CIA influence on the movement. Using a leading PAC member named Nana Mahomo and five or six other PAC men, the CIA had mounted a denigration campaign against Leballo aimed at ousting him. In later years I obtained documentation from Pretoria which disclosed details of the CIA's secret support of the PAC.

Included in this were in-depth details of how the American Lawyers' Committee for Civil Rights Under Law had channelled funds through to South Africa in 1974 for a legal action that the PAC leader Robert Sobukwe was then bringing against the South African Minister of Justice.

According to Pretoria the Lawyers' Committee, whether it was aware of it or not, was used as a conduit for CIA funds. One of the men involved in channelling money to Sobukwe was Mr Eli Whitney Debevoise, who was then on the Board of Trustees of the Lawyers' Committee. Pretoria told me it had conclusive proof that Mr Debevoise was used by the CIA and that a Mr Francis Plimpton, a partner with Mr Debevoise, had also been used to channel CIA funds into selected targets over a period of years.

Another massive dossier shown to me by Pretoria, some of which I still have, clearly proves that a Black American named Richard Gibson not only involved himself in the affairs of the PAC in London but succeeded in getting himself appointed as PAC's number one representative in Britain. Intercepted letters I have in my possession show that at least three senior members of PAC in London at that time, in 1969, had exposed Mr Gibson as a CIA agent.

BOSS assigned me to monitor the activities of Richard Gibson, who was a talented journalist then representing Negro Press International and *Tuesday* magazine. I discovered that Mr Gibson, born in California in 1931, was an amazing character. He had been involved in anti-Cuba

activities in Miami yet had been a member of the 'Fair Play for Cuba' Committee. He had helped Mr Robbie Resha, a senior African National Congress member, to set up the ANC's first office in Algiers. He had been a founding editor of *Révolution Africaine* in 1962, yet was later exposed by its editor in chief, Mr Jacques Verges, as 'an agent provocateur'. Mr Gibson, then married to a white woman in London, had broadcast on the African Service of the BBC, had worked for CBS News in New York and Agence France Presse in Paris as a specialist in African Affairs.

Turning to a different subject, H. J. van den Berg told me that the CIA had also secretly set up and funded the African Resistance Movement (ARM) after the PAC had been smashed in South Africa following the Sharpeville shootings. The ARM was a 'no loss of life' sabotage group, composed mainly of White intellectuals and university students who thought they were fighting for a genuine Black cause against apartheid and who would never have done so if they had known they were being used as pawns by the CIA. Again, in later years, Pretoria supplied me with more fascinating background data about the ARM, including the fact that at least three of the White men who played leading roles in forming the ARM were recipients of CIA funds.

At a much later date Pretoria showed me conclusive proof that the CIA had also given covert support to such Black organizations as the Soweto Students' Representative Council (SSRC), the Black Community Program (BCP), the Union of Black Journalists (UBJ), the Black Allied Workers' Union (AWU), the National Youth Organization (NYO), the South African Students' Organization (SASO) and the Black People's Convention (BPC).

I am quite satisfied that in the beginning these organizations were completely unaware that the CIA was behind this funding. Everything was 'laundered' through respectable liberal foundations and groups in America and Switzerland or highly reputable law firms in New York and London. The CIA was so cunning that some of these

liberal bodies were also unaware that they were being used as CIA conduits.

The support came in the form of educational grants, cultural exchanges, large 'no-strings-attached' cash payments, VIP 'study tours' of America and vast sums to be used for the legal defence of any Black members charged with political offences in South Africa.

The charismatic Black leader Mr Steve Biko, the ex-president of SASO and a founder member of the BPC, would have been horrified to learn that the CIA gave more secret support to SASO and the BPC than any other group. In the 1976 SASO trial, a total of 340,000 dollars was made available to the defence. Of this, 21,000 dollars was contributed by a London firm of lawyers representing 'private individuals preferring to remain anonymous', and 221,000 dollars came from the African-American Institute in New York. That is not all. In 1977 alone, the Washington-based Lawyers' Committee for Civil Rights Under Law pumped one million dollars into South Africa for the legal fees of political accused known to be members of 'Black Consciousness' organizations.

All these monies were joyfully accepted by the Black movements. It's hard to refuse aid when you are fighting to save your members from possible life imprisonment. Yet it is an ironic fact that Steve Biko was well aware of the CIA's methods of buying friendship and went out of his way to give Washington the cold shoulder at all times. He only accepted funds from what he thought were genuine liberal sources. In April 1977 he turned down a very tempting official and all-expenses-paid invitation to visit America which included an informal visit to the White House.

But the CIA soon found a different way of using Steve Biko. It came just five months later, when Biko died of brain damage after a South African Security Police interrogator repeatedly banged his head against a cell wall.

It was arranged that the American Lawyers' Committee would provide the bulk of the legal costs, estimated at

250,000 dollars, needed for Biko's family to be represented at the inquest. This massive injection of funds helped to create huge anti-South-African headlines in the world press when the incredibly vicious treatment of prisoner Biko was exposed under cross-examination at the inquest. Again, a very worthy cause, but the CIA benefited by obtaining tremendous goodwill towards America from millions of Blacks in South Africa who knew the funds had come from the American Lawyers' Committee. It was also good propaganda for President Jimmy Carter and his 'human rights' programme.

H. J. van den Bergh told me that the CIA was very efficient, as it not only involved itself in this kind of activity but also sifted through the second and third echelons in the leadership of South Africa's Black Consciousness movements. The object here was to sift out those who showed not only leadership potential but also a willingness to adhere to the Washington line. Such men could be jockeyed up in the ranks of a movement until they became powerful leaders.

'So, you see, the CIA backs all the dark horses in the race so that, whichever mount wins, America will have a share in the prize money – our strategic mineral deposits and, almost as important, our vast and cheap Black labour force,' said H. J. van den Bergh, putting it all in a nutshell.

There is no doubt in my mind that HJ was telling me the truth. Quite apart from all the facts and documentation given to me by Pretoria over the years, HJ never knowingly lied to me during all the years I knew him. The only time he gave me inaccurate facts was when one of his subordinates was inefficient. However, in recounting what HJ and Mike Geldenhuys told me about the CIA's involvement in South Africa, I must add one clear qualification.

It is definitely not my intention to open Chief Gatsha Buthelezi up to such smear headlines as 'Black stooge' or 'CIA puppet'. On the contrary. I have met the man, listened to him speak in public and also carried out much research into his career. He is an impressive man who has

managed to survive in spite of a relentless campaign of denigration aimed at him by Pretoria over the last ten years, including at least one attempt, financed by Pretoria, to depose him as the leader of the Zulu nation and his powerful and ever-growing 'Inkatha' movement.

I am quite sure that BOSS would have brought Chief Gatsha down if he had not enjoyed financial and political support from America. Several aspects of this must be explained. Unlike some Black leaders, Chief Gatsha has rejected aid from the Eastern bloc. He is on record as saying 'I am a devout Christian and hate everything the Communists stand for. I would not accept one scrap of aid from a Communist country if it meant swallowing their ideology.' By the same token he has always scorned and rejected financial and political support from the South African government – which has secretly been offered to him on several occasions and in various guises, mostly through BOSS. He turned these stealthy overtures down rather than be a 'sell out' to his Zulu people. Chief Gatsha has always been a staunch opponent of Pretoria. As a student at Fort Hare he was, like Nelson Mandela and Oliver Tambo, expelled for agitating against apartheid.

When Buthelezi agreed to form Zululand as a South African 'homeland' he was branded as a Black traitor by African guerrilla movements. But the truth here is that he was in no way a willing accomplice. When Pretoria first proposed the setting up of that homeland Chief Gatsha stubbornly opposed it for ten long years. Only after he had unsuccessfully used every conceivable stratagem to impede it did he capitulate. And even when he became the political leader of his territory he used his inaugural speech to emphasize the fact that the scheme had been forced on his people because they had no alternative.

Pointing out that there were as many Zulus as Whites in South Africa he openly warned the South African government that if they wanted their policy of 'separate development' to work they had better give the Zulus more land. He insisted that if Zululand ever did become truly independent

it would have to be a non-racial country, with Whites living there alongside Blacks on the same citizenship terms.

'Our young people say the White man has played God too long. I want full human rights for myself and my people,' he bellowed. But, tough as he was, Buthelezi showed his flair for diplomacy by admitting that Pretoria was still boss and master: 'We operate from a position of powerlessness. Full human rights is just a wish at this stage, not a demand,' he said.

The irony of all this is that shortly after Buthelezi made that speech, the CIA (according to BOSS) decided he was a man worth cultivating.

I do not know whether, when Buthelezi accepted the hand of friendship from America, he realized that the CIA could be behind it. But I am sure that as an experienced politician he must have been aware of a favourite Pretoria saying: 'Without strong political support a man is nothing and can achieve nothing, but with it anything is possible.'

Buthelezi almost certainly accepted aid from Washington because he felt there was no other quarter he could turn to for the support he needed in his war against apartheid. The same probably holds true for other Black African leaders and movements. Their aim is the eventual overthrow of the apartheid regime and they take whatever aid they can get, whether it is paid in roubles or dollars. Some of them even take both.

One thing is clear in my mind, however. Chief Gatsha Buthelezi is both loathed and feared by Pretoria, and the leaders of that regime will definitely come to rue the day they pushed this unusual Black warrior into the limelight in the first place. He is a remarkable African leader and a man to watch.

While spelling that out I may have seemed to be deviating greatly from the main point of the story about BOSS asking me to write an article saying that Colin Eglin had been snubbed by the African-American Institute. Not so. It is all relevant, because senior BOSS operative Mike

Geldenhuys told me that the African-American Institute was also a CIA front organization, aimed at bringing influence to bear on Black leaders throughout Africa as well as talent-spotting and helping to create Black leaders who, in gratitude for multi-million-dollar aid, would later repay that aid by setting up open or secret political links with Washington.

Since 1962 the African-American Institute has spent an estimated 20 million dollars on Black educational programmes, huge amounts being set aside for political refugees and members of South Africa's recognized liberation movements. On behalf of the State Department the AAI administers the Southern African Student Programme (SASP), which was launched with the aid of the CIA. Part of this plan was to 'corner' the coming revolution in Southern Africa by training Black exiles ready for jobs in 'the post-revolutionary governments'. According to its annual report of 1971, AAI had, up to that time, spent 12 million dollars on SASP. The AAI also admits that it acts as strategy adviser to several other Black 'homeland' leaders in South Africa as well as Chief Gatsha Buthelezi.

As I sat in Mike Geldenhuys' office at BOSS headquarters that day, he gave me further proof that the CIA had used the African-American Institute. Mike showed me a copy of a public statement made by the first president of the AAI, Mr Waldemar Nielson, in February 1967. In this statement Mr Nielson admitted that the CIA had definitely subsidized the Institute when it was founded in 1953 and for many years after that. He admitted he was conscious of the 'inherent imprudence and impropriety' of such CIA fundings. BOSS told me that since then the CIA had gone to extreme lengths to cover up its involvement in the AAI, but the fact remained that the AAI continued to be heavily dependent on US government money, which was channelled through the Bureau of Education and Cultural Affairs of the Department of State, the Agency for International Development (AID), plus the Ford Foundation, the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, the Rockefeller

Foundation, the Carnegie Corporation of New York, the Neil A. McConnel Foundation and the Commins Engine Foundation grants. According to BOSS, several of these foundations had, at various times and in various ways, with or without their knowledge, been used as CIA conduits.

Explaining how such prestige foundations could easily be deceived by the CIA, a senior BOSS operative once gave me a potted history of a well-known American Black who worked as a CIA agent for many years. The man was James 'Ted' Harris, who was cleverly used in a remarkable 'revolving door' system of interchangeability that exists in certain key American public and private services.

In the late 1940s Harris was the President of America's National Student Association (NSA), which was later to admit it had been heavily penetrated and funded by the CIA, and through which the CIA had completely dominated and funded the International Student Conference (ISC) and the Coordinating Secretariat of National Unions of Students (COSEC).

In the early 1950s Harris moved to Geneva, where he served as Assistant Secretary-General for the World University Service (WUS). Returning to America he took a master's degree at Princeton on a Whitney Scholarship arranged by the CIA. Later he moved to Egypt, working there on a Ford Foundation Research Scholarship.

Back in America again he later ran the CIA-funded Foreign Student Leadership Program, which was set up to assist student leaders in the Third World (and was used by the CIA to thwart Communist influence on various other student bodies).

Harris then started working for the American Society for African Culture (ASAC), one of the most prestigious Black groups in America which had secretly been funded and manipulated by the CIA as a means of keeping its finger on the pulse of the resurgent African independence movements.

In 1961 Harris returned to the Ford Foundation, which he served in Kinshasa, Congo, for two years. In 1966 he

joined the African-American Institute, where he directed field programmes and travelled frequently to various parts of Africa. He left the AAI in 1969; present whereabouts unknown (to BOSS).

After being completely briefed by Mike Geldenhuys and Hans Brummer on the subject of the story I was to write about the African-American Institute warning Chief Gatsha Buthelezi not to travel to Ethiopia with Colin Eglin, I went back to H. J. van den Bergh's office and gave him a quick run-through of the story I intended mounting.

HJ smiled as he listened but then added a note of warning: 'To protect us being seen as your source I suggest you state in your article that you obtained all your information from a woman in America who is either friendly or works with someone in the African-American Institute. Keep it vague but make sure you insert something of that nature to distance the Bureau from you. One other thing, don't break the story until five or six days before the African-American Institute's conference opens in Ethiopia.'

I did exactly as I was told. On 4 October 1973, I left South Africa and flew back to London. I held the story for two months and then cabled it to the Johannesburg *Sunday Express** six days before the Ethiopia conference. It was beautifully timed and according to H. J. van den Bergh, had 'maximum effect'.

Mr William Cotter, the President of the African-American Institute, tried to cast doubt on my story by telling the *Rand Daily Mail* that he could not recall having advised Chief Gatsha to travel to Ethiopia alone. But Colin Eglin did not try to wriggle out of it by using diplomatic gobbledegook. He was honest and said it was ironic that, while Black and White leaders were willing to travel to Ethiopia together, 'White liberals in the United States should appear to find this joint venture undesirable.' Mr Eglin concluded: 'How Mr Vorster must be chuckling.'

How right he was.

* 25 November 1973, headlined 'Eglin Frozen Out Of Ethiopian Meeting'.

I heard from BOSS later that Colin Eglin had been shocked and hurt by my story. But he was no fool. He knew dirty work was afoot. BOSS told me they had bugged a telephone call at Mr Eglin's home during which he had said words to this effect:

'I don't believe Winter obtained copies of all those letters from someone in America as he claims. I fear he got them from someone much nearer home.'

BOSS also related to me details of a telephone conversation that William Cotter, speaking from America, had with someone in South Africa. He said, and I quote his exact words: 'This journalist in London definitely did not get copies of the letters from any woman in America. That's all hokum.'

Yes, it was. But Mr Cotter knew, as did BOSS, that he could hardly kick up a fuss about the whole matter as he would have been exposing the part played by CIA operative Edward Holmes, who acted as a cover address for Chief Gatsha Buthelezi.

It may seem contradictory to some readers that while H. J. van den Berg and the CIA had a friendly working relationship – as will become apparent later – the CIA still involved itself in clandestine operations against the South African government.

HJ once explained this to me by saying that all foreign intelligence networks play the same game. Whatever form of liaison they have with foreign powers, all play dirty tricks on the side, the CIA being the very worst offender, according to HJ.

He told me: 'Let's say the Americans catch up with one of my non-admitted agents operating in the States. They immediately contact me and say they are going to expose my agent publicly. They tell me this in advance in case I have something up my sleeve which I wish to horsetrade.

'If I have something which could be embarrassing to Washington I tell them so and we do a deal. I keep quiet about what I know and they kick my agent out of America without any fuss being made. It's called the "Avoiding

Unnecessary Publicity" tactic from which both sides benefit.'

HJ said he had employed this tactic on numerous occasions, not only with the CIA but also with British and French intelligence.

'But if I did not have one up my sleeve against the Americans they would throw my exposed agent to the newspaper wolves, and South Africa would get a hiding in the overseas media.'

In this never-ending game of tit for tat, HJ said 'tame' journalists like myself were often used when one side wished to give the other a gentle kick in the teeth. And that was the real subtlety behind BOSS giving me the story about the Ethiopian conference.

On the one hand BOSS was disclosing a subject with the intention of causing public embarrassment to the hated Progressive Party leader Colin Eglin and the equally hated African-American Institute. On the other, BOSS was 'diplomatically' letting Washington know that it was aware of the CIA's secret support of Chief Gatsha Buthelezi.

32 · FALSE BRITISH PASSPORTS FOR BOSS

My last major assignment for BOSS in London was to spend three months compiling a list of British children who had died at a very early age so that South African intelligence could obtain passports in their names. BOSS also asked me to submit a detailed report on the safest possible method of applying for such false passports.

By disclosing this I realize that I am inviting possible prosecution should I ever wish to return to Britain, but my motive for doing so is twofold. Apart from illustrating the deviousness of BOSS, I am sure the British security people will wish to mount an investigation into the subject. I am the only person outside BOSS who can disclose the names of all those dead children. British security cannot trace them without my help because when I applied for the necessary birth certificates at Somerset House I gave false names and addresses. Even BOSS does not know the false names and addresses I used, so there is no way anyone can erase my applications from the records at Somerset House. It would also be totally impossible for British security to weed out all the application forms by checking them with my fingerprints. BOSS told me that my assignment was so top secret that I should wear gloves at all times when handling the application forms. Apart from that, trying to trace the forms in this way would be a formidable task; thousands of birth certificates are issued by Somerset House every month.

To start at the beginning, BOSS asked me to trace about fifteen children who had died in Britain between the years 1930 to 1946 and twenty who had died in the years 1950 to 1957. The official explanation given to me was that BOSS wanted to send secret agents to operate in Black African

countries under false identities. The agents obviously could not carry South African passports. In this case, British really was best, because, in the first place, British passports arouse less suspicion in Black states and, secondly, most South Africans speak English.

From 1971, H. J. van den Berg had a secret arrangement with a very senior German politician (or German intelligence, or both) whereby BOSS could obtain false German passports. But these were not much use if our agent did not speak good German, and English-speaking South Africans rarely do.

When BOSS instructed me to start my search for dead infants they said I should avoid famous names like Philby, Vassall, Churchill, Keeler, Profumo and the like. I was also to ignore children with foreign-sounding or Jewish names. I was to seek out obviously British names, the more common the better.

My first call was to the Central Reference Library in St Martins Street near Leicester Square. There they have microfilm copies of the British newspaper *The Times* dating from 1785. Any member of the public can, without any trouble whatsoever, gain access to these files. The librarian does not ask for proof of identity or even your name. I pretended I was a student doing a thesis on modern history and the librarian led me to three projectors in a far corner of the library and showed me how to use them. In another corner near by is a vast assortment of shelves bearing tins of microfilm, neatly dated and in yearly sequence. I chose the projector in the far right-hand corner which was not overlooked. I did not want anyone to notice that I was applying myself to the Deaths column which is a regular feature in *The Times*. It occurred to me that British security might just have some kind of agreement with the Chief Librarian whereby special notice is taken of anyone making a long-term study of the Deaths column.

It really was a long-term job. I sat at that projector for a couple of hours every other day. To reduce possible suspicion I also used the microfilm of *The Times* kept at the

Marylebone Library. I kept well away from the Camden Reference Library as one of the assistants there was extremely nosy.

I skimmed the Deaths columns until I found an infant who had died. If it was more than a year old I was usually not interested, as this increased the risk that the parents might have applied for a passport for it when going on holidays abroad. Quite often it was infuriating to find the death of a child mentioned without its parents or address being given. This meant there was not enough data for me to use when applying for a Death Certificate at Somerset House. I had to apply for a Death Certificate to ensure that the infant had actually been born in the United Kingdom, otherwise it might not be entitled to a British passport.

One of the things I quickly realized during my search was that people who placed death notices in *The Times* had often also placed a notice in the Births column when the child had been born. This was tremendously useful, because people give more details when a child is born.

After two hours at the microfilm projector I would take all my notes round to Somerset House and obtain further details about the dead infant from the huge registers of births and deaths freely available for public scrutiny. This was vitally important because I had to be sure the child had actually existed. I mention this because, during the three months I spent doing research at the projector, I found several children who had apparently died but did not exist in the official files kept at Somerset House! At the time I presumed they were bastards (of the born-out-of-wedlock kind) or the parents had not bothered to register their births. Whatever the reason, it meant I could definitely not apply for that all-important piece of paper, the Birth Certificate.

Searching out all the necessary background details about dead children was hard work and often very exasperating. Sometimes six or seven cases that had seemed perfect when I found them in the Deaths columns all turned out useless once I checked on them at Somerset House.

When I started my search I decided the safest thing to do would be to apply for my own Birth Certificate, to learn the ropes. After doing this, I remembered that my sister had died of pneumonia when still a child. I started searching through the files at Somerset House for the details so that I could apply for a Death Certificate in her name – again, to familiarize myself with the procedure.

Some people are accident-prone; I'm definitely coincidence-prone. As I ran my finger down the files looking for the year of my sister's birth I found the name Patricia Anne Winter. This child had been born to my mother, Anna Winter, formerly Roe, in Chesterfield, Derbyshire, in March 1935.

There must be some mistake, I thought. I never had a sister named Patricia. The files at Somerset House were obviously wrong. The sister I was looking for was named Jean Amy Winter. But just to be on the safe side I applied for a Birth Certificate in both names, Jean and Patricia. There was no mistake. Patricia was my sister, and she had been legally adopted shortly after her birth.

Goodness gracious me. Of all people. My mother! A former convent girl who was so terribly respectable that she was almost prissy. She'd had an affair and an illegitimate child. A shameful thing indeed in the 1930s. I was overwhelmed with sadness, as I could not talk to my mother about it; she had died in 1963. But there was a sense of great excitement in me also. I had an unknown sister, then aged thirty-seven. Where was she? Was she married? Did she have children? There was only one way to find out, and that was to find her. Forget it. Officialdom was diabolical when you tried to pump information out of them about a child who had been adopted. I battled for three months to trace Patricia and to this day I still have not succeeded.

After compiling a list of about thirty dead British children and obtaining Birth and Death Certificates for all of them I submitted the lot to BOSS. They had decided that it would be too risky for me to apply for the actual passports; they said another BOSS operative would do

that. But my work was still not complete. BOSS asked me to make discreet inquiries amongst my friends in the British criminal underworld to find out the safest way of applying for the false passports.

One problem was that anyone getting a passport has to get a reliable witness to sign the application form and on the back of the passport photographs. This witness could be a lawyer, doctor or Justice of the Peace etc. who would confirm he had known the applicant for a number of years. A simple but cunning way round this was for the applicant to falsely sign a doctor's name on the form and submit the passport application at a time when he knew that doctor would be away on holiday. I told BOSS that the Passport Office often did not bother to make a telephone call to check the identity of the witness but if in this case they did, the doctor's receptionist would explain that her employer was away on holiday. Taking into account the fact that bureaucrats like to get rid of a problem quickly, the Passport Office official would almost certainly push the application through rather than hang on to it for a month. I told BOSS that the best time to apply for false passports was May, June and July; the officials at the Passport Office are inundated with applications during this pre-holiday period.

Proof that the Passport Office does not always check back can be gained from the fact that, although I was not a doctor or a lawyer, I once signed as a witness for a young woman who applied for a (genuine) British passport. I did not make any false statement; I gave my full name, address and telephone number, and I clearly stated, in block capitals, that my profession was 'A journalist'. Nobody telephoned me to check, and the girl obtained her passport within seven days. Some smart aleck at BOSS headquarters thought that was hilarious. He sent me a little note saying: 'We hope that girl doesn't turn out to be a deep-cover KGB agent.' I think he was joking.

The only remaining problem for BOSS in applying for a false passport was: what happens in the unlikely event that the parents of the child who died applied for a passport for

it during the first few months of its life? I was tempted to answer the question by saying 'Your BOSS operative who goes to collect that passport will also go to jail.' But the real answer was simple. You don't have to go to collect the passport; you can have it sent to you by post if you wish.

In view of this, I advised BOSS to get someone to rent a small furnished room in London's Earls Court district, where many large houses offer temporary accommodation. The room would have to be rented under an assumed name for just one week and then vacated. Before returning the key for the front door of the house, the tenant should have a copy made of it. The trick here is that some of those houses in Earls Court are six floors high and have up to thirty tenants living in them. The postman cannot be expected to climb six flights so he pushes all the letters through the letter box in the front door. The caretaker of the block places all the letters on a large table in the hallway for the tenants to sort through. This practice is followed by scores of houses in Earls Court. All our BOSS agent would have to do, after vacating his flat, was to apply for a passport and ask for it to be posted to him at that address. A different BOSS agent could then let himself into the house every day, using the duplicate key, and look to see if the false passport had arrived. If it had, and he was quite sure the house was not under surveillance, he could pocket the envelope containing the passport and walk out with it. There would be no difficulty in recognizing the envelope, as he would know the name of the person it had been addressed to. In any case, the passports arrive in large brown envelopes clearly marked 'On Her Majesty's Service'. Even if the house was under surveillance by suspicious Passport Office officials, or the police, and our BOSS agent collecting the passport was arrested, he could only be charged with theft. His photograph was not on the passport and he could claim not to know anything about it.

BOSS thought this was a marvellous idea and said they would definitely adopt such a procedure. But I was not in Britain when this was done. One week before the British

general election in February 1974, I submitted my massive dossier on the Jeremy Thorpe/Norman Scott affair to the *Sunday People* newspaper, as requested by BOSS. Then, on 28 February, I cast my vote for the Conservative Party and immediately drove down to Southampton to board a liner bound for South Africa. After seven long years as a BOSS spy in London, Winter was coming in from the cold – back to the glorious sunshine.

Part Three

33 · EXPOSED

The voyage back to South Africa on the *Edinburgh Castle* was a time of great happiness for me but not for a very beautiful young woman who kept away from most of the other passengers. She always looked sad and only gave a fleeting smile when served at mealtimes by a steward. She lay alone on the top deck every day exposing her delectable figure to the sun in a modest swimming costume. At night she sat in the library reading or played a quiet game of bridge with a group of much older and more sedate people.

Every Romeo on board, and that included most of the ship's officers, tried to chat her up, but she slapped them down. She used the name Miss Marlene Smith, but I knew her real identity. She was Marlene Drummond, the ex-wife of Melvyn Drummond, who once worked for the South African Diplomatic Service at the United Nations. Melvyn was a man who would have given his last breath for South Africa – until he went to work in America. Then something quite traumatic happened to him.

First of all his marriage to Marlene broke up and ended in divorce. Then he realized that Black people were not inferior, as the brainwashers in Pretoria had led him to believe. He jacked in his job and married a very pretty girl named Diana Ramrattan. The marriage made world headlines. The newspapers grabbed at the fact that he was a former apostle of apartheid yet his new wife's skin was Black. The South African government tried to cover up its acute embarrassment by saying 'Mr Drummond was only a very junior diplomat anyway.' It was a feeble answer but it reassured most of the White voters in sunny South Africa.

A shy girl, Marlene was terrified of returning to South Africa, where people would surely point at her and whisper: 'Shame. That's the poor girl whose husband ran off with a

Black.' But eventually she plucked up courage and decided to face it out by sailing back to the land of racial purity. She never made it. Marlene was found dead in her cabin a few hours after we sailed into the majestic Cape Town harbour. The police were baffled. There was no suggestion of foul play and a post-mortem examination failed to reveal any clue to the cause of death. In her home town of Durban they still talk in hushed tones about Marlene. 'Shame. She was that lovely White girl who killed herself by swallowing a dose of untraceable poison because her husband ran off and married a Black.'

That's South Africa.

I was met off the ship by Theo Riechsbierer, a senior BOSS operative based in Cape Town and a personal friend of General H. J. van den Bergh. With him were two Black policemen in plain clothes. They were there to carry my twenty-five suitcases and twelve sea trunks to a waiting truck. Theo was there to steer me through customs and immigration formalities. There were two good reasons for that. One was that my trunks contained many bugging devices, various transmitters and a large collection of political books banned in South Africa as 'Communistic'. The other reason was that any person who has been officially deported from South Africa cannot technically return.

No wonder, then, that when I travelled up to Johannesburg and started work on my old paper, the *Sunday Express*, my journalist colleagues were agog. Several reporters from rival papers tried to interview me, but there was a simple way of dealing with them. I just placed my hand over my mouth and kept it there until they left. Say just one word to them and they turn it into an exclusive interview; say nothing and you have them licked. They can't very well tell their readers that you never uttered a word.

The toughest journalist to approach me was Viv Prince, who worked for the *Rand Daily Mail*. I knew she was secretly looking for blood, so I put both hands to my mouth and kept them there. Oozing charm, she said I looked very fit and where did I get that beautifully cut suit. I was very

tempted to say BOSS had bought it but I didn't. Then she showed her true colours.

'Come on, you slimy sod, at least say no comment. I'll look a right arse if I go back to my paper without a single quote.'

I answered by turning my back and walked into that most sacred room in any newspaper, the editor's private office. Keeping my hands over my mouth I winked at the editor and sat down. Viv Prince barged past a protesting secretary and plonked her backside on my editor's desk.

'I'm not leaving until that scurvy bastard gives me an interview,' she declared.

The editor screamed in fury and bulldozed her out as he mouthed obscenities. Resourceful Viv had the last word, though. In the *Rand Daily Mail* next day she had a story headlined 'Deported Man Allowed Back'.* In it she quoted a top passport official as saying 'If you are deported you should stay out.' That spokesman knew what he was talking about. He was Mr C. Lindeque, a secret and top-level BOSS agent in the Department of the Interior who handled all the tricky visas and expulsion orders from General H. J. van den Bergh's mob. BOSS never takes chances. It has one of its men planted in every important government department.

Working on the staff of my old paper again was really great. Johnny Johnson was still editor and he was still enjoying that same old secret political love affair with Premier John Vorster. Johnson covered for me by telling the staff of the *Express* that he had 'persuaded' Vorster to let me back into South Africa. It was a lie, yet most people in the newsroom believed it.

Finally, the South African Associated Newspapers board of directors got wise to Johnson and decided it was sick of his political behaviour. He was eased out within six months of my return. He went on to run a magazine for Blacks called *Hit*. Only years later did the South African public discover that this magazine was a secret government front

* 23 March 1974.

for subtle propaganda and had been illegally financed by Pretoria from taxpayers' money.

Within a couple of weeks of starting work on the Johannesburg *Sunday Express* I was appointed the military correspondent of the paper. This enabled me and my cameras to enter Army, Navy and Air Force bases all over the country as well as secret radar bases hidden deep underground and top secret army camps dotted along South Africa's borders. During this time I flew round the country on propaganda missions with Mr Pik Botha (now the Minister of Foreign Affairs and Information) and the Defence Minister, Mr P. W. 'The Weapon' Botha, who is today the South African Premier. P. W. Botha gave me several exclusive stories, but he never liked me. He knew I was very close to General H. J. van den Bergh, a man he detested and later brought down.

While working on the *Express* I met a smart young reporter named Wendy Kochman. She was attractive and intelligent – and a bleeding-heart liberal. It was love at first sight. I wooed her stealthily, and today she is my wife and mother of our two children. She was also mainly responsible for weaning me away from BOSS.

Those really were the days of wine and roses. I was earning nearly £700 a month from the *Express*, and £200 a month from BOSS, plus expenses, although I did very little work for them. I drove a BMW car imported from Germany and occupied a luxury suite in one of Johannesburg's five-star hotels.

It was all so good that for my annual leave in January 1976 I boarded a liner for a four-week cruising holiday round Brazil, Uruguay and the Argentine. While I was there the Jeremy Thorpe scandal broke in Britain, and Fleet Street's *Daily Mirror* gave me the hiding of my life by publishing a splash front-page story exposing me as a secret BOSS agent who had 'campaigned for five years to push the Jeremy Thorpe story into the headlines.'*

* 31 January 1976, headlined 'Thorpe's Hunter Exposed. [The] Man Who Tried To Wreck The Liberals'.

The first knowledge I had of all this came when I received a radio telephone call on the liner *Ellenis* as it was anchored in the port of Buenos Aires. The line was rather crackly, and a voice said 'Hello, Dingo' (my BOSS codename). 'It's Kitt Katzin here, can you hear me?'

I heard him all right but I knew it was not Kitt Katzin, the news editor of the Johannesburg *Sunday Express*. It was the very familiar voice of General Hendrik van den Bergh. In two minutes flat he gave me a precise breakdown of what had been published by the British *Daily Mirror* and then said I should refuse to accept any radio telephone calls which came to the liner. Forewarned is forearmed.

When I returned to South Africa HJ told me that the British Prime Minister Sir Harold Wilson had personally leaked that story to the *Daily Mirror*. HJ also mentioned how this had been done.

'But not to worry,' he said. 'Wilson dare not stand up and say it in public, because he knows we have a nasty smack in the teeth for him if he does.'

One of the smacks BOSS had ready for Harold Wilson was a full dossier about a sex scandal at top level in Britain which HJ said would 'make the Christine Keeler business look trivial'. Involved in the scandal was an attractive woman CIA operative who worked in a 'sensitive area of Whitehall' and who had slept with at least five or six British Members of Parliament in order to 'gather information for the CIA'. At least three of these MPs had also been involved in sex orgies in a London house and BOSS had various photographs taken in a first-floor bedroom of that house, including snippets of a movie film showing two of these MPs together on a bed with two naked women – one a beautiful brunette and the other a blonde. The women were socialites, not prostitutes.

What pleased BOSS most was that the father of the woman who owned the house worked at the Soviet Embassy in London.

*

Fleet Street went gunning for me when the Jeremy Thorpe/Norman Scott affair broke in January 1976. I must pay H. J. van den Bergh one very big compliment here. He protected my back magnificently throughout the Thorpe/Scott scandal. How he managed this will certainly alarm many people in Britain, particularly journalists.

HJ's first advance warning came to me on 9 March 1976. On that day Labour MP James Wellbeloved asked Harold Wilson, during question time in the House of Commons, 'Can you say if you have received any evidence of the involvement of South African agents in the framing of leading Liberal Party members?*'

Mr Wilson replied that he had seen no evidence at all that the South African government or its agencies had any connection with these unsavoury activities. But he did not doubt at all that 'massive resources of business money and private agents of various kinds and various qualities' had been involved in the matter.

It is important to note that the Liberal MP Mr John Pardoe, who, possibly by coincidence, was sitting next to Jeremy Thorpe in the Commons that day, then stood up and asked a carelessly worded question:

'In view of the very serious nature of the suggestion that South African security forces, without the apparent recognition of the South African government, are involved in the affairs of this country to do with politicians, perhaps of all parties, what action do you propose to take?'

Harold Wilson quickly corrected Mr Pardoe: 'I did not say security forces. I said there was no evidence of South African government participation. I referred to some very strong and heavily-financed private masterminding of certain political operations.'

* Mr Wellbeloved later said his question had not been 'prompted or planted'. One of the main reasons he had asked it was that he had heard reports suggesting that a Johannesburg journalist named Gordon Winter 'was involved in the Thorpe case' (British *Daily Telegraph*, 10 March 1976).

To emphasize that Pretoria was innocent of involvement in the Thorpe/Scott sensation, Harold Wilson added: 'I have made it quite clear that I do not believe I can find any evidence of responsibility on the part of the South African government.'

Shortly after he made those statements in the House of Commons, Harold Wilson allegedly told a small group of friendly journalists: 'The man you should go for is a journalist named Gordon Winter who is now living in South Africa. He started the Thorpe business and I'm sure he works for BOSS. That's the man you should go looking for.'

I do not know how H. J. van den Bergh knew about this alleged statement to London journalists by Harold Wilson so quickly, but within two hours of Mr Wilson's statement in the House of Commons, I received an urgent telephone call from HJ telling me to rush over to his office in Pretoria. There he gave me a full breakdown of what Mr Wilson had said in the Commons and what he had allegedly told the journalists shortly afterwards. HJ warned me that I could expect telephone calls from the British press asking me if I was a BOSS agent, and he told me exactly how to answer them.

The calls started as soon as I arrived back in Johannesburg from Pretoria, and I gave them my prepared answer. It was simple:

'Yes, I was the first journalist to investigate the Jeremy Thorpe affair, and I was the first to interview Norman Scott way back in 1971. But why do you ask me if I'm a BOSS agent? The British Premier Harold Wilson told the House of Commons - and he repeated it twice - that the South African government and its security services are innocent of involvement. Are you calling Mr Wilson a liar?'

The first Fleet Street journalist to phone me was Mr Trevor Aspinall, a real toughie who worked for the *Sunday People*. He was very cute.

'Yes, I know what Mr Wilson said in the House. But I

also happen to know that he still personally believes you are a BOSS agent and that you set the whole Thorpe thing up for BOSS,' he said.

My answer to Mr Aspinall was that I doubted very much whether the British Premier would tell the House of Commons one thing and journalists another. No, I said, I believed what was on the record, as, surely, Mr Wilson would not have misled the House?

Eight weeks later, during the third week of May, H. J. van den Bergh called me over to Pretoria again. This time he warned me that a few days earlier Harold Wilson had secretly assigned two freelance BBC reporters to mount a special investigation on his behalf. The two reporters were Barrie Penrose and Roger Courtiour, and, said HJ, Mr Wilson had talked to them in the privacy of his London home and instructed them to 'obtain proof that there was a definite South African connection in the Thorpe scandal'. According to HJ, Mr Wilson had mentioned my name to Penrose and Courtiour and had quite categorically described me as 'a known BOSS agent'.

HJ said that one or two days later Penrose and Courtiour had returned to Harold Wilson's home in the company of Sir Charles Curran, then the Director General of the BBC. There Sir Charles agreed that Penrose and Courtiour could accept regular information from Mr Wilson on a highly confidential basis so that they could assemble enough data for the BBC later to mount a lengthy documentary film for television. As they sat in Mr Wilson's home, the four men had agreed that the whole thing should be kept top secret. There were several reasons for this; one main one was that Mr Wilson said he distrusted the British security services, which, he claimed, were riddled with operatives who were 'pro-South Africa'.

H. J. van den Bergh warned me to be on my guard against Penrose and Courtiour, who would surely contact me.

'We can have a bit of fun on this one,' he chuckled. 'When Penrose and Courtiour contact you, say you don't

trust them. When they ask why, tell them you know all about them playing footsie with Harold Wilson. You can tell them that you know all about their private visit to Wilson's home.'

HJ felt that this would obviously shock Penrose and Courtiour and that it was almost certain they would relate my comments to Harold Wilson.

A few days later I did receive a telephone call from London. It was Barrie Penrose, and he started to butter me up by saying he was investigating my part in the Thorpe/Scott affair and he wanted his probe to be as fair as possible to me in particular. So would I talk to him? When I said I doubted his claims of impartiality, Penrose asked why. I hit him with the fact that I was aware of his top secret deal with Harold Wilson.

'Why should I trust you if you're playing footsie with Harold Wilson?' I asked.

Penrose gasped and said words to this effect: 'My God! You really are well-informed. How on earth do you know about that?'

Enjoying myself immensely, I told Penrose that I had a sensational story up my sleeve which would embarrass Harold Wilson and his Labour Party. I cannot remember how much detail I gave Penrose on this subject but I do know he related my comments to Harold Wilson in full.

I do not know the identity of the man in London who kept H. J. van den Bergh so well informed about Harold Wilson's private deal with Penrose and Courtiour. But I do know that the culprit was then a senior employee of the BBC, at editor level or higher. The same man was to help HJ again later when BBC journalist Tom Mangold flew to America and obtained a sensational interview with Mr Peter Bessell, the former Liberal MP for Bodmin and personal friend of Mr Jeremy Thorpe.

Mr Bessell told Tom Mangold something so sensational that Mr Mangold flew back to London confident that he had a major story on tape in his briefcase. It was an attack on Jeremy Thorpe by Peter Bessell. But when Mr Mangold

returned to his office at the BBC, he discovered that something had happened in connection with the Thorpe/Scott affair which meant that much of his taped interview with Mr Bessell could not be broadcast by the BBC, as it was thought to be highly libellous. For that reason a transcript of the tape was sealed in a safe at the BBC where nobody could read it. Nothing from that transcript was ever used by the BBC. It stayed carefully locked away in the safe. Or so they thought.

Within ten days of the transcript being placed in that safe, H. J. van den Bergh had a full copy of it. As I sat in his office at BOSS headquarters in Pretoria one day, HJ showed me the transcript, which was quite thick.

'It looks as though Bessell has his knife in the back of his old friend Jeremy Thorpe,' said HJ, adding that Tom Mangold had mentioned my name to Peter Bessell during his interview.

'Your name's only mentioned on one page of the transcript. I think you should read it, so that you're au fait with the matter in case Mangold telephones you and tries to trap you by telling you Bessell said something he didn't say. Forewarned is forearmed.'

HJ rifled through the transcript until he came to page 19, which he handed to me. I still have it.*

H. J. van den Bergh protected my back yet again in 1976 when Barrie Penrose and Roger Courtiour obtained a lengthy and exclusive interview with Norman Scott in Devon. This was also taped and a transcript was given to the BBC. Within a fortnight H. J. van den Bergh had a full copy of that transcript. My name was mentioned on pages 21 and 22, with further details running to page 25. HJ handed me copies of all those pages, which I still have.

* On 14 July 1980 three senior members of the BBC's *Panorama* programme flew from London to meet me in Dublin. I gave them page 19 of the BBC transcript. Mr Tom Mangold confirmed that the transcript had never been used by the BBC and that it had been carefully locked away in a safe at the BBC. Mr Mangold also confirmed that my copy of page 19 was genuine and that my possession of it was a total mystery.

(Penrose and Courtiour have since seen them and confirmed they were genuine.)

At another stage, in 1977, two other journalists in Britain mounted an investigation into the Thorpe/Scott scandal after being commissioned to write a book on the subject for Penguin Books. They were William 'Bill' Raynor, a high-calibre reporter who freelanced for the *Guardian* newspaper, and Geoff Allen, a staffman based at the *Rand Daily Mail*'s London offices in Fleet Street. The title of their book was to be *Smear: South African Intelligence and the Thorpe Affair*. I was tipped off by BOSS that Geoff Allen was rushing round London saying he was determined to prove I had set up the whole Thorpe scandal as an assignment for BOSS.

H. J. van den Bergh arranged for Bill Raynor and Geoff Allen to be placed under special surveillance by BOSS operatives in London, and, although the two journalists were exceedingly security-conscious, BOSS managed to get a full copy of their manuscript at least three weeks before it was handed to Penguin. Calling me to Pretoria, HJ handed me a photocopy of the 163-page manuscript saying I should study it minutely. My assignment was to look for mistakes so that BOSS could mount a campaign of denigration when it went on sale. As it happened, the book was never published. But I still have that manuscript.

34 · RED HERRINGS

Some of the events in Britain connected with Jeremy Thorpe and the Liberal Party were so incredible and ridiculous that even hardened Fleet Street newsmen must have wondered if they were dreaming. In nearly every instance BOSS was alleged to be the culprit lurking behind the scenes; but, time after time, something happened to give BOSS the last laugh.

First of all there was the strange case of Peter Hain being accused of stealing £490 from a branch of Barclays Bank in Putney, London. At the time, although Hain was, to me, one of the 'enemies', I realized it was a ridiculous charge. It was inconceivable that Hain would snatch money from a bank and run away.

Hain submitted himself to a lie detector test arranged by a team from the BBC, and the machine proved him to be innocent. That would have been admissible evidence in an American court but it was not in Britain. As it happened, Hain was found not guilty after a sensational trial in April 1976.

One year later I heard the truth about the Hain case when I flew from Johannesburg to the Transkei on a news assignment. While there I met my former London handler, Alf Bouwer, who was then head of the BOSS set-up in the Transkei. I had not seen Alf for three years and we polished off a large amount of brandy as we laughed about the 'good old days' back in London. The conversation turned to the Hain 'robbery'. Alf said it was 'a beautiful job brilliantly carried out'. According to him, a journalist working for the satirical magazine *Private Eye* has come closer to the truth than anyone.

That journalist had written a ludicrous send-up saying that a large number of BOSS agents had been planted

outside Hain's London home and also outside Barclays Bank in Putney. They had kept in touch with each other by walkie-talkie. The journalist had jokingly written that one of the BOSS agents had flashed a message that Hain was leaving his home and driving towards Putney - 'so signal 387 pseudo-Hains to rob banks all over London'.

Alf Bouwer giggled about this at length, saying he appreciated the daft British sense of humour. 'But the daftest part was that it was all really done by radio,' he chuckled.

He did not elaborate, except to say that a BOSS agent had been watching Hain's home from a parked car near by. The youth who really robbed the bank was not a secret agent as such, but a 'criminal who had to do as he was told because we had a grappling hook up his backside,' said Alf. I understood from this that the criminal had a serious charge hanging over him and had agreed to do the robbery to get off the hook.

Alf indicated that the criminal was not a South African; he hinted that he was from Ireland. After committing the robbery he had been flown straight to Paris and had later been allowed to settle in South Africa to 'start a new life'.

Alf told me there had only been one minor slip-up in connection with Hain's double. His hair had been carefully styled to resemble Hain's but, by sheer coincidence, Hain had changed his hairstyle a few days before the robbery, and this had not been noticed by the BOSS operatives who mounted the plot.

Alf Bouwer said that soon after the criminal had robbed the bank BOSS had arranged for a telephone call to be made to Scotland Yard. The caller told the Yard that if they checked with Special Branch files they would see that Peter Hain was heavily involved in agitating against Barclays Bank and its investments in South Africa, and that he had once taken part in a demonstration against that very branch of Barclays in Putney. This call, said Alf Bouwer, was made to ensure that Hain would be linked to the

snatching of the £490, which is exactly what happened. Within two hours Hain was arrested.

Just before Peter Hain came to trial, something occurred which was to completely confuse him, Harold Wilson, Jeremy Thorpe and the whole of Fleet Street. In February 1976 Mr Kenneth Wyatt, a former Conservative Councillor on the Watford Urban Council, gave Peter Hain some astonishing information.

Wyatt said he had been approached by a man called Fouad 'Flash Fred' Kamil who had once worked for Harry Oppenheimer's Anglo-American Corporation in South Africa. Kamil alleged that Anglo's vast network of diamond and gold security agents worked closely with BOSS. Because of this, Kamil had accidentally discovered that BOSS had built up a secret dossier of hatred against top-level Liberal Party members in Britain. The intention was to discredit Liberal MPs so that their removal from office would increase the Conservative Party's voting strength.

Mr Wyatt told Hain that one of Kamil's agents had seen a photograph in one of these dossiers. It showed a 'BOSS agent' who was Peter Hain's double. A marking which appeared alongside the BOSS dossier on Peter Hain stated: 'Operation completely successful'. That was why Wyatt had approached Hain. He wanted him to know that BOSS had obviously set him up on the Putney bank robbery charge.

Peter Hain believed BOSS was capable of such a plot but he was reluctant to disclose Wyatt's claims to the British press because Wyatt seemed an odd character and, in any case, could not provide any concrete evidence to back up his astonishing claims. About two weeks later Peter Hain was amazed to read newspaper reports stating that Kenneth Wyatt and four other Britons had been charged with conspiring to extort over a million pounds from Harry Oppenheimer by threatening London-based members of his Anglo-American Corporation. The man behind that plot was none other than 'Flash Fred' Kamil, who had masterminded it all from a hiding-place in Spain.

Fouad Abu Kamil was born in the Lebanon on 4 April 1926. He studied medicine at the American University in Beirut and later moved to Sierra Leone, where he became involved in the illegal smuggling of diamonds to Liberia. He built up a mercenary force of twenty hardboiled characters who operated in the dense bush, waylaying illicit diamond smugglers and relieving them of their gems. News of Kamil's operations came to the ears of Sir Percy Sillitoe, the former head of Britain's MI5 who was then working in South Africa as the head of the Anglo-American Corporation's security network. Sillitoe met Kamil and asked him to work for Anglo, but Kamil refused. However, a few years later, in January 1965, he changed his mind and was recruited into Anglo by Lieutenant-Colonel George Visser, then the chief security officer for Anglo's diamond section, De Beers.

Kamil's job was to pose as a member of South Africa's criminal underworld who was keen to sell large amounts of illegal diamonds. Such trading in diamonds is a serious offence in South Africa which carries tough jail sentences, confiscation of the diamonds and heavy fines. Kamil would find someone willing to buy a parcel of £100,000 worth of uncut diamonds and then arrange for him to be trapped by police during the handover. The £100,000 would be confiscated and, of this, Kamil would be given £33,000 as his commission.

Kamil was, without doubt, the cleverest diamond trapper in South Africa's history. He became so feared by criminals that in later years he had to adopt various disguises. He is known to have been paid at least £500,000 in commission over the years, which he spent on high living and gambling. In fact, Kamil earned at least another half million, but this was not paid to him. A dishonest security officer at top level in the De Beers diamond section forged Kamil's signature on various pay chits in league with another official, and they kept the money for themselves.

When Kamil started agitating for his money in 1970 the two crooked officials swore he was lying, and Kamil lost his

job. In May 1972, as a form of revenge, Kamil hijacked a South African Airways Boeing 727, believing that one of Harry Oppenheimer's relatives was on board. He intended holding the relative hostage until Anglo-American paid him his half million. But the hijacking venture went wrong. The Boeing was riddled with bullets as it was surrounded by troops in Malawi, where Kamil was arrested and jailed for eleven years. He was mysteriously released after serving only twenty-two months. I do not know how accurate my information is, but I heard from a very reliable police source that Harry Oppenheimer was, to some extent, responsible for Kamil's early release. He had apparently discovered, through a special internal investigation of the De Beers diamond section, that Kamil was partly telling the truth. Evidence was uncovered which strongly indicated that payment of a large amount had been wrongfully withheld from him.

Mr Oppenheimer arranged for £50,000 to be paid to Kamil quietly as 'full and final settlement'. Kamil accepted the pay-off but was still not satisfied. He insisted (and still insists today) that he was owed at least another £400,000. He hired Kenneth Wyatt and the four other Britons to wage a psychological war against senior Anglo-American employees in London by sending them threatening letters, some accompanied by funeral wreaths and hearses.

As details of this case emerged it was clear to Peter Hain that Kenneth Wyatt was not such an oddball after all. If Wyatt had told the truth about his involvement with Kamil, perhaps his 'Hain double' story was also true. For that reason Peter Hain sat down and typed out a five-page memorandum in which he outlined what Wyatt had told him about the plot to smear top British Liberals. The memo, dated 24 February 1976, was addressed to Jeremy Thorpe and headed 'Private and Confidential'. Yet H. J. van den Bergh was somehow able to hand me a copy of this memo within ten days of Hain typing it. HJ gave it to me because I was mentioned on the fifth page.

Knowing that I was a BOSS agent and that I had been

responsible for setting up the whole Norman Scott affair, Mr Thorpe passed Peter Hain's memo on to Premier Harold Wilson immediately. That is why in the House of Commons on 9 March 1976 Harold Wilson stood up and announced that 'massive resources of business money' had been involved in the Thorpe/Scott scandal.

When the Kamil saga hit the headlines in Britain, H. J. van den Bergh actively encouraged the rumours that Harry Oppenheimer was to blame for the smear plot against the Liberal Party. Remembering that I had once submitted several photographs of Mary Oppenheimer to BOSS, HJ pulled them out of his files. They showed me larking about with Mary in the swimming pool at the Oppenheimer's mansion in Johannesburg. One showed me spitting water into her face. Another showed Mary and me pushing each other at the edge of the pool. These photographs were completely innocent, as they had been taken during an exclusive interview I had done with Mary in 1964. But HJ knew the photographs would not appear innocent to members of the British Liberal Party. He had at least one of them sent by post from South Africa to Peter Hain in London.

Peter Hain was worried when he received the suspiciously thick envelope postmarked Johannesburg and, to be on the safe side, in case it contained an explosive device, it was thrown into a bath of cold water before being opened.

I do not know how much suspicion that photograph raised against Harry Oppenheimer in London, but it certainly had an unexpected side-effect. H. J. van den Bergh told me that, within two or three days of Hain receiving it, a woman in London had somehow heard about the photograph, yet not from Peter Hain. The woman was Diane Lefevre, a doctor who had once lived in South Africa.

This excited HJ tremendously. For some reason he had long had a strong dislike of Miss Lefevre, so much so that, a few years earlier, when I was spying in London, he had sent me a message telling me to smear her as 'an agent working for British intelligence'. I did as I was told and

cabled a story to my newspaper in South Africa. It appeared as a splash front-page story under the headline 'Diane a British Spy?*'

The story disclosed that Diane's father, Mr Alan Lefevre, was a telecommunications expert employed in a 'security sensitive position' in Britain's Ministry of Defence. The clear suggestion was that he was also a British agent. I also disclosed that a few days earlier Diane Lefevre had been arrested in Paris under the name Diane Campbell. French intelligence had quizzed her for several hours about her connection with two members of the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO) who had been arrested driving a car in France. A large amount of high explosives had been found in their car. It was intended for use in an attack on an Israeli embassy in Europe. Miss Lefevre, alias Campbell, was expelled from France four days later and flown to London. When her plane arrived at Heathrow airport a group of decoy policemen held waiting pressmen at bay at the front door of the plane as British Special Branch men smuggled her out of the rear exit.

I asked H. J. van den Bergh why he was so fascinated by Diane Lefevre knowing about the photograph of me and Mary Oppenheimer being sent to Peter Hain.

'Don't you see?' he replied. 'It means British intelligence intercepted that photograph in the post before Hain received it. That's almost certainly how Diane Lefevre came to know about it.'

Rubbing his hands together gleefully, HJ said he intended getting 'more mileage' out of Miss Lefevre.

When Kenneth Wyatt and his four co-accused came to trial at the Old Bailey, Diane Lefevre was exposed to the limelight again. It was openly suggested in court that she was a British intelligence agent. To confuse the issue further, possibly deliberately, it was also alleged that Miss Lefevre was a 'card-carrying member' of the British Communist Party.

Then came another shock. Miss Lefevre had long been

* Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 25 March 1973.

friendly with 'Flash Fred' Kamil and during meetings with him in Spain had fed him a lot of information about the Anglo-American Corporation and its activities in various parts of Africa and Britain. Even stranger, Diane Lefevre had been a close friend of Kamil's wife, Dr Melanie Kamil, in Cape Town several years earlier, and, as a result of this friendship, Miss Lefevre had flown to take up a job as a doctor in a Palestinian refugee camp somewhere in the Middle East. This, she said, was why she had come to sympathize with the PLO.

H. J. van den Bergh summed it all up by telling me: 'Diane Lefevre obviously infiltrated Kamil and his group on assignment for British intelligence, possibly in concert with Israeli intelligence. And I'm sure she was initially responsible for Kamil's group being arrested in Britain.'

H. J. van den Bergh shoved his knife into Diane Lefevre on one other occasion that I know of. When HJ told me that the two journalists Barrie Penrose and Roger Courtior would be telephoning me about the Thorpe case, he said I should give them certain information 'proving' that Miss Lefevre was a British agent. I did as I was told and, during a telephone conversation with Barrie Penrose, I told him the following: 'If you go to the Barclays DCO branch directly opposite the Ministry of Defence building in Northumberland Avenue, you'll find that Diane Lefevre has an account there. I suggest you take a peep at that account and the regular amounts paid into it.'

Two days later Barrie Penrose went to that bank and inquired about Miss Lefevre's account. He was told: 'Sorry. The account was closed just two days ago' – on the very day I had told him about it. Within two hours of our conversation, to be precise. This means someone bugged the telephone of BBC man Barrie Penrose. And it certainly was not BOSS.

Five weeks after Harold Wilson told parliament that massive South African business interests were behind the Jeremy Thorpe affair, a youth called Andre Thorne contacted the *Guardian* newspaper in London saying that he

could prove that a Liberal MP based in the North of England had featured in a privately made blue film. Thorne said the MP, dressed as a scoutmaster, had sexually interfered with several young boys. The *Guardian* was interested in the story mainly because Thorne said he had received an approach from Johan Russouw, a second secretary at the South African Embassy in Trafalgar Square, who wanted to obtain the blue film.

Thorne took *Guardian* reporter Peter Hillmore to the Embassy where they spoke to Russouw in his office. Hillmore did not say he was a journalist but pretended to be a friend of Thorne's. Russouw, however, unknown to Hillmore, knew he was from the *Guardian* and taped the conversation in full. It was cleverly done.

Russouw let Thorne and Hillmore do most of the talking and, from the tape recording, it appeared that they were pressing Russouw to ask for the blue film. Russouw played the role of a puritan by saying he had never seen a pornographic film and would be interested in seeing the one the two men were offering him. For the benefit of the tape recorder Russouw repeatedly emphasized that his interest in the film was purely personal and that neither the Embassy nor the South African government were in any way concerned. The interview ended with Peter Hillmore admitting he was a *Guardian* reporter and saying he was surprised that an official at the South African Embassy should want to obtain a blue film.

Pretoria later released a carefully edited version of the tape recording to the South African press to 'prove' that the *Guardian* had conspired with Andre Thorne in a crude attempt to frame Russouw as a purchaser of pornographic material. It was a successful propaganda campaign which was widely believed by the South African public, who obviously thought it was very strange behaviour for a respected liberal newspaper like the *Guardian*.

One week later the British *Sunday People* splashed a story under the headline 'I Lied About That Blue Film'. The words were Andre Thorne's and he said his whole

story about the blue film was a lie. It was the *Guardian*'s fault that the whole thing had been made into a sensation. Now the *Guardian* really took a beating, not only from the South Africans but from rival newspapers in Fleet Street, which spelled out very clearly that the *Guardian* and its reporter Peter Hillmore had been foolish enough to be completely led up the garden path by Andre Thorne, a youth of twenty who turned out to be a former Borstal boy with a long list of previous convictions.

The truth about Andre Thorne as I heard it from BOSS was that the *Guardian* did not set Thorne up to trap Johan Russouw. The boot was on the other foot. It was all master-minded by Chris van der Walt, a BOSS propagandist based at the South African Embassy as its Press Attaché. Andre Thorne right from the start had been told by Russouw to approach the *Guardian* and get them interested in the story about the blue film, not to frame the *Guardian* but to try and get a story mounted which would embarrass the Liberal Party in regard to one of its MPs being a molester of young children. Andre Thorne was not instructed to tell the *Guardian* that an official at the South African Embassy was interested in buying the film. Thorne had thrown that little titbit in for good measure, not realizing it would, in the eyes of a Fleet Street journalist, cast a completely different complexion on the story.

When Thorne and *Guardian* reporter Hillmore went to the South African Embassy, Russouw failed to inform his superiors, believing he could gain kudos by handling it on his own. And that was why Russouw made the all-important tape recording. He knew Peter Hillmore was a *Guardian* reporter because Andre Thorne had given him advance warning of this.

There is proof that the South Africans set Andre Thorne up to plant the blue film story on the *Guardian* as, while Thorne was being quizzed by the *Sunday People* newspaper, a very shrewd reporter on its staff threw that very accusation at him. Thorne was so shocked by the reporter's perspicacity that he actually admitted it. But when the

Sunday People asked Thorne to sign an affidavit to that effect, he refused, obviously realizing that this would cause him even bigger problems.

Thorne also admitted later to London's *Time Out* magazine that he had set up the *Guardian* for South African officials. But by that time it was widely known that Andre Thorne had a long list of criminal convictions and therefore had no credibility. Soon afterwards he was jailed for three years for blackmail and theft cases not connected with the blue film saga.

BOSS told me that eight months before Thorne had gone to the *Guardian* he had made a statement to the British police about the blue film. Thorne's home had been searched and, although pornographic film had been found, none of it involved a Liberal MP. Thorne was later to claim that his home had been burgled and that particular blue film had been stolen.

At exactly the time of the Andre Thorne sensation another strange character emerged. This was Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick Cheeseman, who claimed to be a former spy for the United States Air Force intelligence branch. He was first interviewed by BBC reporters Barrie Penrose and Roger Courtiour. After some careful checking they were satisfied Colonel Cheeseman was genuine, and they broke his story on the BBC's *Nine O'Clock News* television programme on 18 May 1976.

It was a sensational scoop. Cheeseman told millions of viewers that two years earlier he had flown to South Africa to be signed up as a spy for BOSS. While in BOSS headquarters he had seen a pile of fifteen dossiers on the desk of BOSS operative Jack Kemp. The dossiers bore the names of top Liberals such as Jeremy Thorpe, Cyril Smith, Richard Wainwright, etc. He said the dossiers had been described to him as 'research profiles' which BOSS intended to use when smearing the Liberal Party in Britain later.

The BBC was not particularly worried when the head of

BOSS, General H. J. van den Bergh, called Cheeseman and the BBC liars. But within twenty-four hours the story bounced back on the BBC in a very nasty way. Colonel Cheeseman told the British *Daily Express* that he had hoaxed the BBC. He said he was not a former colonel in the American Air Force intelligence branch. He had a criminal record involving fraud, bouncing cheques and twenty-two offences of obtaining money by false pretences. Far from being a spy he was living on the dole and owed a year's rent to his landlady. No wonder the *Daily Express* splashed the story across its front page under the massive headline 'Colonel Bogus!'.

Just like the *Guardian* with its blue film story, the BBC was exposed to worldwide ridicule. The *Washington Post* said the BBC had 'fallen flat on its face'. The London *Evening News* thought it was so hilarious that it asked: 'Who do we send for now? Inspector Clouseau?' Only one British newspaper came anywhere near the truth. That was the *Sunday Times*, which, on 24 May, stated: 'It has been a good week for South Africa, especially for the notorious BOSS. The discrediting of South Africa's critics could hardly have been better managed if BOSS itself had been manipulating it.'

The truth about Frederick Cheeseman, from my own experience, is that he was certainly not the Walter Mitty he appeared to be. He definitely had an intelligence background and he was certainly recruited by BOSS. I know this because I saw Cheeseman sitting in the waiting room outside H. J. van den Bergh's private office on the fifth floor of BOSS headquarters in Pretoria on 5 September 1974. At the time he was being served tea by HJ's secretary Mrs Breggie de Jager.

Cheeseman was clearly a VIP guest because ordinary visitors to BOSS headquarters are dealt with in a group of small courtesy lounges in the foyer downstairs. The following day, Cheeseman had lunch in the Janina Restaurant close to BOSS headquarters. With him were my overall

controller Jack 'Koos' Kemp and Piet 'Swanny' Swanepoel, the head of BOSS's White Suspects section.

The reason BOSS recruited Cheeseman (and paid for his trip to South Africa) was that Cheeseman had worked for Zambian intelligence in London. At one stage he had picked up information which he knew would be valuable to South African intelligence so he had contacted senior BOSS operative Alf Bouwer, then working at the SA Embassy in London under cover of being a first secretary. When Cheeseman gave Bouwer information about Zambia he used the classic infiltration technique of insisting he did not want payment. In this way he gained Alf Bouwer's confidence. Bouwer passed Cheeseman on to Jack Kemp. Kemp recruited Cheeseman after suggesting to H. J. van den Bergh that Cheeseman should help BOSS to build up a network of Black agents in Zambia. HJ agreed and BOSS hired Cheeseman at a yearly salary of just over £10,000.

I also know that Cheeseman told the BBC the truth when he said he had seen the fifteen dossiers on top British Liberals piled on Jack Kemp's desk. I had been in Kemp's office that day; the files were on his desk because he had recently returned from London and had called me in to discuss the Jeremy Thorpe case.

The Thorpe dossier contained all the reports I had submitted to BOSS back in 1971 after my in-depth interviews with Norman Scott. The dossier on Cyril Smith had nothing to do with me. I never did any research on Mr Smith for BOSS and I do not know if BOSS, as later alleged, was responsible for spreading poison-pen letters about him in Britain.

Kemp also had a dossier on Liberal MP Clement Freud, but, again, I know nothing about the man and never gathered information about him for BOSS.

There was also a bulky file on the Liberal peer Lord Beaumont of Whitley, but during the years I spied for BOSS in London I submitted only two reports on Lord Beaumont: once when my girl-friend Jill Evans met him at a cocktail party and another time when I attended a buffet

dinner given by the South West Africa People's Organisation (SWAPO) at Lord Beaumont's home in West Heath Road, London NW3, in June 1973.

Jack Kemp also had a file on Richard Wainwright, MP, although it was not a thick one. Later, in 1976, it was alleged in Britain that BOSS had stolen a file on Norman Scott from Mr Wainwright's room at the House of Commons. H. J. van den Bergh told me that BOSS had not been involved in this theft. I do not know what BOSS had on file about Richard Wainwright because I never submitted any reports on the man. But I was responsible for spying on his daughter, Hilary.

In early 1969 I submitted a report to BOSS stating that Hilary Wainwright was friendly with several members of the British Anti-Apartheid Movement and that she was actively opposed to the South African government. I received the following message from BOSS files in Pretoria:

'Wainwright, Hilary. White female student involved in the "Free Dave Kitson" campaign and a four day march by students to climax in a mass rally at Trafalgar Square on 26/5/1969 organised by the Ruskin College Kitson Committee.*'

Within days of the mass rally in Trafalgar Square, Pretoria sent Hilary Wainwright a 'keep-out' letter stating she would not be welcome as a visitor to South Africa. On receiving the letter Miss Wainwright told journalists she could not understand why she had been 'singled out' by BOSS. Now she knows why.

The weird happenings in London involving Peter Hain, Flash Fred Kamil, Andre Thorne, Colonel Cheeseman and others all combined to increase Fleet Street's interest in the Jeremy Thorpe scandal. This in turn caused massive head-

* David Ian Kitson, born in 1919, a mechanical engineer, was a research fellow at Ruskin College in 1958. He returned to South Africa in 1959, and in 1964 was convicted of being a member of the ANC's sabotage wing, 'Spear of the Nation'. He was jailed for twenty years; release date December 1984. No remission.

lines in the South African press and a constant mention of my involvement. By May 1976 H. J. van den Bergh had decided that all this publicity meant that my days of being a spy in the field were over. He said I should resign from the Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, take a three-month holiday, paid for by BOSS, and then join the staff of a new English-language newspaper which was to be launched in South Africa in September.

The name of the paper was *The Citizen*. I was to be given editor status, with the title 'Contributing Editor', a massive increase in salary, a free car and a roving commission which meant I could go where I liked and write what I liked. My job? Top-level propaganda.

35 • 'THE CITIZEN'

Being exposed as a BOSS agent in the Jeremy Thorpe/Norman Scott affair did not put an end to my spying activities in the field, as H. J. van den Bergh had expected, but increased them. On joining *The Citizen* I was constantly approached by people offering me fascinating tip-offs for a wide variety of reasons. When people know you are a spy they want to know you. And use you – usually to knife their enemies.

There was another advantage. In the past, police officers had called for tea when I went to interview them at headquarters. Now, they sent the Black tea boy to go across the road and buy a cake as well. The days of rushing round looking for stories was a thing of the past. I hardly had to leave my desk as BOSS and the Information Department positively deluged me with high-grade news – all with a propaganda slant, of course.

I could write a book about the outlandish propaganda stories published in *The Citizen* during the thirty-two months I worked on its staff. I was Pretoria's number one hatchetman; a character assassin. These are not my descriptions; it's what my victims, and other journalists, said. Not that I had to write lies all the time when BOSS instructed me to smash or smear anyone. The unscrupulous journalist does not have to write deliberate lies. He can pervert the truth by concentrating on the negative and diminishing the positive. In America they call it advocacy journalism; in Britain, selective reporting. But it can also be called lying by omission. If you have a point to make, you choose and tailor the cloth to fit. There's no shortage of material. Search long and hard enough and there's nearly always a skeleton in the family cupboard. If the target is a pillar of respectability you

can always embarrass him by scrutinizing the behaviour of his wife, children or relatives.

There was another fabulous advantage for me working on *The Citizen*. The newspaper started under the editorship of Mr Martin Spring, a former financial journalist who had long been a propaganda front man for the Information Department. But within a fortnight he was turfed out and a new editor installed in his place. It was my former editor on the *Sunday Express*, Mr M. A. 'Johnny' Johnson.

We wasted no time in reactivating the old friendship with Premier John Vorster, and that greedy front page was never empty. Our first big propaganda stunt was the story of Dimitri Tsafendas. He was the parliamentary messenger who in September 1966 had stabbed the South African Premier Dr Hendrik Verwoerd to death in full view of the House of Assembly. Tsafendas, the son of a Greek engineer and a Coloured woman, is now aged sixty-two. After being declared insane at his trial he was transferred to Death Row in Pretoria's maximum security Central Prison, where he still sits today.

Tsafendas is not a prisoner in the ordinary sense of the word. His case stands normal prison logic on its head. He has never been convicted of any offence and is not serving a sentence. He is held as a State President's patient until such time as the balance of his mind is restored. Yet he receives no treatment for this to be achieved, and he spends twenty-three hours of every day in total solitary confinement. In the unlikely event that his insanity is cured the South African government has let it be widely known that Tsafendas will then be tried for murdering Verwoerd - a crime he is quite clearly guilty of - and will be hanged by the neck until he is dead. So he's better off staying insane.

Under the South African Prisons Act Tsafendas is classified as a 'potentially dangerous criminal' who must be kept under maximum security conditions. His prison file describes him as 'Coloured Prisoner A5078, an extremely resourceful and cunning individual who is mentally and physically capable of scheming and effecting an escape.'

For that reason he is held in the most closely guarded section of any prison on the South African mainland. Security is so fanatically rigid on Death Row that Tsafendas would have to unlock eight huge steel doors before reaching the massive perimeter wall overlooked by watchtowers containing armed guards. And no prison official, not even the commanding officer, is allowed to have the keys to more than two doors in his possession at any one time.

In August 1976, just before *The Citizen* newspaper was launched, the British *Observer* published a massive exposé of conditions in Pretoria's Central Jail based on the experiences there of Mr Brian Price, a Briton who had been jailed for drugs offences. Headlined 'Horror In Black And White', the article disclosed the pathetic life-style of Dimitri Tsafendas and how warders ill-treated him.

I was called in by H. J. van den Berg and ordered to mount a big denial of the *Observer* story. And so that I could do this convincingly I was allowed to enter Death Row and talk to Tsafendas. It was another milestone in my BOSS career. No other reporter had ever been allowed into Death Row; it was the very first time any journalist had been allowed to interview Tsafendas, and the first time a pressman had photographed him. I was given permission to take any pictures I liked, tour the whole jail and talk to Tsafendas, in his cell, in a courtyard and also in the commandant's office for three hours.

Tsafendas denied the *Observer* story, of course. Although certified, he's not that mad. In fact I found him to be remarkably astute, charming and even witty. Smiling knowingly at the commanding officer of Pretoria Jail, Brigadier Gerrie Visser, Tsafendas told me the warders had been 'outstandingly decent' towards him. He knew which side his prison cob was buttered.

As I walked round the prison with Tsafendas at one stage I was able to whisper a couple of questions when the prison officials were just out of earshot.

'Don't kid me that the warders have always been decent towards you. The *Observer* claims one assaulted

you, and another spat in your food and urinated in it,' I said.

Tsafendas whispered back: 'You are obviously here to do a denial for the new government newspaper *The Citizen*, so what's that question supposed to mean?'

He's no fool, so I was honest with him. 'I can't write a completely one-sided story saying what a bed of roses you have in jail. I've got to put a few small niggles in to make it look credible.'

After taking photographs of Tsafendas in the high-walled courtyard (where he was allowed one hour of exercise each day if he had behaved) we trooped back to Brigadier Visser's office for tea and a cosy chat with Visser and Major-General Jannie Roux, the Deputy Commissioner of Prisons, who sat in as witnesses. At one stage I turned to Tsafendas and told him that if he had any type of complaint whatsoever he should tell me there and then. Tsafendas understood completely. He smiled at Brigadier Visser.

'Yes. There was one warder who was always abusive and tormented me. One day when he pretended to spit in my tray of food I complained to the Brigadier. And you reprimanded him severely, didn't you, sir?'

Caught unawares, Visser's jaw dropped in amazement. He gave a frightened glance towards Deputy Commissioner Jannie Roux and spluttered 'Why, yes, of course. I made that warder apologize to you, didn't I?'

Tsafendas was now enjoying himself greatly. 'Yes, and you also gave a tongue-lashing to that other warder who bashed me, didn't you, sir?'

Standing up to pour Tsafendas another cup of tea, Visser said 'Of course, Mr Tsafendas, but you won't deny we treat you well here, will you?'

Tsafendas got the message. He hadn't been called Mister for ten years and he didn't want to risk being given a good hiding after I had left. So he stopped his cunning nonsense.

It's all sickening to look back at now, but at the time it was just what I wanted. No propagandist with any sense would write an article totally glorifying conditions in prison.

Even in South Africa the public is not that stupid. Tsafendas's shrewdly balanced complaints gave me the chance to intrude a little 'credibility' into the gargantuan 698 inches of space *The Citizen* devoted to my stories and photographs that week.*

When *The Citizen* published my exclusive interview with Tsafendas in jail there was an immediate outcry by other South African newspapers. They had clamoured to interview Tsafendas when the *Observer* story had appeared. So why should I have been the only reporter allowed to see him? The question was even raised in the South African parliament by Progressive MP Mrs Helen Suzman. The Minister of Justice, Mr Jimmy Kruger, wriggled out of it by saying he had taken the decision to give me the scoop. But fair's fair. He could hardly have admitted that I was a BOSS agent sent in to smear the *Observer* report, could he?

The South African government's propaganda machine made sure my Tsafendas story reached a wide audience. It was sent to newspapers in several countries, and one magazine in Holland, the *Nieuwe Revu*, even paid *The Citizen* a substantial sum for permission to reprint my stories and photographs of Tsafendas over six pages in its issue of 17 December. Two days later BOSS roped in its secret British propaganda front, the Club of Ten, by getting Judge Gerald Sparrow to mount a massive £7,000 advertisement in a British paper knocking the *Observer*'s original story as being 'wholly inaccurate and sensationalist', and demanding a retraction.

But the *Observer* was not cowed by these bully-boy tactics. Being satisfied that its allegations of ill-treatment in Pretoria's Central Prison were basically correct it stood its ground. Then Pretoria tried a different tack. Why didn't the *Observer* publish my stories and photographs of Tsafendas and his life in jail? This would be given to them as a parcel, completely without charge. It was a shrewd stunt but the *Observer* did not fall for it. Their foreign editor, Bill

* Starting on 20 October 1976 and headlined 'Why I Killed Verwoerd'.

Millinship, replied 'I don't think we would use a story presented to us in this way from a journalist we know to be connected with BOSS.'

The *Observer* went one better in its leader columns on 19 December. Under the heading 'Pretoria Propaganda' it posed this question: 'If the South Africans are so keen to let the world know they have nothing to hide in their country, why do they persistently refuse entry visas to our reporters?'

Not all my propaganda stunts for BOSS were so relevant to the outside world. Even little people inside South Africa were hammered if they got too cheeky. In 1977 a White weight-lifter and gymnasium proprietor named Jannie Beetge was caught in a bedroom with a Black photographic model called 'Bubbles' Mpondo. The couple were genuinely in love and had been living together secretly for several months. When they were charged under the Immorality Act, Jannie took the mickey out of apartheid by publicly announcing there was nothing wrong, in his view, about being in love with a Black girl.

'If you love someone you don't stop loving them because some stupid law says you should. The heart is colour-blind. It's only an addled brain that tells you to stop loving someone because their skin is dark brown or Black.'

His comments gained massive publicity, as Jannie Beetge was an Afrikaner who supported the government in every way except on the subject of apartheid. Newspapers splashed pictures of the couple all over their pages because there was yet another glaring contradiction. Jannie Beetge was incredibly ugly to look at and his girl-friend Bubbles was beautiful. Ever the joker, Jannie then teased the life out of apartheid by holding a press conference at which he disclosed his intention to marry Bubbles. This really was sensational. It's illegal for a White to marry a Black in South Africa. But crafty Jannie had found a way round that.

'I'm going to marry Bubbles under Islamic law in a

Johannesburg mosque, and my lawyers say there's absolutely nothing to prevent me from doing that.'

Fearful that this might encourage other people to copy the idea and ridicule apartheid even further, the racial puritans in Pretoria scrabbled through their law books hoping to find some way of blocking such a marriage. Surprisingly, they couldn't. But one bright spark in government service stood up after doing his homework, and said 'A marriage under Islamic law may be permissible but, in terms of the Immorality Act, such a married couple would still be guilty of an offence if they slept together.'

Jannie Beetge reacted: 'All right then. I will only sleep with my wife across the border in Swaziland or Lesotho at weekends. Put that up your racial pipe and smoke it.'

Countering that, an official in the Department of the Interior telephoned Jannie politely and said 'We will not allow Miss Mpondo to leave the country, so I'm afraid those weekend trips are off.'

Then they sent me to maul Jannie. I found him a lovable character of infinite jest: a man who would have zoomed to stardom as a comedian in Britain because his sense of humour was zany. He kept me in stitches for the best part of an hour but that did not stop me writing a nasty send-up story suggesting his main motive was to make money by getting publicity for his gymnasium.*

It was the beginning of the end for Jannie; other pro-government newspapers started smearing him and he was declared an outcast by nearly all his Afrikaner friends and relatives. Business at his huge gymnasium slumped, and when he faced bankruptcy Bubbles talked about leaving him. It was the last straw for the beleaguered Jannie. His mind cracked under the strain and late one night as he lay in bed with Bubbles he shot her dead and then blew his brains out.

*

* *The Citizen*, 7 April 1977, headlined 'Joker Jannie Says It's A Hoax'.

Although the South African government repeatedly claims it is a God-fearing and truly Christian body of men it never pulls its punches if a 'trendy priest' steps out of line. One such man of God was the Catholic Bishop Donal Lamont, who, after being deported from Rhodesia in 1977 for refusing to play informer against Blacks, appeared on various American radio and television programmes. He stood up and condemned 'the institutional violence of Ian Smith's racist regime' and said he didn't like the South African regime either.

It was decided that Bishop Lamont should be taught a little lesson, so a letter which he had written eleven years earlier was leaked to me. Bishop Lamont had sent it to a friend in South Africa who always teased him about his Irish background. The friend said that being an 'Irish rebel' his sympathies should naturally be on the side of Ian Smith's rebel government. And that is why, in his letter dated February 1966, Bishop Lamont had jokingly ended his letter with the words 'Up The IRA'. I turned this against him by writing a slashing attack stating: 'Although Bishop Lamont claimed to denounce acts of violence and terrorist activity, he has long been a supporter of the Irish Republican Army.' This, I pointed out in my story, was the man of God who was then being feted by religious bodies in the United States, a man who had been nominated for the 1977 Nobel Peace Prize and a man who was rubbing shoulders with President Jimmy Carter. The headline for my story was: 'Bishop Lamont Branded As A Hypocrite'.* South Africa's government supporters loved it and Bishop Lamont could hardly answer the unjust smear by explaining that his mention of the IRA was just a joke, so he ignored it.

Another victim was Mr Donald Woods, the editor of the South African newspaper *Daily Dispatch*. A campaigning liberal who was a constant thorn in Pretoria's side, Donald Woods was a close friend of the Black Consciousness leader Steve Biko and often wrote about this dynamic young Black.

* *The Citizen*, 30 September 1977.

BOSS had an explanation for this. They told me that Mr Woods was a secret CIA agent whose assignment was to build Steve Biko up as a future Black leader. If you challenge the South African government and they cannot smear you as a Communist, they apply the CIA label.

Pretoria put a stop to Donald Woods by slapping a banning order on him. That meant he could no longer write anything for publication. When Donald understandably fled from South Africa to Lesotho in January 1978, BOSS told me to grab my passport, chase after him and find out who had helped him to escape. I failed in that assignment. But while talking to me Donald Woods admitted that some liberal South African newspapers had rather over-dramatized his escape by saying he had dived into a raging river and then swam across it to freedom in Lesotho.

Donald told me: 'Well, I didn't actually swim. It was more of a paddle. I threw my shoes and socks across to the far bank and then waded after them. I hardly got my ankles wet.'

I saw this as a good knockdown of the 'big brave Donald Woods' escape stories being published by the liberal press and cabled it at once to *The Citizen*, which splashed it across page one.*

BOSS loved it and even flashed it to the South African information attaché, Carl Noffke, in the United States. He went on an American television show and tried to denigrate Donald Woods by constantly repeating: 'He said he swam across a raging river but he didn't, he only paddled across.' But Woods had tricked us all. He really escaped disguised as a priest and was driven through a border post.

Mrs Rita Hoefling was a well-educated cultured woman of German descent. Aged forty-four, she was a voluntary hospital worker in Cape Town. In January 1978 she made world headlines because an inoperable brain tumour had caused her pure White skin to slowly turn a blotchy light brown. In other countries this would not have mattered, but

* 3 January 1978, headlined 'Woods Drama'.

in South Africa it made her life hell. Neighbours started sniggering and saying she was a Coloured woman 'playing White' so that she could live in a White area. Conductors on White buses threw her off thinking she was a Black.

An international news agency picked up the story and flashed it to the 10,000 newspapers and radio stations it serviced in 100 countries. Pretoria was furious and called me in to give Mrs Hoefling a hiding when she blamed her predicament on the 'ridiculous South African race laws'.

It was not an easy task smearing Mrs Hoefling, as her skin problem had obviously created widespread sympathy for her. But two main factors were in my favour. Mrs Hoefling was so sick of being pestered by the press that she had taken a cricket bat to a German television team when it came knocking at her door. She had whacked them across their backs as they fled down her garden path. This was something to be highlighted. The other thing was that Mrs Hoefling was not used to dealing with journalists who wanted cold hard facts. When her story first broke she received telephone calls from newspapers all over the world and said this had deprived her of sleep for three days. She told one journalist: 'In one two-hour period I received no less than ninety-one calls.' This gave me the excuse to mount a thirty-six-inch-deep story attacking her in which I stated that she was 'a neurotic, hysterical woman who is prone to exaggeration'.*

It is even more surprising when you know that I never interviewed or spoke to the unfortunate Mrs Rita Hoefling.

It was the same when anyone wrote a book attacking South Africa, its government or the policy of apartheid. Pretoria would tell me to scrutinize the book carefully and find an excuse to give it a pasting. There are so many ways a hatchetman can attack a book.

If the author had written anything unkind or controversial about anyone I telephoned them and got them to call him a liar. If the author had used unassailable facts I attacked his

* *The Citizen*, 10 March 1978.

grammar to suggest he was uneducated and therefore a hollow vessel making a big noise. If I couldn't smash his facts or grammar and he was obviously telling the truth I applied adjectival distortion, misleading reasoning or trick verbals such as 'The author has omitted vital background information giving the other point of view.' Or 'The book contains misconceptions and deliberate over-simplifications aimed at beguiling the reader.'

If the author used damaging statistics to prove his case convincingly I pulled out the old cliché that statistics can be made to lie. If he had used vulgar swear words or described sexual intercourse I said the book was pornographic and should quickly be banned by Pretoria. If the book was written in a racy style I called him a crude person of disgustingly bad taste. If the book was neither vulgar, sexy nor racy then it was stodgy and heavy to plough through.

If the book was written in a sensitive vein I could label the author as one of those sickly humanitarians. If he took a reasonable stance on Russia, Cuba or any of the Iron Curtain countries he was a crypto-Communist. That meant: 'He's a Communist but I can't prove it.' Any opponent of apartheid who was obviously not a Communist could be tagged 'a Communist dupe'.

If all else failed there was always one sure-fire method of attack: mistakes. Every book contains at least one error, whether of fact or judgement. It could be the author's fault or one of those gremlins in the printing works. There isn't a writer or journalist in the world who has not suffered gremlinitis. The best 'blue' of my career was when I wrote about a White woman being raped by a Black man under a blue gum tree. The gremlins changed it to 'a blue bum tree'. If I found mistakes in a book I highlighted them to show that the author was sloppy and could not be trusted to give an accurate picture.

Not all the propaganda stories I wrote were hit jobs. If anyone said anything complimentary about the South African government BOSS would instruct me to give them the VIP treatment, interview them in depth and then write

a glowing account of them and their views. Such a one was General Erle Cocke, one of America's most decorated soldiers. He visited South Africa in September 1978 to see for himself and liked what he saw. A neighbour of President Carter in south-west Georgia, he said Mr Carter would take a different political stand on the subject of South Africa if he would only listen to America's big business community. 'They are better informed on South Africa than he is and they would definitely tell him to increase investment with you instead of threatening to curtail it.'

For that nice little quote I gave him seventy-six inches of pure adulation in *The Citizen* of 26 September.

People who were friendly towards South Africa came from all over the world. Some were top personalities from Germany. It is quite surprising how many Germans speak scathingly of Hitler's Nazi regime yet are full of admiration for South Africa. Like the French, they hold up their hands in horror when it is suggested they are selling arms, ammunition and other military hardware to the upholders of apartheid. Yet the truth is that Pretoria can get almost anything it wants from those countries as long as the goods are supplied through secret front men in different countries.

Holland too, although it professes to abhor apartheid, feels a natural bond with the Afrikaner because of his Dutch lineage. Anyone who doubts this should know that several top journalists in Holland openly support South Africa whenever possible. Pretoria has an unusual ally in Mr Prosper J. Ego, editor of the Dutch magazine *Sta-Vast* – unusual because Mr Ego considers himself to be a Dutch liberal who is happily married to a Coloured woman from Indonesia. Yet after Mr Ego had visited South Africa on a three-week fact-finding mission in 1977, BOSS told me to telephone him at his office in The Hague. I did so and got quite a shock. He had not been impressed by South Africa's liberal Progressive Party. He had visited the Black township of Soweto and came away so impressed that he had gone home and written a remarkably fair two-page feature article about it. He had investigated South African prison condi-

tions and had been more than impressed, to the point where, in yet another large feature article, he had written that the South African Prisons Department deserved 'a cum laude'. I could not believe my ears. If he had seen any area of Soweto outside Dube Village, or if he had seen inside any prison apart from the modern showpiece jail at Leeuwkop – and had come away impressed – then he must have been wearing heavily rose-tinted spectacles supplied by an optician fronting for BOSS.

Being a spy makes a man devious and ultra-suspicious. It's only natural. If you are not always on the alert for possible traps you soon get caught out. But being suspicious you often see traps that are not really there. You start looking for doubles and even double doubles, and after a few years you almost become paranoid.

If, as BOSS had told me, Mr Prosper J. Ego really was a Dutch liberal, what on earth were the right-wingers like in Holland? No, it was impossible. BOSS must have made a mistake. On the other hand, it might be an elaborate trap, laid by Mr Ego to make us look fools. Perhaps he had not written those flattering articles about South Africa at all. And so, to protect my back – and the balance of my mind – I telephoned Mr Ego again and asked him to send me copies of his articles. He did. It was true. Only then did I write two massive feature articles praising Mr Ego.* But the man still baffles me.

In March 1977 the chairman of the United Nations Committee Against Apartheid issued a shock statement alleging that between 8,000 and 9,000 mentally ill Blacks were being badly treated and detained against their will in privately owned South African institutions which were subsidized by the South African government. The South African Minister of Health, Dr Schalk van der Merwe, attacked the UN statement saying that the facts in it, which had been compiled by members of the Church of Scientology, were not accurate.

* *The Citizen*, 8 October 1977, headlined 'The World Is Telling Lies About South Africa's Prison System' (Says Dutch Journalist), and 15 October 1977, headlined 'A Writer Who Believes In Fair Play'.

BOSS had somehow obtained advance knowledge about the UN statement because, three months earlier, my BOSS handler in Johannesburg, W. P. Le Roux, had instructed me to mount an investigation into the activities of Scientologists in South Africa. BOSS told me that the prime target in my probe should be a young Englishman named Nigel Tasker who worked as the public relations officer for the Church of Scientology in Johannesburg. I discovered that Mr Tasker was also connected with a group known as the 'Society for Safety in Mental Healing' and that this group was a front organization for the Church of Scientology.

I still have a copy of the five-page report I submitted to BOSS on Nigel Tasker and all the secret documentation BOSS gave me in connection with the Church of Scientology. Soon after I submitted my report to BOSS, Nigel Tasker appeared in court on a charge of dealing in drugs. I knew it was a grossly unfair charge which had been set up by BOSS, but I still wrote a smear story on the subject.*

But somewhere along the line I apparently made a mistake because Nigel Tasker, during a telephone call bugged by BOSS, told one of his friends that he knew I was a BOSS agent and had been set up to monitor his activities. As it happened, Mr Tasker was acquitted on the drugs charge and BOSS told me they intended kicking him out of South Africa. I do not know if this was done. I never saw Nigel Tasker again.

The South African government's greatest friend in the British public sphere is Mr Stuart Weaving, a tough Yorkshire-born millionaire who made his fortune by founding the Pennine Group, a vast textile empire which is the third biggest of its kind in the United Kingdom. I always respected Stuart Weaving as, apart from being a fellow Yorkshireman, he had made it the hard way - starting his career as a plumber's apprentice at the age of fourteen. He privately disagrees with apartheid, but I doubt if he would

* *The Citizen*, 9 June 1977, headlined 'Scientology Leader. Bailed On Dagga Charge'.

ever admit it publicly, because he's a close friend of John Vorster and even closer to the former South African Ambassador in London, Dr Carel de Wet.

Friendship means a lot to Stuart Weaving and he can't let his friends down. He is the founder and chairman of Friends of the Springbok, an organization which numbers 100,000 members in ten countries. He is also the chairman of the Weaving International Friendship Foundation, which has almost half a million members in Britain, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand and Canada. Obviously, friendship is big business to him: if you belong to his various groups he arranges reduced fares for you between South Africa and Britain. From 1968 to 1976 some 100,000 of his members took advantage of this offer. To suggest what this means in terms of cash flow, more than £20 million has been generated in air fares alone. Mr Weaving naturally takes a commission on the flights he has arranged.

Mr Weaving's clubs throughout Britain hold regular meetings where South African affairs are discussed and films are shown. Some of these films have been supplied by the South African Department of Information. His Friends of the Springbok association brings out an expensively produced glossy magazine which is given to members free of charge. One copy I saw contained fifteen photographs which had been previously published in the South African Information Department's propaganda journal *South African Digest*. Another copy I have on file shows Mr Weaving presenting a gold statue of a Springbok to Mr John Vorster when he was South Africa's Premier.

It would not be fair to smear Stuart Weaving as a secret South African propagandist. There's no secret about his love of South Africa. It's there for all those with eyes to see. Mr Weaving has never been given a hard time by anti-South African demonstrators in Britain. They can't go chanting slogans against him. He's so rich he has had to accept life as a tax exile, living in a beautiful villa in Jersey, Channel Islands.

I first became aware of Pretoria's love for Stuart Weaving

in 1970 when they asked me to write a story about him for South African consumption. He had launched a Support The Springbok Cricketers money-raising appeal in Britain, aimed against Peter Hain's attempts to get the Springbok cricket team's tour of Britain cancelled. Mr Weaving, who then acted as the editor of *Welsh Rugby*, a monthly magazine published in Wales, told me he was terribly upset by Peter Hain's demonstrations against the Springbok rugby team's tour of Britain, and he wanted to make sure Hain did not succeed in his plan to stop the South African cricket tour.*

While I was working on *The Citizen* in early 1978, Stuart Weaving flew to Johannesburg to launch another kind of campaign. It was very clever. He placed about £80,000 worth of advertisements in South African newspapers headlined 'Some Of Your Closest Friends Are Being Brainwashed'. The adverts told South African readers that their friends and relatives in the United Kingdom were being brainwashed by British newspapers into believing that South Africa was a terrible place. Stuart Weaving promised to correct that if South Africans sent him the names and addresses of all their relatives and friends in Britain. He would give all those Britons free membership of his Friends of the Springbok association and let them attend its regular lectures, where they would be told the truth about life in South Africa.

The South African public loved it and sent Mr Weaving the names and addresses of some 200,000 of their friends and relatives in Britain. The clever part of all this, of course, was that Mr Weaving then had 200,000 more potential clients for his special charter flights to South Africa. And, as most of those clients were married, that figure can almost be doubled. It's a huge amount of money in air fares, even if only ten per cent of the clients flew to South Africa for a holiday then or years later.

There was just one tiny snag. Some sharp-eyed South African reader noticed that Mr Weaving's advertisements had almost the same format as those published by the South

* Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 26 April 1970.

African government's front organization the Club of Ten, which by this time had been exposed as a front. The rumour started spreading round Johannesburg that Mr Weaving might also be a front man for Pretoria. That is when BOSS called me in to write a story knocking this rumour flat.

Life can be really funny. Just before I went to interview my old friend Stuart Weaving, his public relations officer, Mr Geoff Wald, came and offered me a £66 bribe if I would write a knockdown of the rumours against Mr Weaving. It was the first and only bribe I took during my twenty years as a journalist (unless BOSS money is counted as a bribe). I took it because I was amused by the irony of the situation and, after all, dear old Stuart Weaving could afford it. He got his money's worth. My story appeared over a page and he was delighted.*

The might of BOSS propaganda was not always applied to political matters. In April 1978 the famous heart surgeon Professor Chris Barnard was gallivanting round the dance floor of a New York night club at midnight with an extremely pretty woman in his arms when some smart lensbug banged off a quick photograph and gave it to a news agency. The photograph appeared in a South African newspaper within hours and was seen by Professor Barnard's beautiful wife Barbara, who had been left at home because her husband was away on 'an important business trip involving the Department of Information'. Barbara was livid, and jealous. So she telephoned hubby Chris and read him the riot act during which she threatened to pack her bags and go home to Mum.

Chris ran to the South African Information Department office in New York and begged them to send out a cover-up story which would save his marriage. But they wisely pointed out that such a move would be rather obvious. Much better if a 'non-involved' journalist could be brought into the act. Then the international wires really began to

* *The Citizen*, 27 February 1978, headlined 'British Tycoon Denies Tie-Up With SA Government'.

hum. An Info man in New York telephoned General H. J. van den Bergh at his Pretoria home and asked for help. HJ likes Chris Barnard for several reasons unknown to me and said he would fix it. Then he telephoned me at my office in Johannesburg.

'Phone our friend Carl in America,' he said, giving me the number. 'Chris Barnard is having jealousy problems.'

I telephoned Mr Carl Noffke who was then our resident propaganda man in Washington under cover of being an information counsellor at the South African Embassy there. He had an alibi all lined up for Chris Barnard. This was the story:

Poor Chris was totally innocent. He had just happened to pop into the night club with a large group of business associates when he saw 'Mrs Elma van Zyl', who worked for the South African Information Service office in New York. She invited him to dance and, not wishing to be rude, he had escorted her round the dance floor for a few minutes. Shortly after this he had left because his day had been very hectic and he was quite tired. Hey presto, the photograph taken of him on the night club dance floor at midnight had been 'extremely misleading'.

I wrote this in ten minutes flat, just in time for our next edition, so that Barbara Barnard would be able to read my sweet story at her breakfast table next morning.* Some men have all the breaks. Later in the day Barbara telephoned hubby Chris in New York and said she was sorry she'd flown off the handle. Lucky for him, she said, some 'enterprising' journalist in Johannesburg had discovered he was innocent.

General H. J. van den Bergh telephoned me next day to say Chris Barnard was extremely grateful. If I ever needed a new heart I shouldn't hesitate to contact him.

* *The Citizen*, 17 April 1978, headlined 'The Truth Behind The Barnard Dance Photo'.

36 · HOW THEY BANNED 'THE WORLD'

In 1976 South Africa's biggest Black newspaper *The World* and its sister paper *The Weekend World* started to publish special lessons to help Black students to catch up on the classes they had missed when their schools were closed during the Soweto riots. *The World* had some agreement with a body named the South African Committee for Higher Education (SACHED) and a correspondence college in Johannesburg called Turret which had compiled the lessons.

The South African government was furious when one of the lessons published by *The World* gave details about the Russian Revolution. BOSS was convinced that this was all a cunning plot to teach Soweto children how to mount an uprising in Communist fashion. I was called in by the then Minister of Justice, Mr Jimmy Kruger, and told to make a full investigation into SACHED and the Turret Correspondence School, which was being run by a young White named Dave Adler.

Mr Kruger wanted me to publish a big attack on these lessons on the Russian Revolution which would give him the excuse to move in on *The World* and ban it. This sounded like a massive investigation, but Mr Kruger told me not to worry, as BOSS had already compiled all the information I might need. I should liaise with Piet 'Swanny' Swanepoel, the head of the White Suspects section of BOSS.

Swanny was an old friend of mine. He gave me hundreds of official BOSS and Security Police documents in connection with SACHED, Turret and *The World*'s lessons on revolution. Among those documents were many copies of confidential letters which BOSS had intercepted or stolen from *The World*. I spent hours being briefed by

Swanny Swanepoel, who told me that the CIA was the real villain of the piece. Unknown to *The World*, SACHED or Turret College, the CIA had secretly sluiced about £70,000 through to SACHED via the World University Service (WUS), which, whether it knew it or not, had been used as a CIA conduit then and on several other occasions in the past.

To prove his point Swanepoel showed me a copy of a bank statement which showed that at the time SACHED had about £165,000 on fixed deposit at Nefic Limited, Fox Street, Johannesburg, account number 2-7968-401755.

Swanepoel said that the money, which had come from the Swedish International Development Authority and the Bernard Van Leer Foundation, which was a highly respected liberal body in Holland, was 'genuine', but the CIA money was pushed through to South Africa because the CIA wanted the seeds of revolution planted in the minds of Soweto's Black youngsters.

BOSS had sent one of its Black agents (a teacher from Bophuthatswana) to attend a Sunday morning learning event on the subject of the Russian Revolution at a Black schoolroom in Evaton on 7 March 1976. This teach-in had been arranged by Turret College and was based on a history lesson compiled by them. There was nothing subversive about this; it was quite legal under the terms of the schools syllabus. Posing as a student, the Black BOSS agent had secretly made a tape recording of the learning event, which consisted of slides shown on a portable screen while a taped lesson was played through a loudspeaker system.

Swanepoel let me listen to the tape made by the Black BOSS agent. In the South African context it was political dynamite. It told the young students that living conditions were very bad for the masses in Russia. They worked hard all day for very little money, lived in hovels and died of starvation while the rich noblemen did no work and ate cake. Then a marvellous man came along named Karl Marx who was so concerned about the plight of the workers that he wrote a book called *Das Kapital* in which he said that

exploited workers should unite, create a revolution and bring down the exploiters, who were called capitalists. Then the children were told how the workers of Russia revolted, took control of the country and introduced a new system called Communism which meant that all the goods they produced were shared out equally amongst the workers. How did the workers bring about this revolution? They organized amongst themselves, held strikes and mounted protest marches. Many of them were shot down when they held these peaceful marches, and many were thrown into prison, but in the end the day was won.

As I listened to the tape I realized that this was a marvellous story for *The Citizen*. All I had to do was write an article emphasizing the fact that the lesson on the Russian Revolution had clearly been devised so that Black children listening to it would immediately associate themselves with the downtrodden peasants in Russia. Yes, there was no doubt about it. This was a deliberate attempt to plant the seeds of revolution in their minds, which could only cause more riots to break out in places like Soweto. I ruminated on all this aloud to Swanny Swanepoel.

'Yes, that's the way to handle the story,' he said. 'But don't make any mention of the CIA involvement. Just put it down to a cunning and deep-laid Communist plot.'

Fantastic. Even better. This would give *The Citizen* the chance to splash such headlines as 'We Expose Massive Red Plot. How Moscow Starts Black Riots in South Africa. Kids Brainwashed at School . . .'

There was only one thing BOSS wanted me to do before I broke the story. I must confirm that Turret College had issued the astonishing tape. Once I had done this, my stories could be published and Justice Minister Jimmy Kruger would jump in, ban *The World* newspaper and move against Turret College and SACHED. But it was no go. I interviewed Mr Dave Adler at Turret College and he convinced me that the tape had definitely *not* been issued by him or his college. He took me to the projector room and let me watch the slides which had been shown during the

Sunday morning learning event at the Black school in Evaton, and the entire taped version of that lesson was also played to me.

To make absolutely sure Mr Adler was not conning me, I went to Evaton and interviewed some of the students who had attended the event. There was no doubt about it. The tape given to me by BOSS had not been played on that occasion.

Mystified I returned to Swanny Swanepoel's office at BOSS headquarters in Pretoria, and the two of us sat trying to puzzle the whole thing out. It took an hour, but finally we solved it. During our deliberations Swanepoel mentioned that BOSS had arranged for several documents to be stolen from Turret College. (I was not told whether this was a break-in or an act of theft by someone working at the college.) Amongst those documents had been a tape cassette. It also bore a history lesson on the Russian Revolution. Suspecting what had happened, I suggested to Swanepoel that we should examine it very closely.

My suspicions were confirmed. Some idiot at BOSS headquarters had put the wrong label on the cassette. The BOSS serial number written on the tape did not correspond with the serial number on the report of the Black agent who had attended the learning event in Evaton. The cassette I held in my hand was the one stolen from Turret College by BOSS. It had been mixed up with the tape the Black BOSS agent had submitted: a tape which showed there was nothing subversive or revolutionary about the learning event he had attended.

It was a bitter blow for us, but then Swanepoel said 'Whichever way you look at it, Turret College made that revolutionary tape - the one we stole from their office. Go and find out why they compiled it, and whether it was ever used in a public situation.'

Hopes raised again, I went back to see Dave Adler at Turret College. Hopes dashed again. Adler explained. 'Yes, there was such a history lesson compiled on the Russian Revolution, but the researcher who compiled it was over-

enthusiastic, to say the least. When I listened to it I threw a fit, saying it was not only emotional but ridiculously dangerous as it could incite Black students to rebel en masse.'

After listening to the tape Mr Adler had thrown it into a drawer in disgust and instructed someone to compile a more reasonable lesson on the Russian Revolution: one very similar to the discarded lesson in terms of fact, but emotively different - and quite legal.

By telling Dave Adler that I had knowledge of that discarded tape I blew my cover. He realized at once that I was a BOSS agent. He knew he was the only one to have heard that tape apart from the compiler, so how on earth had I managed to get a transcript of it?

'It's strange that the rejected tape cassette is missing from our office. Do you think BOSS could have stolen it?' he asked pointedly.

BOSS confirmed to me later that Mr Adler knew I was one of their secret agents. They showed me a transcript of a telephone conversation they had bugged between Mr Adler and his wife Josie. I still have a detailed note of that bugged conversation, during which Mr Adler made it clear to his wife that I was a spy. There is no doubt in my mind that Mr Adler and his wife will remember and confirm that telephone conversation, which, if BOSS had not bugged it, would be known only to them.

After listening to Dave Adler's explanation about the discarded lesson on the Russian Revolution, I gave a full report on the subject to Swanny Swanepoel at BOSS. He then submitted his whole dossier to the Minister of Justice, Mr Jimmy Kruger, in which he clearly pointed out the mistake which had been made. This dossier consisted of hundreds of documents, letters, transcriptions of tapes and various secret reports. But, as he waded through it all, Mr Kruger made an incredible blunder. He presumed that the misnumbered transcript of the tape stolen from Turret College was the lesson published by *The World*. Mr Kruger had missed Swanny Swanepoel's correction of this.

It was a ghastly mistake because it caused Justice Minister Kruger to ban *The World* newspaper, detain its editor, Mr Percy Qoboza, and later ban Mr Dave Adler of the Turret College. Not knowing all this, when the news broke that Mr Kruger had banned *The World* I just shrugged my shoulders and presumed that he had obtained new evidence; it never occurred to me that he might have made a blunder. But I soon found out when Mr Kruger appeared on a South African Broadcasting Corporation programme to explain to the public why he had banned *The World*.*

Reading out extracts from articles published in *The World*, Mr Kruger mentioned that 'certain educational articles' had been published by that newspaper at a time when riots by schoolchildren were still continuing in Soweto. I pricked up my ears when I heard him say this. I knew exactly what he was going to say. And he said it. Holding up what he described as a 'Communist document', Kruger said 'And then this kind of thing appears ...' He read out extracts of what he claimed had appeared in *The World* newspaper. Yes, you've guessed it. He read out that bloody transcript of the Russian Revolution lesson which had not been published in *The World* and which had not been issued by Turret College.

The *Rand Daily Mail* and the Johannesburg *Star* rushed to back copies of *The World* to see if it had really published such a 'Communist document'. And, of course, it hadn't. Quite rightly they made hay out of Justice Minister Kruger's gaffe.

I was so shattered that I telephoned Swanny Swanepoel to ask him how he had allowed Mr Kruger to make this ridiculous mistake when I had clearly stated in my report to BOSS that *The World* had not published that controversial lesson. Swanepoel is a very efficient operative who took great pride in his work as an intelligence man. He too was furious. He said he had definitely submitted a report to Mr Kruger warning him about the mistake.

For no other reason than to protect my back in case

* SABC, 23 October 1977.

Minister Kruger later blamed me for his mistake, I made a tape recording of my conversation with Swanepoel that day. This is what he said: 'Good God, isn't that minister quite as mad as a hatter ... On my word of honour you know ... that's absolutely ridiculous. I don't know how he could say that' (on the SABC programme).

I then asked: 'Somebody made a mistake, I presume?'

Swanepoel replied: 'He did, not somebody. He did. I mean this is going to make a fool of him, on my word.'

Shortly after I defected from BOSS and flew to Europe, Mr Jimmy Kruger was pulled out of his job as Minister of Justice and given a new position. Today he is the President of the Senate. But he is going to have some pretty tough explaining to do because I have given the *Rand Daily Mail* a copy of my taped conversation with Swanny Swanepoel, the former head of BOSS's White Suspect section. (He was transferred from that section and pushed out into some job deep in the country.) To prove my case I also gave the *Rand Daily Mail* no fewer than thirty-three copies of the secret documents and intercepted letters supplied to me by BOSS in connection with its investigation into *The World*, SACHED and Turret College. Many of these documents bear official rubber-stamp marks, section numbers and BOSS or Security Police reference numbers. I also gave the *Rand Daily Mail* details of the telephone call which BOSS bugged between Dave Adler and his wife. I leave it to the *Mail* to ensure that the truth about the banning of *The World* is exposed to the South African public, and I also hope they will campaign to have the unfair banning order on Mr Dave Adler lifted.

37 · MURDER AND MULTI-MILLION FRAUD

In November 1977 South Africa was shocked by the double murder of Dr Robert Smit and his wife Jean-Cora. It was a sensational case because Dr Smit, one of the government's top financial experts, was standing as the Nationalist parliamentary candidate for the Springs constituency in the pending general election. BOSS immediately threw me into the investigation to find out whether the assassins had been hired from the criminal underworld. A couple of other journalist agents were assigned by BOSS to look into different aspects.

I was secretly taken to the Smit home shortly after the killings and allowed to watch the police searching it for clues. The local police chief was told to let me enter the house, and he agreed when I promised to keep my hands in my pockets to prevent me smudging fingerprints on the walls and doors.

In the lounge I was shown the armchair where Mrs Smit had been sitting watching television at about 8 p.m. She had just started to light a cigarette when she had obviously heard a noise. She had placed the cigarette in the ashtray and stood up. Seconds later she had seen something menacing because she had lifted her left hand to protect her face. The first bullet had travelled through the skin of her palm near the thumb and hit her in the temple. Two other bullets had hit her in lower parts of the face. She had died within minutes, yet a post-mortem examination disclosed that at least two hours after her death she had been stabbed in the back fifteen times.

At the time she was shot her husband had been in central Springs. He had left friends at 8.15 p.m., saying he was

going home, where two 'liberal types' were waiting to talk politics with him. But he did not arrive at his home until about midnight. As he entered the front door three bullets were fired at him by a man standing in the hallway. Dr Smit fell dead with wounds in the head, neck and chest. The first shot had only nicked his skin, which strongly indicated to police that he had seen his assailant and had tried to duck his head.

Neighbours told police that they had heard the sound of shots, but BOSS told me these people had been mistaken. The killings had been committed by two men both using guns fitted with silencers. The assassins had clearly received training in the use of firearms. They had not 'swept' their guns from side to side as villains do in Hollywood films. They were professionals who had aimed their guns in a downward 'chopping' movement so that bullets missing the head would rip into the neck, chest or stomach.

It was a baffling case. Everything about it was peculiar. To make it even more bizarre, one of the assassins had used an aerosol can of paint to spray the words RAU TEN on the kitchen wall and the word RAU on the door of the fridge. To this day the police do not know their meaning, and the killers remain free.

Two days after I had been to the Smit home, my handler, General Jack 'Koos' Kemp, tipped me off that a big-mouthed policeman had stupidly mentioned to a *Rand Daily Mail* reporter that I had been allowed inside the murder house. The *Rand Daily Mail* staff were puzzled and suspicious. No other journalist in the country had been allowed anywhere near the house, never mind inside it.

'There's even a rumour going round the *Mail* that perhaps you were taken there as a suspect. Come on, Gordon, let's have your confession,' Kemp joked.

I didn't think it at all funny and quickly schemed up a ploy to put the *Rand Daily Mail* off the scent. I told Kemp that while in Dr Smit's home I had looked at the words RAU TEN sprayed on the wall and wondered if the police would get a handwriting expert to analyse them.

'Hell, man, that's a lekker idea,' said Kemp. 'I think we should get that done at once.'

Right, said I, and gave him the name of one of the best-known graphologists in the country. She was Mrs Patricia Setalo, aged sixty-nine, a friend of mine, highly intelligent and a handwriting analyst with forty-five years' experience.

'Great,' said General Kemp. 'Rope her in at once and I'll fix it with the police that she goes to the Smit house with you tomorrow.'

Unfortunately, Mrs Setalo was not available at once and it was a week before I was able to show her round the kitchen of Dr Smit's home. It was fascinating to hear her analyse the writing on the wall. She said the man who had sprayed the message was between thirty-five and fifty, of medium build, with a strong chest and relatively short arms.

Mrs Setalo found it very significant that the killer had inserted no full stops and had not underlined his message. This lack of embellishment showed a certain discipline, which strongly indicated he was trained in the use of words in the printed form. The detectives listening to Mrs Setalo drank in every word she uttered. But suddenly they lost all faith in her. She said she was quite certain that the man who had sprayed the mystery message on the wall was an Afrikaner. They didn't like that at all, and they even insisted that I leave that nasty little smear out of the story I wrote on the subject about three weeks later.*

Soon after I began investigating the double murder I discovered that Dr Smit had helped to sluice large amounts of money out of South Africa for the government. Some was to pay tame propagandists overseas and some to be used when buying newspapers in America. But Dr Smit had somehow discovered that about 33 million dollars of the government's money had been strangely diverted to a secret numbered account in a Swiss bank. The owner of the account was a mysterious man named 'Doctor Nick'. Dr Smit investigated and found that this was Dr Nicolaas

* *The Citizen*, 21 December 1977 (with photographs of Mrs Setalo inside Dr Smit's home).

Diederichs, the former Minister of Finance and then South Africa's most important dignitary, the State President!

Using his knowledge as a weapon, Dr Smit had returned to South Africa and allegedly issued an ultimatum to Premier John Vorster which went something along these lines:

'I fully agree with our slush funds being used to combat anti-South African propaganda overseas, but some of our most honoured sons are definitely lining their own pockets. Frauds are being carried out in our name, and, if the truth leaks out about the millions salted away in Dr Diederichs' Swiss account, he will be exposed as the biggest thief in South African history.'

Dr Smit had allegedly told John Vorster that he would be willing to keep his mouth shut on these subjects if he was 'kept happy'. The way to keep him happy, he explained, was to groom him for political stardom. First, he wanted to be put up as an MP in a safe government seat. Two or three years after becoming an MP he wanted to be offered a job in the cabinet. What job? Minister of Finance, a position he was eminently suited for.

To complicate the issue further, Dr Smit, while working for the South African government in America, had arranged a massive deal of more than £400 million for the South African Iron and Steel Industrial Corporation (ISCOR). As part of this deal, Dr Smit was to be paid the normal half-per-cent 'introducing commission' by the American financial group involved. That meant that Dr Smit was entitled to a backdoor payment of some £2 million. Suspecting that perhaps someone had decided it would be cheaper to have him killed than to pay him his commission, I telephoned ISCOR to ask them if they could tell me anything about this.

A high-level spokesman, who must have thought I was a complete nitwit, replied: 'We know nothing about such a deal, and in any case no government official of Dr Smit's standing would ever stoop so low as to accept a bribe.'

When I told the spokesman there was no depth too low.

for me to stoop to if it meant I could be paid a £2 million bribe, he replied: 'Yes, but that's probably why you could never be a government official, isn't it?' and rang off.

I submitted a full report to BOSS on the alleged £400 million deal involving ISCOR. They said they had already heard all about this 'rumour' but had investigated and found it to be 'absolute and utter tripe'. When they use that kind of language it usually means there's something in it. But the ISCOR rumour did start BOSS thinking along a slightly different line. They wondered whether Dr Smit had run foul of the CIA while working in America. Perhaps the CIA had some motive for killing Smit? If so, had the CIA hired South African criminals to do the job?

BOSS told me the hiring of criminals or known mercenaries for various murky jobs was an old CIA trick. Criminals with previous convictions are stealthily recruited in their own country by a man posing as a fellow criminal so that there is no visible CIA connection. If the criminals are caught, no political motive can be argued.* BOSS told me that the most likely area of recruitment for South African criminals would be Johannesburg's gambling fraternity. This was right up my alley. I knew several top operators and also some of the heavyweight thugs they hired to enforce payment from defaulters.

I embarked on a deep investigation for BOSS lasting more than a year. During this time I built up an index of all illegal gambling joints, top gamblers, their bank accounts and associates. During the probe I discovered that a famous gambler was bribing Captain Daniel van Eerden and Sergeant Jacobus Kriel, two members of the Johannesburg Gambling Squad. Both were secretly monitored as a result

* One such tool of the CIA was Anthony 'Tony' Adonis Protopapas. BOSS files claim that he was a professional gambler used by the CIA in connection with a machine-gun attack on a helicopter carrying Archbishop Makarios. To escape arrest, he fled to South Africa, and now lives at 1004 Bretton Manor, Hillbrow, Johannesburg; home telephone 724-2472. Framed by police on a charge of illegal possession of diamonds in late 1978, he was brutally beaten by arresting detectives and suffered broken ribs.

and their telephones were bugged. Enough evidence was gathered against them, and when confronted Van Eerden dug up more than £40,000 in bribe money which he had hidden in a biscuit tin in his garden. He also had large amounts of money stashed away under different names in various bank accounts and building societies. The police said they would let him keep the money if he pleaded guilty when brought to court and forgot to mention other matters embarrassing to the South African police and leading politicians. It was an offer Van Eerden could not refuse, so he confessed and went to jail. So did his accomplice Sergeant Kriel. Both men discovered I had shopped them.

The most fascinating aspect about these two crooked policemen was that while digging into their activities I discovered that the gambling boss bribing them was a friend of Dr Connie Mulder, the Minister of Information, and also of Information Secretary Dr Eschel Rhoodie. The gambler was Mr Raffia Attieh, a Lebanese who lived in luxury yet had never worked during all the years he had lived in South Africa. A man well known as being connected with many underworld characters; a man who had gambling convictions; a strange character indeed to be friendly with a cabinet minister – particularly when the cabinet minister was Dr Connie Mulder, who had almost become the South African Premier!

About three months after I had submitted my report to BOSS about Mr Attieh bribing the two policemen, he was arrested and charged with bribery. Standing outside the Johannesburg magistrates' court he told a reporter named Manie Wolfaardt: 'I know Gordon Winter is the bastard who caused all this.'

Later, through the criminal grapevine I heard that Mr Attieh was planning to leave South Africa secretly. I warned BOSS immediately, but nothing was done; Mr Attieh jumped bail and fled to the Lebanon.

Some time later a story of bombshell proportions fell into my lap. A highly respectable German businessman named Hans Herf, who lived in Durban, Natal, contacted me by

telephone. He liked me because I had written a favourable story for him a few weeks earlier. Mr Herf said he was satisfied I was a BOSS agent and he offered me a large reward if I would try to help a small merchant bank in Switzerland which had been defrauded of 11 million dollars by a group of men who produced credentials showing they were representatives of a South African company called Thor.

I nearly dropped the telephone when Mr Herf mentioned the name Thor. It was one of the companies just exposed as a front organization for the South African Department of Information.

Mr Herf said that the bank did not want any unfavourable publicity about its loss, as this would make it the laughing stock of the Swiss banking world. The bank had asked him to find someone in South Africa who could make a high-level but 'non-official' approach to Pretoria on the subject. The bank felt that the South African government was morally obliged to repay the 11 million dollars stolen by men using Thor credentials. If the money was repaid, both sides would avoid the embarrassment of bad publicity. And, said Mr Herf, if the bank got its money back it would give me a 50,000 dollar thank-you.

It sounded good, so I asked Mr Herf to give me all the details. This is a condensed version of what he told me:

In 1977 three men had approached the Zurich-based merchant bank Standard Finanz. One was a Lebanese using the name 'Mr Tanourie', who gave the bank his address and home telephone number in Paris. The two men with him were a Mr Moreno and a Mr J. Stafenhagen. At one stage they dropped the name of a Mr Hanson, a lawyer in London, to indicate their respectability. It later turned out that Mr Hanson had apparently been tricked by the three men.

Mr Tanourie, Mr Moreno and Mr Stafenhagen told Standard Finanz that they were representatives of the South African government who were operating through the South African Information Department's front organization Thor.

To confirm this they produced credentials and letterheads bearing the name Thor.

They explained that the South African government had no shortage of money, but for political reasons it wanted to borrow 4 million dollars to be used as a down-payment when buying 100 million dollars' worth of helicopters from a certain Western country. They said the South African government had to be extremely careful because the country supplying the helicopters wanted to be absolutely sure that payment could not be traced back to South Africa.

'Some countries cannot afford to be seen supplying such things to South Africa, because of its apartheid policy,' they explained. The helicopters would be shipped to yet another front company, based in Caracas, Venezuela, and from there shipped to South Africa.

The directors of Standard Finanz fell for it and parted with 4 million dollars. Shortly afterwards the same three men pulled the same trick again. This time they borrowed 6½ million dollars from Standard Finanz.

One of the payments, perhaps both, was made to Mr Tanourie through the French 'Banque Louis Dreyfus', and in this connection Mr Tanourie lodged a passport in his name. Only much later did Standard Finanz discover that the passport was false. The bank then frantically telephoned the Paris telephone number given them by Mr Tanourie.

'Oh yes,' said a refined French lady who answered the phone, 'Mr Tanourie does live here, but he's away on business at the moment.'

Standard Finanz kept telephoning that Paris number, but the elusive Mr Tanourie was always away on a business trip. Finally, nobody answered the telephone. It had been disconnected. At this stage Standard Finanz hired the services of Messrs Oppenheim, Nathan and Van Dyk, a legal firm in London, to trace Mr Tanourie. But no Mr Tanourie was found. Standard Finanz was forced to accept the bitter fact that it had lost its 11 million dollars (including interest). This placed it in a very nasty situation, because it had

borrowed some of the 11 million from the United Bank of Kuwait (at a lower rate of interest).

There was so much precise detail in this story told me by Mr Hans Herf that I knew it was true. I suggested to him that Standard Finanz should give me the photograph from Mr Tanourie's passport and I would get it published by South African newspapers in the hope that this would lead to his being identified.

'Definitely not,' replied Mr Herf. 'I've already told you that Standard Finanz would be embarrassed if their predicament became known. It could force them into bankruptcy.'

I typed out a full report on the subject and submitted it to BOSS. Strangely I did not get any comeback. Nothing. Just dead silence. This was embarrassing because Mr Hans Herf kept telephoning me asking if I had heard anything from Pretoria. Finally I could stall him no longer, so I telephoned my number one BOSS controller, Jack 'Koos' Kemp. I taped that conversation. He denied any South African government involvement in the Standard Finanz fraud and said that the bank did not have a hope in hell of squeezing any money out of Pretoria.

This definite denial just did not fit in with BOSS and its usual obsession for detail. They had not asked me to obtain any further details. They had not come back at me with the normal type of questions asking what colour hair Mr Tanourie had, his height, his age, his accent, his clothes, scars, mannerisms, etc. BOSS had been totally silent for nearly two months after I submitted my report on the Standard Finanz fraud. They did not want to know. To me that meant only one thing. They already knew.

Another strange thing. A few weeks earlier I had picked up a snippet of information about a famous gambler who lived in Cape Town. For legal reasons I must refer to him as 'Mr G'. This man was betting between £10,000 and £20,000 on and off the racecourse every day. He lived in a luxury home and drove a new £20,000 imported Mercedes sports car.

I put my best underworld contact on to this one, and he

quickly slipped back the information that Mr G had been in France for about a year and had pulled off 'some big deal' there which had netted him between 1 million and 2 million dollars. Stranger still, Mr G had brought all that money to South Africa. That really was odd. Wealthy people in South Africa are mad keen to get large amounts of money out of the country as a nest egg in case the Blacks start to revolt. But South Africa's currency regulations are very strict, and it is extremely difficult to get money out without official sanction. Many people have been caught smuggling money out and have been fined vast sums. If you can find a way of getting £1 million out of South Africa for a wealthy man, you can be sure of getting £100,000 for your trouble. Why had Mr G brought all his money *into* South Africa?

Digging further I found that Mr G had been a gambling associate of the bail-jumping Raffia Attieh. Not only that: Mr G had once appeared as a co-accused in a fraud case with another man known as Rudi the German, who had subsequently left South Africa and settled in South America. And, by a strange coincidence, when Dr Eschel Rhoodie went on the run to avoid the Info Scandal, several newspapers in South Africa splashed the story that Rudi the German had allegedly given Dr Rhoodie refuge in South America. (This, in fact, was a red herring planted by General H. J. van den Bergh to prevent his friend Rhoodie being traced to France, where he was really hiding. Rudi the German had mounted the red herring at HJ's request, and when reporters started banging at his door Rudi the German said he had been mistaken for Dr Rhoodie because their names sounded similar.)

Whichever way I looked at it there was that repeating link between Raffia Attieh, the Information Minister Dr Connie Mulder, and Information Secretary Dr Eschel Rhoodie, or their front organization Thor. Whether in South America, Zurich, Cape Town or Johannesburg, all roads led back to Pretoria.

Perhaps murder victim Dr Robert Smit had known some-

thing about the Standard Finanz fraud. He certainly knew about the millions salted away in the name of the State President Dr Diederichs. He had threatened to talk if he was not groomed for political stardom. Pretoria must have breathed a sigh of relief when he was slain. Yet who had killed Dr Smit, and who had stolen 11 million dollars? These were the two important questions facing me when I left South Africa. But, as a defecting BOSS agent, it would have been foolhardy for me to try investigating the Standard Finanz aspect. For that reason I typed out a forty-page dossier on the Smit killings, including all the details about the Standard Finanz fraud, and secretly sent it to Mr Allister Sparks, the editor in chief of the *Rand Daily Mail* in Johannesburg.

In May 1980 Mr Sparks flew to Switzerland and interviewed the managing director of Standard Finanz, Mr Kurt Steiner, who confirmed that his bank had been tricked by Mr Moreno and Mr Tanourie in the manner I described. Mr Steiner gave Allister Sparks a copy of a document signed by 'Mr Moreno' underneath the name of Mr Moreno's fake company, 'THOR INVESTMENTS INC.'

But Standard Finanz deny that they were tricked out of 11 million dollars. They told Allister Sparks that the three crooks from Thor had cheated them out of 'only six million dollars'.

After talking to Standard Finanz, Allister Sparks flew from Zurich to Ireland on 3 July and met me in secret at a hotel in Dublin. He quizzed me for two days on every aspect of my forty-page memorandum to him on the Smit killings. I gave him additional information and tape recordings of my former BOSS controller, Jack Kemp, talking to me about the Standard Finanz matter. Armed with all this Mr Sparks then flew back to South Africa. After three months of patient and intensive investigations his newspaper splashed the Standard Finanz fraud across its front page.*

* *Rand Daily Mail*, 11 September 1980, headlined 'Now A Strange Six Million Bank Fraud'.

I had also given Allister Sparks new details about the 33 million dollars stashed away in a numbered Swiss bank account (not connected in any way with Standard Finanz) and the *Rand Daily Mail* then started probing this fascinating subject.

It is difficult to obtain information about a numbered bank account in Switzerland but the *Rand Daily Mail*, in some way not known to me, managed to discover that the Zurich head office of the Union Bank of Switzerland had such an account on its books. The number of the account was 18761311E and the *Rand Daily Mail* had definite evidence that the name Diederichs was somehow connected with that account.

The next problem facing the *Rand Daily Mail* was obtaining proof. Knowing the account existed was not enough. Some form of documentation was needed. Editor Allister Sparks deserves full marks for the way he solved the problem. It was brilliant in its simplicity. He went to the bank in Zurich and deposited 30 Swiss Francs into that mystery account. To be doubly sure, Mr Sparks made yet another cash deposit of 20 Swiss Francs. The teller accepted both amounts and Mr Sparks walked out of the bank with two date-stamped receipts for the money. It was enough proof that the account existed and the *Rand Daily Mail* made a front page story out of it on 9 September 1980.

The first reaction of the SA government was that this story was 'all rubbish'. But they did not get away with that. The *Rand Daily Mail* then disclosed that the late Dr Diederichs was saved from sequestration shortly after he was appointed State President. The *Mail* alleged that ex-Premier John Vorster had stepped in and personally used his influence to hush up this embarrassing state of affairs at that time.

Not surprisingly this led to other rumours circulating. One was that the secret Swiss bank account held more than 100 million dollars which could be a fund for the South African government in case it was forced into exile. Another rumour had it that Dr Diederichs, the former Minister of

Finance, had more than 28 million dollars in the account which represented commission of 10 cents an ounce of gold paid over to Dr Diederichs in respect of gold sales by South Africa on the Zurich gold market instead of London.

The fuss caused by all these claims forced the SA government to mount an official inquiry into the secret Swiss bank account. The result of this 'inquiry' was incredible. On 24 February 1981, the South African Advocate-General, Mr Justice P. J. van der Walt, announced his findings. He said the numbered account in the Union Bank of Switzerland did exist. But it belonged to a Cape Town businessman Mr David Mort and it was a 'flight of imagination' for anyone to allege the account had ever contained millions of dollars. The most it had contained at any stage was about 20,000 dollars. Allegations that South Africa's late State President, Dr Diederichs, had salted away millions in this account were 'completely untrue'. The smears and rumours against Dr Diederichs were therefore 'reprehensible'.

That was the South African government's solution to the problem. But, on the day after Mr Justice van der Walt announced his findings, the *Rand Daily Mail* published a front page story headlined: 'BOSS Agent Started Dr Diederichs Claims.'

This story contained the following strange and fascinating facts:

Mr David Mort, the owner of the secret Swiss bank account was a business acquaintance of Mr Nico Diederichs Junior, the son of the late State President Dr 'Nick' Diederichs.

Mr Mort claimed the account had been opened in his name without his knowledge but that when he had found out about it he had used the account from time to time for various business transactions.

Mr Mort had not disclosed the existence of his Swiss account to the SA Reserve Bank. Although this was a very serious contravention of South Africa's stringent exchange control regulations, Pretoria had decided not to prosecute Mr Mort because 'he had helped the official inquiry'.

The two payments totalling 50 Swiss Francs which *Rand Daily Mail* editor Allister Sparks had paid into the secret Swiss bank account had *not* been credited to that account – according to the bank statements obtained by the official inquiry. (The clear intention here being to negate Mr Sparks and his pay-in claim. But the smear did not work. Mr Sparks still had those two vital deposit slips, issued by the Union Bank of Switzerland, giving the correct number of the account and date-stamped and initialled by the cashier at the bank.)

The South African government clearly tries every trick in the book when it wishes to wriggle out of a nasty situation. The courage of the *Rand Daily Mail* in this regard can be clearly assessed from an editorial Allister Sparks wrote for his paper on 26 February 1981.

He pointed out that it had taken the inquiry more than one year to carry out its investigations. Even worse, the inquiry had not called witnesses and tested them under cross-examination. These were weaknesses which left the inquiry's findings open to question.

Adding that I was a defected BOSS agent and a man with a chequered career Mr Sparks pointedly stated: 'But his information to us in the past has proved correct.'

Summing up the complicated background to the Smit murders and the secret Swiss bank account saga, Mr Sparks ended his editorial by saying:

'There may still be more to the whole affair than this narrow preliminary inquiry was able to reveal.'

In the course of my investigation of the Smit murders for BOSS I discovered, from top-level underworld sources, startling details about 'Mr N', a notorious gangster who once operated in London. Mr N has long been a prohibited immigrant in Britain. I was reliably told he had visited South Africa secretly prior to the Smit killings. I submitted full details about this man to BOSS and they confirmed to me that there was a direct and definite link between Mr N and two government officials in Pretoria. BOSS told me to

drop all my investigations into this aspect. I cannot disclose the identity of Mr N in this book. Quite apart from the obvious legal reasons, I do not wish to place myself in jeopardy. My attitude might seem strange to a decent law-abiding citizen but from Mr N's point of view it is quite simple. He knows I am aware of his links with the Smit case. He knows I obtained that information from my friends in the criminal underworld. He knows all about my life as a burglar in London during the 1950s. Therefore, in his eyes, I would not be just a journalist doing his public duty by exposing the truth. I would be an ex-con 'squealing' on another. In the underworld that is the worst offence of all, punishable by disfigurement or death. South Africa can solve its own crimes. I have enough enemies without adding Mr N to the list.

38 · 'DEEPTHROAT'

In early May 1978 General H. J. van den Bergh called me in saying he had a special assignment for me. At the time the *Rand Daily Mail* and the Johannesburg *Sunday Express* were relentlessly chasing the 'Info Scandal', and shock details about malpractices in the Department of Information were slowly but surely being leaked.

The most damaging rumour was that *The Citizen* was being secretly funded by Pretoria as a vehicle for pro-government propaganda. This and other disclosures were causing great distress to John Vorster and his government, as they had hardly any weapons to fight back with. The hated liberal press was telling the truth.

Being unable to mount an official counter-offensive, Pretoria resorted to the oldest trick of all: find a scapegoat. It's a ploy used by governments all over the world when public indignation or condemnation is aimed against them. If a scapegoat is found, the focus of attention is turned away from government, and the public is given someone to hate – someone whose innards can be torn out and hung up for all to see. And HJ had the perfect scapegoat for me to rip open. His name was Roland Hepers, and he was a discontented Information Department official who had been forced to resign a few months earlier.

HJ told me that Mr Hepers was definitely not the real 'deepthroat' who was leaking Information Department secrets, but for our purposes he would fit that role perfectly, because BOSS had discovered that, in a personal vendetta, he had given information to the South African *Sunday Times* about a journalist who secretly worked for us as a propagandist in Germany, Switzerland and Austria. The journalist was Mr Heinz Behrens, our most secret and valuable front man in Europe. He was the director of a superb and

highly respected public relations firm in Hamburg, Germany, known as P.R.O. International, which had branches in London, Vienna and Switzerland.

Heinz, a highly cultured German of the old school, had fought as an officer with one of Hitler's crack regiments on the Russian front. He had fabulous contacts with top-level businessmen and politicians in Germany, one of them being Mr Axel Springer, the German newspaper magnate. Heinz and Mr Springer were also close friends of South Africa's State President, Dr Diederichs, and they had both flown to Cape Town in 1975 as VIP guests to attend Dr Diederich's inauguration as State President.

When H. J. van den Bergh told me that Roland Hepers was responsible for leaking Heinz Behrens' name to the South African *Sunday Times*, I realized why I had been chosen by HJ to mount an attack on Mr Hepers. I had been a personal friend of Heinz Behrens since 1962 and it was on my recommendation that Heinz had been chosen as our front man in Germany, with secret financial backing well in excess of £100,000 a year. Fearful that the claims being made by Roland Hepers would bring him under attack in the German press, Heinz Behrens had sent frantic cables to Pretoria saying Roland Hepers was a dangerous man who should be stopped in his tracks at once. Hepers was dangerous because he had once worked with Heinz Behrens in Germany and knew full well that he was our front man. In addition, Hepers knew that another German, who worked in Pretoria as a freelance journalist, Mr Jorge Wilhelmy, was also one of our front men. Wilhelmy was the link for Heinz Behrens in South Africa, and the two men kept in touch with each other on a day-to-day basis by way of a 'scrambler' telephone.

Giving me copies of telex messages between Pretoria and Heinz Behrens on the subject of Roland Hepers, H. J. van den Bergh told me to wipe the floor with Hepers.

'Give him a hiding he won't forget,' said HJ. 'Smash his credibility to pieces, then nobody will take any notice of his claims against Heinz Behrens.'

So that I would have plenty of ammunition to use against Mr Hepers, HJ instructed me to go and see Dr Eschel Rhoodie, the Information Department Secretary, who would give me access to the department's private file on its former employee Mr Roland 'Deepthroat' Hepers.

'I think you should use a cut-out on this assignment,' said HJ before I left his office. 'Too many people are aware of your friendship with me and government. It would look suspicious if you mounted the attack on Hepers on your own. Find somebody to give it a nice wholesome flavour.'

Arranging this cut-out was easy. I briefly outlined the position to Johnny Johnson, the editor of *The Citizen*.

'HJ wants me to do a hit job on the deepthroat who has been leaking Information Department secrets to the enemy, but I can't be seen to have mounted the whole thing.'

Johnson is no mean operator himself when it comes to subterfuge. The idea of running a front-page story about a deepthroat whose identity had secretly been provided by H. J. van den Bergh appealed to him greatly. So he immediately assigned one of our reporting staff, Mr Tim O'Hagan, to carry out an initial interview with our victim-to-be, Roland Hepers. Editor Johnson chose Tim O'Hagan because he was one of the best reporters on our staff at the time. Even better, he was a journalist with a good reputation who had recently joined us from a liberal newspaper.

Tim went to see Roland Hepers, who said he hated *The Citizen* and would not talk to any member of its staff. Tim told Johnson that Hepers was being difficult.

'Perhaps we should get Winter to help you,' suggested Johnson. 'He's got no scruples about cutting up a man like Hepers. Yes, get Winter. Tell him to work with you and that I don't want him back in the office until he's got the whole story tied up.'

Tim and I jumped into a car and drove to see Roland Hepers. I smiled inwardly as Tim briefed me on the story Johnson wanted. Now I had a perfect fall-back alibi if anything went wrong. It wasn't my assignment. I had been called in to help Tim O'Hagan. If anyone started throwing

knives they would harm Tim as well. They couldn't do that because his reputation was as white as Persil. And he certainly had no connection with BOSS or government. In fact, he was known to be a bit of a liberal.

When we arrived at Roland Hepers' home in Pretoria, he was scathing. *The Citizen*? He didn't want to talk to *The Citizen*. He hated *The Citizen*. 'I happen to know it's a complete government front. It's disgusting. It should be called *The Shittyzen*.'

I pulled out the corniest trick in journalism. I told Hepers I had heard very bad things about him; I suspected someone was mounting a despicable smear against him. I did not believe those smears. I felt they were unfair. I knew he was a loyal South African who had worked hard for the Information Department and had been kicked in the teeth. Shame. I felt sorry for him. He should talk to me so that I could put his point of view across. He fell for it. Smiling broadly, he led us into his home and told his wife to make coffee. I flattered him out of his mind. His house was beautiful. Tastefully decorated too. What? He'd built it himself? What a man. I wish I had that kind of talent.

Roland Hepers related his life story for the next two hours. Briefly, it was that he was forty-two, had been born in Germany, settled in South Africa in the early 1960s and started working for the Information Department. He had done well and was appointed as a Press Attaché at the South African Embassy in Berne, Switzerland. A trained printer, he had later been told to run South Africa's glossy propaganda magazine *Panorama*, and had pushed its circulation up from 3,000 to a record-breaking 262,000 in six foreign languages. But then something terrible had happened. In 1976, during an interview with a reporter from a Swiss magazine, he had mentioned that in South Africa 'Blacks sprinkled themselves with cattle urine.'

Roland Hepers claimed he had not said this to denigrate South African Blacks: he had mentioned how some country folk in Britain and Europe believed that urine was a good cure for chilblains, and then he had said that some Blacks in

rural areas poured cattle urine on their chilblains. But the Swiss reporter had not seen it like that. He had published a slashing attack on Hepers the racialist. World headlines had resulted and the South African Information Department had been embarrassed. For that reason, claimed Roland Hepers, top men in Info had sharpened their hatchets against him. He had been shunted off to the South African Embassy in Buenos Aires, where he was given a menial and boring job as a clerk.

While in the Argentine he had complained about the inefficiency there and was promptly transferred back to Pretoria. There he had discovered that corruption was rife at Info headquarters, and when he had submitted official complaints about this he was forced to resign.

I shook hands with Roland Hepers and thanked him for the interview. As I drove back to Johannesburg with Tim O'Hagan I asked him what he thought.

'I'm not sure about him,' he replied. 'He's a bit smooth. But I certainly don't like his explanation about Blacks covering themselves in pee. I think we should dig into his background a bit deeper.'

This was exactly what I had hoped for. It gave me the perfect opportunity to suggest that perhaps we should go to see Information Department Secretary Dr Eschel Rhoodie and get his version of Roland Hepers. Tim, of course, did not know that Dr Rhoodie was sitting in his office anxiously waiting for us to interview him. When we were ushered into Rhoodie's office I went through a whole rigmarole for Tim's benefit. I told Dr Rhoodie we had some very bad news for him. We had heard that a former Info employee named Roland Hepers had been leaking stories to the liberal press. We had interviewed Hepers but were not satisfied with his explanations.

Dr Rhoodie assumed an air of great reluctance. He said he hated to admit it but our information was correct. Hepers was a bad egg who had a long history of eccentricity. Dr Rhoodie said he would let us skim through the personal file kept in the records section of the Information Depart-

ment so that we could judge for ourselves. Dr Rhoodie then arranged for us to go into a near-by office where Brigadier Charles More, a senior Info official, would show us the file on Roland Hepers. What Tim O'Hagan did not know was that Charles More, an Army brigadier, was the secret BOSS man at Info, in charge of security matters there. Tim was also unaware that I had already been shown the file on Roland Hepers and knew which documents I wanted from that file.

I made a bad mistake at this point. As Tim and I sat in Brigadier More's office and he showed us the Hepers file, I reached over and took several documents. Skimming through them quickly I passed some to Tim O'Hagan.

'I think we'll need that, and that,' I said.

Tim suddenly gave me a suspicious look and I realized my error. The documents were in Afrikaans, and he knew I did not speak or read a word of the language. So how could I have possibly known which documents I wanted? But he said nothing. The two of us went to an adjoining room and made photocopies of about thirty-five documents from the file on Roland Hepers.

Files kept on persons employed in government departments are strictly private. It was a serious offence for Dr Rhoodie to sanction our perusal of that file on Roland Hepers. And Brigadier More was doubly guilty by allowing us to take photocopies. Bureaucracy being what it is, a civil servant's file contains a mass of information about him. Letters of praise and promotion are faithfully filed; so are letters of criticism or complaints by other staff members. Some of the complaints can be petty and unfair, even based on false information. That's what I took out of Hepers' file: all the complaints.

Armed with these I mounted a psychological warfare campaign against Roland Hepers. With Tim O'Hagan I returned to Hepers' home and gave him the heavy treatment. I alleged that he had lied to me, and I threw some of the complaints in his face. Next day I returned to his home again and gave him another blistering hour. The day after

I went back again and told him I was going to make him the laughing stock of South Africa.

Any man coming under this kind of pressure starts to get angry. He fights back and tries to defend himself. He shouts furious answers which can be very ill-considered. Roland Hepers did exactly that.

Finally I humiliated Hepers by barging into his office at the Johannesburg General Hospital, where he was working as a clerk. I embarrassed him in front of his workmates. I shouted that he was a traitor to South Africa. Tim O'Hagan, by this time, was starting to feel sorry for Hepers and told me to reduce the pressure. But next day I took Tim with me again to see Hepers at his office. And that is when Hepers cracked. As I walked into the office he tried to run out through the doorway. When I cut him off he leapt on to a desk and jumping from desk to desk screamed: 'Get that man away from me. He's here to ruin me . . .'

I told Hepers that I had proof, in the form of BOSS tapes, that he had leaked information about Heinz Behrens to the Johannesburg *Sunday Times*. I told him that BOSS had bugged his telephone and heard him talking to Martin Welz of the *Sunday Times*.

'Martin's a bloody fool,' said Hepers angrily. 'I warned him that our conversation might be bugged by BOSS.'

It was all I needed. Beckoning to Tim O'Hagan, I said we could leave Hepers alone now. We had got what we came for: an admission that Roland Hepers was a deepthroat. As we drove away, Tim asked me how I had known about the BOSS tapes. I lied and told him it had just been a hunch, a shot in the dark, and Hepers had fallen for it. Tim did not believe me. It was then that he realized he had been used as a BOSS tool: a clean front.

After helping me compile my dossier of hatred on Roland Hepers, Tim O'Hagan walked out of the offices of *The Citizen* without bothering to collect his salary. We never saw him again. He drove to Cape Town and started working for a decent newspaper.

Editor Johnny Johnson thought the Hepers story was

marvellous and splashed it across the front page of *The Citizen* for three days running. It first appeared on 16 May under the massive seven-inch-deep headline 'Citizen Unmasks Deepthroat'. The sub-heading was 'Blacks and Beast Urine'. In that story I actually suggested that Roland Hepers was stark raving mad. I said I had asked him if he intended seeking the help of a psychiatrist because he had been described to me as 'mentally unstable and a megalomaniac'.*

I had done a first-class hatchet job but it did not stop the liberal press investigating the affairs of the Information Department and BOSS. Slowly but surely H. J. van den Bergh's secret bubbles began to burst, and finally the now notorious 'Info Scandal' exploded to reveal how H. J. van den Bergh, with the help of Information Minister Dr Connie Mulder and Information Secretary Dr Eschel Rhoodie, had started misusing public funds years earlier by creating 138 'secret projects'.

The Citizen newspaper was discovered to be a total front, owned by government and secretly funded with at least £20 million of taxpayers' money. When the first details of this started to leak out, the well-known Dutch publisher Mr Hubert Jussen flew to South Africa and publicly announced that he had bought *The Citizen*. But this was yet another cover-up mounted by the South African government. Mr Jussen was, in reality, another front man for Pretoria, brought over in a desperate attempt to give *The Citizen* a new 'clean image'.

Today *The Citizen* is still a vehicle for South African pro-government propaganda and is owned by the pro-govern-

* (January 1981): After I had defected from BOSS, Roland Hepers brought a £50,000 defamation action against *The Citizen* saying that my articles about him were libellous. I supported the action by offering his lawyers thirty-two of the documents illegally supplied to me by the Information Department and some vital tape recordings. *The Citizen* settled out of court by paying Mr Hepers substantial compensation. (*Rand Daily Mail*, 7 November 1980.)

ment, and Afrikaner-controlled, publishing group Perskor. It is still secretly funded by government, but in a much more subtle way; no money is channelled directly to the newspaper, which is losing a vast sum every month. Pretoria makes sure that Perskor gets many plum government publishing contracts such as telephone directories, 'approved' books and various government publications, including a major slice of the school textbook market. Profits from these contracts, which are worth millions annually, swell the coffers of Perskor so its directors, some of them top men in government, can afford to smile at the losses incurred by *The Citizen*. There's another bonus for Perskor. It can claim tax relief from its other profits because *The Citizen* is a loss factor in the group.

The editor of *The Citizen*, still Johnny Johnson, cannot deny he is a government man. A Commission of Inquiry found that *The Citizen*, at the time of the general elections, had supported the government wholeheartedly. Anyone who might doubt that the paper is still a rabid government propaganda vehicle needs only to read any issue. Yesterday's or today's.

Some of the secret projects mounted by the South African Information Department and BOSS were mind-boggling. Hand-picked men had been used to run sporting groups and 'cultural' organizations which pretended to be unbiased but were totally controlled by Pretoria. Publishers had secretly been given large sums to bring out a wide variety of pro-government books glamorizing the South African way of life.

Dr Eschel Rhoodie had lent a South African film producer, who just happened to be a close friend of his, more than £500,000 of state funds so that he could make a full-length adventure film called *Golden Rendezvous*, for international distribution. This was a very strange 'secret project' because the film contained no South African propaganda.

To gain South Africa 'acceptance and prestige' in the

international sporting world, more than £125,000 of state funds had been used so that *The Citizen* could sponsor the Grand Prix race near Johannesburg in 1976.

Some £600,000 had been lent to fertilizer millionaire Louis Luyt so that, while fronting as the owner of *The Citizen*, he could buy himself an executive jet aircraft.

In 1975 BOSS had conspired to gain control of the hated *Rand Daily Mail* by financing Mr Luyt to make an £8 million take-over bid for the *Mail*'s parent company, South African Associated Newspapers.

In January 1971 a pro-South-African magazine named *To The Point* had been secretly funded with more than £9 million. Later an international edition had been brought out to put the Pretoria point of view across in Europe. Free copies had been mailed regularly to selected political journalists in Britain and also to British Members of Parliament. South Africa's front man for *To The Point* was the Dutch publisher Mr Hubert Jussen.

Further afield, 10 million dollars had been lent to the American publishing magnate Mr John McGoff, through a secret conduit in Switzerland, so that he could arrange for the South African Information Department secretly to buy the *Washington Star*. This newspaper was to be used as a vehicle for South African propaganda against the rival *Washington Post*, which is loathed by Pretoria because of its constant attacks on the policy of apartheid.

As part of a similar plot the *Sacramento Union* newspaper in the capital of California was also to be secretly bought by Pretoria for 6 million dollars.

Several of these, and other undisclosed secret projects, indicate how neurotic the South African government is about getting its propaganda pushed not only at home but overseas. But there is further proof of this.

Since 1972, when most of the Information Department's 138 secret projects were first conceived, hundreds of overseas journalists have knowingly or unknowingly been bribed, entertained or given presents to ensure that they would write glowing articles about South Africa. I quote a typical

example: in 1973 the Information Department hosted eighty-two foreign visitors to South Africa. They were VIP guests; their trips were paid for out of Information Department funds. Who were those guests? Of the eighty-two, exactly thirty-two were in journalism, either editors or senior reporters, and seven were involved in publishing. They came from America, Britain, Germany, France and Holland. The cost of bringing those journalists to South Africa was more than £130,000. But that's chickenfeed when you know that the pro-South-African articles they wrote on returning home generated more tourism for South Africa and, even better, a bigger flow of investment into the country.

That is almost certainly why, even today, in spite of the massive publicity given to the 'Info Scandal', the outside world is still being conned by Pretoria. Believe it or not, at least half of those 138 secret Info projects are still continuing to operate. The United Nations has decreed that apartheid is a crime against humanity. But in South Africa, if you are White, crime pays. The political criminals who mounted those secret projects have been exposed and discredited by South Africa's campaigning liberal press – and even by not-so-liberal newspapers. But the overwhelming majority of the government's White voters secretly regard those criminals as something close to heroes.

They say 'What did HJ and his crowd really do wrong? They only tried to put South Africa in a good light overseas to combat all those Communists and liberals who virtually control the Western press.'

39 · FELLOW TRAVELLERS

Thanks to the need-to-know principle, most operatives working for large intelligence agencies like the CIA, the KGB and Britain's various spy set-ups rarely know all sides to any subject. When they are assigned to monitor the activities of a suspect they get on with the job, and in many cases they never get any feedback from head office. But as a personal friend of H. J. van den Bergh, the head of BOSS, I often had a privileged view of events and could work out the interplay.

Roy Dovaston

Roy is a thirty-nine-year-old Englishman who settled in South Africa with his wife Anne and three children in May 1974. He worked as a front man for Pretoria and can thank me for that. It all started when I met him by accident and found he was a fanatical anti-Communist.

He's a stocky little man full of good schemes. One was to recruit Black talent from British showbiz and fly them to South Africa where they would perform exclusively for Black audiences. Apartheid in reverse he called it. I recognized the propaganda potential at once. That kind of thing would be strongly opposed by the British actors' union Equity because, by appearing before Black-only audiences, the British entertainers would be tacitly supporting the South African government's racial segregation policies. In a lengthy story I wrote on the subject I quoted Roy Dovaston as saying that the Anti-Apartheid Movement in London would also hate the idea but that they would find it extremely difficult to explain to the British masses why Blacks should not be sent to entertain Blacks in South Africa, who were starved of live overseas talent. *

* Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 18 May 1975.

General H. J. van den Bergh read that story and said he was impressed by this Englishman and his staunch support of apartheid. He added 'I think we should put Mr Dovaston to better use.'

I do not know whether BOSS contacted Roy Dovaston or if an Information Department front man was used. But what happened next speaks for itself. Within five months he had dropped his idea of importing Black talent from Britain and announced he was leaving South Africa. He packed his trunks and returned to Britain with his wife and family, saying he would never return.

On arriving in England Roy Dovaston formed the 'Anti-Communist Movement', which operated from a house in Parnell Road, Ware, Hertfordshire. This group supported South Africa and Rhodesia in their fight against the dreaded Reds and the Black terrorists. During the next two years Dovaston's organization enlisted hundreds of members in Britain, Spain, Germany, Italy, America, Holland and Australia, who regularly bombarded their local newspapers with pro-South-Africa and anti-Communist letters, mainly written from roneo fact-sheets mailed to them by Dovaston.

Dovaston also secretly attempted to recruit men willing to fight as full-time soldiers or mercenaries in Angola and Rhodesia by placing advertisements in British newspapers offering '£150 a week jobs in the sunshine'. Several hundred men applied and many were recruited after being personally vetted by Dovaston, who met them in a London hotel. Money seemed no problem to him, and he certainly had top-level contacts. After meeting him, the men who had answered his adverts received official recruiting forms posted to them direct from the Rhodesian capital of Salisbury.

British intelligence had left Dovaston alone while he ran his anti-Communist and pro-South-Africa movement, but as soon as he started recruiting men for Ian Smith's illegal regime the heat was applied.

Dovaston was charged on several counts of breaking

sanctions against Rhodesia. According to the Rhodesian Sanctions Act of 1965 it was an offence for anyone in Britain to recruit 'members of the public generally'.

The case attracted wide publicity in Britain when, in mid-April 1977, a jury acquitted Dovaston on a technicality. He had been wrongly charged with 'helping individuals', which was not illegal.

The writing was on the wall, however, and Dovaston was soon forced to quit Britain and return to South Africa with his family. He arrived in Johannesburg in early 1978 saying it had been impossible for him to remain in Britain as his life had been 'threatened by the Communists there.'

HJ thought this was good propaganda and assigned me to write a story on the subject. My story disclosed that Roy Dovaston had mounted a mass 'Support Rhodesia' march through London on 26 November 1977. After this march British left-wingers had mounted a smear campaign against him alleging that his Anti-Communism Movement was a front organization for the South African government.*

My story also disclosed that Dovaston had been quizzed by Scotland Yard Special Branch detectives, who, after a lengthy investigation, had announced that they had been 'unable to find any proof' that Dovaston was a secret front man for South Africa.

Those Special Branch men certainly did not do their homework. They missed, or perhaps preferred not to see, the biggest clue of all: Roy Dovaston's links with a set up known as the 'Christian League of Southern Africa' (CLSA)

The Christian League was formed in 1975 and boasts 50,000 members in South Africa, Rhodesia and Britain. It operates from PO Box 28507, Sunnyside, Pretoria, and its motto is 'In Defence of the Faith'. It churns out religious literature containing thinly veiled pro-South African propaganda. It is against drugs, liquor, folk music, all forms of permissiveness, and it is very anti-Communist.

The truth is that the Christian League was one of the

* *The Citizen*, 17 March 1978, headlined 'Anti-Red Man Quits UK After Death Threats'.

secret projects illegally set up, with South African taxpayers' money, by the South African government. It is secretly funded through the South African Defence Budget both in Rhodesia and in London. The Christian League is not only used as a propaganda outlet but also as a front organization by South African Military Intelligence, which uses it as a vehicle for agents needing temporary cover overseas.

The Christian League's newspaper *Encounter* once received £12,000 from Mr John McGoff, the millionaire American publisher who was named by the Erasmus Commission, which investigated South Africa's notorious 'Information Scandal'. Mr McGoff was found to have been given ten million dollars so that he could arrange for the American newspaper *Washington Star* to be bought secretly by the South African Information Department.

The Christian League, which operates through a Post Office box number in London, has organized many pickets, meetings and demonstrations in Britain urging support for Rhodesia and South Africa in their fight against world Communism.

At one meeting held by the League at London's Caxton Hall, the audience was addressed by Mr Patrick Wall MP, who has been a staunch friend of South Africa for many years. Mr Wall is also a former board member of *To The Point*, the South African magazine which, whether Mr Wall knew it or not, was a complete front for the South African government. The Erasmus Commission found that *To The Point* had secretly been set up by the South African Information Department and illegally funded with £9 million of South African taxpayers' money.

The big clue missed by the Scotland Yard Special Branch detectives, when they allegedly investigated leftist claims that Roy Dovaston was a South African front man, was Dovaston's involvement in that march he had arranged through London on 26 November 1977.

He had distributed thousands of leaflets urging members of the British public to support the march. And on those

leaflets, in big bold type, it was clearly stated that Dovaston's Anti-Communism Movement was aligned with none other than the Christian League of Southern Africa - which had arranged for prayers to be held after the march.

The left-wingers in Britain noticed that strange partnership even if the Special Branch detectives didn't.

Roy Dovaston is a real battler. Back in South Africa he soon came up with another good scheme. He wanted to re-create the Afrikaners' historic Great Trek from the Cape to the Transvaal by building five ox-waggons complete in every detail and driven by South Africans wearing the kind of clothes worn by the trekking Boer farmers. The waggons would be pulled by oxen right across America on a two-year journey during which millions of pamphlets would be handed out explaining South Africa's history and political attitudes. It really was a brilliant propaganda stunt which would have been a certain crowd-puller along the whole route, generating much favourable publicity in the small local newspapers of every town the trekkers passed through.

In early 1979, just before I left South Africa, Roy Dovaston telephoned me to say he had just received some capital to start arranging his great trek. When I teasingly asked him where the money was coming from, he replied 'One of my Anti-Communist Movement members in Britain has just died and left me £25,000 in his will.'

I couldn't resist it. I told Dovaston it was the first time I had heard of a dead man being used as a conduit for slush funds. He was terribly upset and never telephoned me again. You never know. Life is strange. Perhaps it was true. But I will never believe it until Roy Dovaston proves his claim by producing the dead man's will or by telling the British press the name of the lawyer who handled that dead man's estate.

Leslie Aspin and Ann Brookes

In March 1976 the British *Guardian* disclosed that an Englishman named Leslie Aspin was recruiting British ex-

servicemen to act as £100-a-week security guards for rich White farmers living on vast farms near the Mozambique-South African border. Mr Aspin ran a private security firm in England, and the South African farmers had apparently asked him for help saying they feared their cattle and crops might suffer hit-and-run attacks by Black guerrillas operating from secret bases inside Mozambique.

Mr Aspin is alleged to have worked in some capacity for British intelligence. Knowing that I was friendly with him through Trevor Aspinall of the *Sunday People*, BOSS told me to telephone Leslie Aspin in Britain and find out whether he was well disposed towards the South African government. When I did so, saying I wanted to give him some favourable publicity, he outlined his security plan for the South African farmers, and I published a full story on the subject two days later.* During that call it was clear to me that Mr Aspin was very pro-South-Africa, and I quickly communicated this to BOSS. They told me to telephone him again, indicating that I had 'powerful friends in Pretoria' who might be willing to help him.

I telephoned him at noon on 22 March and gave him that message. He did not waste time. He said that within six hours one of his 'best agents' would be on a plane leaving London for Johannesburg. He said her name was Miss Ann Brookes, and would I meet her at Johannesburg's Jan Smuts airport the next day? BOSS was impressed by Mr Aspin's alacrity but they took no chances. When Miss Brookes stepped off the plane she was delayed at the immigration section so that BOSS operatives could make a quick search of her large brown leather suitcase as it came through from the luggage hold of the plane.

According to the immigration form she filled in at the airport, which was shown to me by BOSS, Ann Brookes was thirty-three, but she certainly didn't look it. She had been born in Devon and was travelling on British passport number 586065. I drove her to the Johannesburger Hotel in the centre of town, where I had booked a room for her at the

* Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 21 March 1976.

suggestion of BOSS. As an extra precaution they wanted to monitor any telephone calls she might make overseas.

Over lunch she told me that Leslie Aspin's security firm employed four ex-army officers who had 'excellent contacts with British intelligence'. She said his firm had a group of specially trained commandos who were capable of rescuing individuals from any 'hostile territory or prison outside Britain'. Mr Aspin was also, she said, in a position to supply any country with any kind of tactical weaponry 'except for nuclear devices'.

Ann Brookes was a marvellous public relations officer for Mr Aspin and threw out a titbit clearly designed to fascinate BOSS. 'Mr Aspin also specializes in monitoring the activities of underground Communists in Britain,' she said. 'And I am quite sure he would be willing to carry out such assignments for your security people.'

She then asked me, more or less directly, if I worked for BOSS. Pulling out my stock defence I said I was simply a pro-South-African journalist who just happened to have a close friend in BOSS.

I know she did not fall for that line, because BOSS told me that in a telephone call she made to Leslie Aspin from her hotel room the next day she told him: 'I think you are right about Gordon working for our friends in Pretoria. Within two hours of my arrival he arranged a top-level meeting for me over there with a car laid on and everything.'

This was true. I had arranged for Ann Brookes to see Jack Kemp at BOSS headquarters in Pretoria. Although she trusted me, she knew what security was about and dodged all my questions.

'Mr Aspin will be very grateful for your help' was all she said.

Gary van Dyk

The most extraordinary character I ever met was Gary van Dyk. I don't think he was ever actually a spy. He's a far more exciting figure.

Born in Ladysmith, Natal, and educated in Johannesburg, he was known at school as Gary Thompson the orphan. His classmates had an Afrikaans nickname for him - 'Bekkie', meaning he was remarkably good with his mouth. He hasn't changed much since those days, except in appearance. He says he is a property developer and literary agent, although he has been involved in several other more unusual businesses.

I first met Gary at a fashionable London night club in 1973. The man who introduced us was a trusted old friend of mine named Willie Smith, himself an astonishing character who had just fled from Portugal after being acquitted of complicity in a counterfeit racket involving the importation of several million dollars' worth of forged banknotes and American travellers' cheques. Gary gave me a very old-fashioned look when we were introduced. He had done his homework.

'I've heard about you, dear boy. Weren't you in jail in Britain before you started up as a crime reporter in South Africa?' he asked, giving a deliberately exaggerated wink which spread down to his mouth making it look as though he'd been hit by a sudden attack of lockjaw.

The threat was unmistakable. If I wrote anything about him he would pull out my criminal past. Hastening to protect myself, I assured him that my crime-reporting days were long behind me and I was only interested in political stories.

'Good,' said Gary as he shook my hand warmly. 'I'm glad we understand each other and if I hear anything interesting of a political nature I'll pass it on to you first.'

It was four years before he kept the promise. In March 1977, during the trial of three alleged IRA men at London's Old Bailey, a prosecution witness named John Banks claimed the three had solicited him to obtain guns and ammunition for the IRA. Mr Banks told the court he had once worked as an agent for the British Secret Service against the IRA. Stranger still, it appeared that Mr Banks had fallen out with the British security people, because he

went on to attack them, saying they had been closely involved in sending 'Mad Colonel Callan' and eighteen other British mercenaries to Angola — not to fight but to trace and recover diamonds worth more than £120 million which had been looted from a large mine during the Angolan war. In an attempt to prove his astonishing claim Mr Banks said that some of these mercenaries had been trained at a large farm in Devon owned by a South African named Gary van Dyk.

When all this was published in Britain, the press went looking for Gary van Dyk. But he kept that promise and gave me the first exclusive interview. Countering some of the claims made against him by John Banks, he said:

'This man is dilly, he's a real Walter Mitty character who dreams up fantastic stories to put himself in the headlines. And the Walter Mitty description is not mine. The British *Daily Telegraph* and the London *Evening Standard* have said that about John Banks.'

But, as it turned out, Banks was not lying about Mr Gary van Dyk. Or about the mercenaries being sent to Angola. Or about that astonishing amount of diamonds. Perhaps his madness lay in trying to tell the truth.

Gary van Dyk admitted to me that he had allowed mercenaries to use his Devon farm. Mr Don Belford, the British representative of the Black Angolan movement the FNLA, had trained men there and even allowed them to be filmed during training sessions. And, yes, the story about the Angolan diamonds was also true. Gary's involvement in the whole thing had started the previous year when he flew to Portugal to investigate rumours that the £120 million worth of looted diamonds mentioned in the IRA case had been hidden near the Angolan capital of Luanda.

According to Gary, British and American intelligence had combined to send Colonel Callan and his mercenaries to Angola to grab all the diamonds. But the KGB somehow got a leak about this from one of its gentlemen moles in Whitehall, and the race was on. Colonel Callan never stood

a chance. He was captured by the MPLA in Angola and tortured by Mr Victor Fernandez, an MPLA officer who had been trained by the KGB. Callan screamed out the exact place where the diamonds had been buried and he was executed.

Victor Fernandez found only £60 million worth of the diamonds, but it was enough for him. He packed them in a large case, boarded a plane and delivered them to his overjoyed friends in Moscow.

My first instinct was that Gary van Dyk was telling me all this to get publicity which would bring Hollywood moguls banging on his door begging for the film rights. So I asked him if he had any evidence to support his claims.

'Oh yes,' he said. 'My source is impeccable. I'm the sole agent for a book now being written by Colonel Callan's sister, Mrs P. Georgiades, who is hiding out in my home at this very moment.'

That did not strike me as being very relevant, but Gary then added 'Mrs Georgiades, you see, is engaged to marry Victor Fernandez, the man who tortured her brother, Colonel Callan.'

That made my head spin somewhat, so I asked Gary if there was any way he could back up his claim about the looted diamonds.

'If you think I'm giving you a load of old cobblers, telephone Peter Hardy at the *Daily Express* in London,' said he. 'He will confirm that he investigated the diamonds aspect with me.'

When I telephoned the *Daily Express* in Fleet Street, reporter Peter Hardy was away on an assignment. But one of the senior men in the newsroom confirmed that Gary van Dyk had definitely flown to Europe with reporter Hardy, and that Hardy had come back with a crackerjack story about the massive diamond hoard being found in Angola and later smuggled out of the country in a suitcase. Furthermore the story had been published by the *Daily Express*.

That was good enough for me. I phoned Gary back and

apologized for being ultra-suspicious. He then gave me permission to write a story quoting him on the saga as long as I did it nicely. 'Don't knock me, knock John Banks,' said Gary. And so I did.*

Eight months later Gary van Dyk flew from London to Johannesburg and booked into a city hotel four blocks from my home. I heard about this a few days later and was puzzled that he had not contacted me. Making backdoor inquiries, I found that Gary had set up a secret appointment with a senior man at BOSS headquarters in Pretoria at ten the next morning. Waiting until Gary had arrived at BOSS headquarters, I telephoned my number one controller, Jack Kemp. I still have a tape recording of that conversation, during which Kemp told me he would find out why Gary was in the BOSS building and who he was seeing.

Three months later, in March 1978, Gary flew to South Africa again and once more visited BOSS headquarters. This time he had schemed up a plan whereby his mercenary friends would, for a price, rescue several South African soldiers or mercenaries who had been captured during the war in Angola.

Gary's connection with BOSS fascinated me, because at the trial at the Old Bailey John Banks had claimed that British intelligence had sent Colonel Callan to recover that fanciful-sounding £120 million worth of looted diamonds from Angola. If this was true, then it seemed highly likely that British intelligence had been in league with BOSS in the Angolan exercise. Making further inquiries from my various friends in BOSS I discovered the following strange facts.

John Banks recruited Colonel Callan in the Zambezi Club in London's Earls Court district. The Zambezi Club is a known haunt of South African intelligence operatives. It was the favourite drinking hole of Norman Blackburn, the South African spy jailed for stealing Harold Wilson's

* *The Citizen*, 26 March 1977, headlined 'SA Man Named In Multi-Million Gem Loot Drama'.

papers. The murdered BOSS spy Keith Wallace also drank there regularly.

Some of the mercenaries who flew to Angola were not in possession of valid travel documents but an inspector of the British Special Branch named Tucker was on hand at the airport and helped John Banks to get them through immigration control.

On the plane with Banks was a senior British intelligence man who died in Angola while with a group of the British mercenaries. His relatives were told he had died of a heart attack.

John Banks was also linked with a man known as 'Manuel Xavier', a mystery man of Greek or Italian descent. Xavier fled from Mozambique at the time of the Frelimo take-over in 1974. He had good reason: he was an officer in the Portuguese secret police outfit PIDE and had acquired a reputation for torturing captured Frelimo guerrillas. Arriving in South Africa, he started working as a freelance agent for BOSS in its Mozambique Section. Mr Xavier flew to France in 1975 to arrange South African visas for mercenaries recruited in France, Germany and Britain. The visas were issued through the South African Embassy in Paris so the mercenaries could fly from France and Switzerland on to Johannesburg for re-routing to Angola.

In league with Mr Xavier in Paris was a former French army major known by the codename 'Le Bray'. Major Le Bray was a front man for French intelligence's clandestine dirty tricks brigade known as 'Choc Eleven'. Later Mr Xavier accompanied some of the mercenaries to Angola where he became a senior security officer for the FNLA whose brief was to watch over and guide the mercenaries. In this respect Mr Xavier liaised with a senior FNLA official named Daniel Chipenda.

In July 1975 General H. J. van den Berg flew to Windhoek in South West Africa and talked with Mr Chipenda during secret meetings lasting three days. Two months later Mr Chipenda secretly flew to Pretoria for more talks. This time he met Mr P. W. Botha, South Africa's

Minister of Defence. A deal was signed and sealed whereby Mr Chipenda guaranteed that if the FNLA came to power in Angola it would adopt a friendly stance towards Pretoria, with full trade links. Mr Chipenda was empowered to give this guarantee by the FNLA leader Mr Holden Roberto.

There is a direct link between Mr Holden Roberto and Gary van Dyk because members of the FNLA had been photographed training on Van Dyk's Devon farm. This is interesting because, according to BOSS files, the FNLA was formed, funded and run by the CIA.

Excerpt from secret BOSS files (1979).

'ROBERTO, Holden Alvaro. Adult Black Male. Real name Jose GUILMORE, sometimes spelled GILMORE. Born Angola 12/1/1923, son of a Baptist Mission worker. In 1925 his parents sent him to a relative living in the Belgian Congo. Educated at British Baptist school until 1940. Worked as clerk and became interested in politics. Joined the small "Union of the Populations of North Angola" (UPNA), became its president December 1960. Obtained Congolese passport in name Rui VENTURA. Befriended Ghana's President Kwame Nkrumah who appointed him senior official in African Department of the Ghanaian Foreign Ministry. Later appointed staff member of the Guinean Mission in New York, September 1959, by Guinean President Sekou Toure. Was recruited by CIA in dining room of New York's Hotel Tudor in October 1959. Paid 100 dollars monthly salary plus expenses to return to Congo and set up liberation movement in opposition to Moscow-backed MPLA. In March 1962, under the name Holden ROBERTO he helped form the "National Front for the Liberation of Angola" (FNLA) completely financed by CIA. The CIA also made a cash payment of 300,000 dollars to Holden Roberto for various non-military activities, one of which was the distribution of 50,000

FNLA button badges to be worn by civilian supporters as well as his guerrillas.'

Dominique de Roux

I first met Frenchman Dominique de Roux in November 1976 when he visited South Africa and popped into the Johannesburg offices of *The Citizen*. He was a tough and ultra-shrewd journalist, a contributor to *Le Figaro* and other famous publications in Paris, who had just emerged from a hot and sweaty one-month slog through the densest parts of the Angolan bush. As a one-off story he had written a feature piece which he wanted to sell us about Dr Jonas Savimbi, the leader of the 'National Union for the Total Independence of Angola' (UNITA), which was operating in the heavily wooded areas of Southern Angola. The story told how Savimbi was fit and well and determined to wrest control of Angola from Dr Agostinho Neto and the MPLA.*

I had read several stories by overseas journalists who claimed to have interviewed Dr Savimbi in the bush, but most of them must have done it by drumbeats because they had no photographs to back up their claims. Dominique de Roux was different. He had photographs of himself seated at a makeshift table deep in a forest with Dr Savimbi and twelve other senior members of UNITA. This made me very suspicious of Dominique. Dr Savimbi has managed to survive only because he has an excellent sense of security. No journalists get to see him at one of his temporary and secret camps in the bush unless they are thoroughly screened months ahead and have excellent contacts. This is Savimbi's way of keeping ahead of the men who would dearly love to wipe him and his UNITA movement off the face of the earth.

Knowing I was going to submit a report to BOSS on him, I asked Dominique to give me one of his visiting cards as I would like to look him up when next in Paris.

* *The Citizen*, 16 November 1976.

The card he gave me said he represented Pantheon Press, of 54 Rue de Bourgogne, Paris, and stated that the directors of the company were himself, Lord Hesketh, Peter Rosoff and Robert Kopp.

When I submitted a verbal report to Jack Kemp he told me not to bother about Dominique de Roux.

'We know all about him. He's on file. He's a senior French intelligence officer who uses journalism as a cover. He arranges regular shipments of arms and ammunition to UNITA and in addition he also revamps all Savimbi's war communiqués before he passes them on for release through UNITA's office in Paris.'

I was very impressed by all this and asked Jack Kemp how he knew so much. He smiled and explained. The logistic and propaganda support of Dr Savimbi and his UNITA movement was a mutual relationship between French intelligence (SDECE), the CIA and South African Military Intelligence to 'keep Savimbi afloat until such time as the MPLA is brought down'.

Kemp told me that the Angolan government was well aware of this 'capitalist support' for UNITA and that this was why Russia had arranged for so many Cuban soldiers to remain in Angola: to ensure that UNITA and its Western allies did not succeed in any take-over.

Excerpt from secret BOSS files (1978):

'SAVIMBI, Dr Jonas Malheiro. Adult Black Male born 3/8/1934. Read political science at Lausanne University, Switzerland. Returned to Africa and urged by Tom MBOYA, then General Secretary of the Kenya African National Union (KANU) to join up with Holden Roberto. Mboya was a CIA-funded politician. Savimbi joined forces with Holden Roberto and played key role in helping Roberto form the FNLA and establish the "Angolan Government in Exile" (GRAE) of which he became foreign minister. Split with Roberto July 1964 and on 23/3/1966 formed UNITA. At this

time Savimbi was recruited by Portuguese secret police PIDE. His main controller being Lt-Colonel Armenio Nuno Ramires de Oliveira and his go-between handler was Portuguese priest, Padre Antonio de Araujo Oliveira. PIDE was then unaware that Savimbi was already a CIA front man and was controlled by senior CIA operative James S. Cunningham in charge of political affairs at the American Embassy, Lusaka, Zambia. Savimbi's lieutenant, Antonio Fernandez, acted as CIA link man in London. UNITA was funded by CIA and remains controlled by CIA. Savimbi's "friendship" with Peking was a brilliant bluff to distance the CIA from UNITA.'

40 · MILITARY INTELLIGENCE SECRETS

Answering accusations that South Africa wanted to purchase arms and ammunition 'to fight Black people in South Africa or outside South Africa', the Prime Minister, Mr Balthazar John Vorster, told his parliament on 26 January 1971: 'It is malicious to say that any arms South Africa acquires from Britain or from any other power will be used for that purpose. We as a people have no intention of fighting against or of invading any other country be it near or far.'

Despite this statement, Vorster was fully aware that a secret group of South African Army 'demolition experts' had regularly entered Zambia illegally to blow up bridges and commit other mayhem in that country to bring President Kenneth Kaunda to heel because he had refused to enter into 'dialogue' talks with Pretoria.

One other man in parliament that day knew what was going on. That was Mr P. W. Botha, then South Africa's Minister of Defence. With Vorster's knowledge, Botha had secretly sent 200 South African troops, a full three years earlier, to fight in the civil war in Biafra as part of a CIA-masterminded plot to counter 'growing Russian influence' there.

As far back as 1961 the South African government had allowed hundreds of mercenaries to be openly recruited throughout South Africa to help the CIA put down 'Communist-inspired insurgents' in the Congo. The man who led those 500 mercenaries, known as the 'Wild Geese', was Colonel Mike Hoare, a South African citizen born of Irish parents. Colonel Hoare is an old friend of South African Military Intelligence.

Apart from that 'indirect' intervention in the affairs of another country, Vorster and Botha knew that several hundred South African soldiers, policemen and even Security Police officers had long been operating in Rhodesia. Those men were sent to help Ian Smith's under-staffed and harassed security forces wipe out nests of Black guerrillas invading the country. In their spare time the South African Security Police officers helped to capture and torture Black activists operating in Rhodesia's towns and cities.

Anyone checking through newspaper files will find repeated claims by the South African government that it 'does not involve itself in the affairs of any other country'. They have been saying that for the last ten years to my knowledge.

When the Angolan war started going wrong for the CIA, the South African government vehemently denied any involvement in Angola at all. 'We do not have any troops there. We don't involve ourselves in the internal affairs of other countries', they said, hand on heart. All journalists in South Africa knew they were lying, because Fleet Street newspapers not only interviewed South African troops in Angola, they even photographed them fighting alongside UNITA and the FNLA. But there was nothing we could do about it. The South African Defence Force slapped a heavy embargo on the whole subject, and not one word could we write. It was a farcical situation because members of the South African public who obtained British newspapers by airmail subscription could read the truth.

When South Africa's troops had to flee from Angola with their tails between their legs and Pretoria could not suppress the truth any longer, they admitted sending 'a limited amount of troops' to Angola at the request of Henry Kissinger. He was the scapegoat. And in an attempt to reassure the South African public that our troops were the greatest, the South African Broadcasting Corporation screened a pathetic documentary film hastily compiled by

South African Military Intelligence.* It showed how the South African troops would have won the war in Angola 'if they hadn't been left in the lurch by America'. Many White South Africans fell for it. I was in Pretoria the day after that television documentary, and everywhere I went they were all saying 'Yerrah, man. Our troops showed those MPLA kaffirs a thing or two, didn't they, man? Pity we had to leave. We could have killed them all off if we'd had just one more week.'

This is what I heard from my BOSS sources about the Angolan war: at the request of the CIA, John Vorster and his Defence Minister, P. W. Botha, had sent 5,000 South African troops to Angola to prevent Dr Agostinho Neto and his Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola (MPLA) from coming to power.

Those 5,000 troops had used dozens of American and French tanks, French helicopters and Mirage jet fighters to mow down any MPLA troops, or Black civilians, who stood in their way.

Fighting alongside the South African troops were more than 2,000 White mercenaries who drove South African Panhard armoured cars. The mercenaries had been recruited by CIA agents and CIA front men in Britain (John Banks and Leslie Aspin), America, France, Germany and Zaire.

In league with the CIA, BOSS operatives and Military Intelligence front men had recruited an estimated 400 mercenaries, mostly of Portuguese background, in South Africa itself. BOSS told me the CIA had spent 20 million dollars overall on recruiting and paying all the mercenaries for the Angolan war during 1975 and 1976. It did not cost the South African military one cent. In fact the South African government made a tidy little profit.

To camouflage its participation in the Angolan intervention the CIA had used South Africa as its main base for ferrying arms and ammunition to UNITA. Vast

* *The Angolan File*; script mainly written by Mr Brian Crozier, former chairman of the CIA front Forum World Features.

amounts of military hardware were flown from America to Johannesburg's Jan Smuts airport via Zaire. These supplies were air-lifted to South West Africa (Namibia) by the South African Air Force so they could be slipped across the border into Southern Angola where Jonas Savimbi and his UNITA men were fighting. To help the South African government in this regard America sold them six giant Lockheed Hercules transport planes, which were a civil version of the troop-carrier aircraft used by the South African Air Force. America sold those planes to South Africa for about £25 million. Dirt cheap, said Pretoria. The CIA arms supplies for Holden Roberto's FNLA movement, which fought in Northern Angola, 1,000 miles from Angola's border with South West Africa, were routed through Zaire with the full connivance of President Mobutu. The CIA station head in Kinshasa, Zaire, was Mr Stuart E. Methven, alias Mr Martin.

BOSS said nearly 100 million dollars of American taxpayers' money had been spent on the Angola venture, although I was told this had been camouflaged from public scrutiny by the CIA 'half-pricing' all the military hardware it had sent.

The best example of South African involvement in the affairs of another country came in 1976, when South Africa's Army Chief General Magnus Malan (today the Minister of Defence) and his Military Intelligence apparatus set up a fake Black liberation movement in Mozambique, in league with Rhodesian intelligence. I know all about this movement because I was its number one propagandist right from the start. It was the most successful clandestine operation ever mounted by Pretoria. Its name was the 'Mozambique National Resistance' (MNR) and when I first started glorifying its exploits in July 1977 it existed in name only. The sabotage attacks it was supposed to have made inside Mozambique were secretly carried out by the South African Army's 'Reconnaissance Commando', a crack unit of tough and specially trained commandos formed in August 1975. This unit was led by Commandant

Jan Breytenbach, the brother of South Africa's world-renowned writer and poet Breyten Breytenbach.*

According to the communiqués given to me for publication those South African commandos had been busy. In the space of three months they slipped in and out of Mozambique at dead of night and committed the following acts which I propagandized:

Sneak attack on boats anchored by a jetty near the Cabora Bassa Dam project. Several boats sunk. Some badly damaged.

Attack on a refugee camp near Gorongosa. Twenty-five Blacks, allegedly Frelimo soldiers, killed or injured.

Four Frelimo army vehicles destroyed in various areas of the Tete Province.

Frelimo roadblocks attacked at Villa de Maninga. Twelve Frelimo soldiers allegedly killed or seriously injured.

Frelimo platoon ambushed near the Chimoio army barracks. Stripped naked and their uniforms stolen. (These uniforms were later worn when the commandos burnt down churches and missions. This was done to create hatred for Frelimo troops in the rural areas of Mozambique.)

Wharf sabotaged by time-bomb at Maputo. Damage of £150,000 caused.

Telecommunications centre at Chicualacuala blown up.

Time-bomb attack on Vila Pery railway station.

Some of these attacks were almost certainly 'glamorized' by Military Intelligence backroom boys, but there was one which bounced back on them. It happened on Saturday, 30 July 1977, when the South African commandos planted a bomb at the Chimoio railway station in the Manica province of Mozambique. The explosion caused damage of more than £13,000 and left a crater two metres deep and

* Breyten Breytenbach became a South African exile in Paris when he married Yolande, a 'non-White' Vietnamese. Entering South Africa secretly in August 1975 to mount an underground anti-apartheid group, he was trapped in a cunning plot carried out by an airline stewardess who was a BOSS operative. In November 1975 he was sentenced to nine years in jail after being found guilty under the Terrorism Act.

ten metres wide. But an innocent twelve-year-old Black child was walking past as the explosion occurred and died in the blast.

The Frelimo government wasted no time in emphasizing the death of that child. So I was told to write a story quoting a member of the Mozambique National Resistance movement as saying 'This is typical [Frelimo] propaganda distortion to sway public emotions against us. The truth about that child is that it died of malnutrition in a near-by hospital that morning.' I was rather sceptical about this but did as I was told and wrote the story.*

Military Intelligence used a cut-out when passing all the communiqués on to me. He called himself 'Mr Leite', but by accident I discovered that he was really Alvaro Recio, a Portuguese who had once lived in Mozambique and was almost certainly a former member of the Portuguese secret police. Mr Recio was a friend of Colonel Tony Diogo, a former member of the Portuguese PIDE who had fled to South Africa and started working for the Mozambique Section at BOSS headquarters in Pretoria. Alvaro Recio still lives in Johannesburg and probably still acts as 'the Johannesburg publicity officer for the Mozambique National Resistance' movement.

To protect the South African government from any possible suspicion that it had anything to do with the resistance movement MNR, I was told to erect a smoke-screen about it and its methods of operation. I wrote articles stating that the MNR consisted of many small pockets of six or seven men who operated from secret and temporary camps in remote areas deep in the Mozambique bush. That explained why Frelimo could not catch them. I said the MNR had hundreds of members or sympathizers all over Mozambique who were part of an ever-growing feeling of rebellion against President Samora Machel and his 'Communist-backed' Frelimo government. That gave the impression there was widespread discontent amongst the Black civilian population and the Frelimo government was

* *The Citizen*, 4 August 1977.

powerless to stop it. As no underground movement can operate successfully without financial support, I wrote that the MNR was funded by a large number of Blacks who had fled from Mozambique after the Frelimo take-over in 1974 and were living in exile in Portugal, Kenya and Malawi. How did the MNR obtain arms and ammunition? The answer was simple. They used Russian AK47 machine-guns and Chinese rocket-launchers stolen during hit-and-run attacks on Frelimo soldiers. It all seemed rather far-fetched, but I did as I was told and wrote these things.* I didn't expect people to believe the story but many White South Africans did – so much so that they started sending in donations!

Realizing the fairy story could not be continued for much longer, South Africa's Military Intelligence experts pulled a really clever one out of the hat. They recruited between ten and twenty Blacks from Mozambique who had fallen foul of the Frelimo regime for various reasons – political or criminal. These men were banded together, given weapons and camouflage uniforms, and photographed 'training at secret bases inside Mozambique'. Not true. Those photographs were taken several miles outside Pretoria, where the terrain is similar to that in Mozambique. Some photographs were first given to me, and others were passed on to a journalist named Jose Ramalho.

Before the Frelimo take-over Jose had lived in Mozambique, where, I was told, he had worked as a PIDE agent under cover of being a journalist. I cannot state with certainty that Jose started working for BOSS or Military Intelligence when he settled in South Africa but he was certainly trusted by Pretoria. He and I were the only journalists to be given regular propaganda stories about the Mozambique National Resistance.

I published two of the 'training' photographs in *The Citizen* on 18 August 1977, and Jose Ramalho used three in the *To The Point* magazine the next day.

South African Military Intelligence later took their idea one stage further by sending some of their Black trainees

* *The Citizen*, 18 August 1977.

back into Mozambique, telling them to operate in pairs and carry out acts of sabotage against Frelimo. At the time, I was told that Pretoria expected these 'stupid Blacks' to get caught: cannon-fodder who, when shot or captured by Frelimo, would bear out the 'truth' that the Mozambique National Resistance movement really existed. But Pretoria badly under-estimated those Blacks. They not only committed acts of sabotage but made contact with and recruited several other discontents. Seizing on this, Pretoria started ferrying large supplies of arms and ammunition to them at hide-outs deep in the Mozambique bush. White advisers were sent regularly to brief new recruits, who were all told they would be given high positions in the Mozambique government when MNR came to power.

That is when the Mozambique National Resistance movement really did start to exist. The whole thing escalated and larger-scale attacks were mounted against Frelimo. Bridges were blown up, troop convoys ambushed, collective farms were attacked and even light aircraft were shot down on at least two occasions. When it was discovered that these aircraft had contained innocent civilians, I was told to write propaganda stories alleging they had been shot down by irresponsible Frelimo soldiers who had thought they were 'invading Rhodesian aircraft'.*

Pretoria tried to pull another fast one by attempting to gain respectability for its secretly funded resistance movement. Leading members were told to try forging a link with another anti-Frelimo group, known as the 'United Democratic Front of Mozambique' (FUMO). This group is financed by several rich White Portuguese farmers and businessmen who fled from Mozambique when Frelimo insisted they pay their hundreds of Black workers a decent wage. When they refused, their businesses and farms were taken over by the state. I know that overtures were definitely made to FUMO through its Lisbon-based representative, Dr Domingos Arouca. I do not know whether he fell for it or not.

* *The Citizen*, 29 November 1977.

Pretoria had a very shrewd motive for hoping its MNR would enter into an alliance with FUMO. The plan was that MNR and FUMO would have applied to the United Nations for observer status, claiming they were a genuine 'Black resistance movement' fighting for the liberation of Mozambique. Pretoria felt the decision to grant or refuse such status would have placed the United Nations over an embarrassing political barrel.

The Mozambique National Resistance movement is still attacking Frelimo soldiers and bases. In the four years since it was set up it has caused damage in Mozambique to the tune of more than £40 million.

Shortly after Rhodesia was taken over by Robert Mugabe's Black government and renamed Zimbabwe, the Mozambique National Resistance movement extended its sabotage and disruption activities to that country also.

Another operation secretly backed by South African Military Intelligence was a powerful transmitting station calling itself the 'Voice of Free Africa', which operated on the medium wave (300m x 998kHz). Secretly based in Umtali, Rhodesia, it broadcast violently anti-Frelimo propaganda to listeners in Mozambique and constantly praised the activities of the Mozambique National Resistance. 'The Voice' was set up with help from Portuguese multi-millionaire Mr Jorge Jardim, who until the Frelimo take-over was known as the 'Business King of Mozambique'.

Mr Jardim, who owned the morning newspaper *Notícias da Beira* and the weekly magazine *African Voice* in Mozambique before the take-over, was the front man used by South African MI, in collaboration with Rhodesia's Military Intelligence, to cover up their involvement with the Mozambique National Resistance movement. This was done quite cleverly. MI leaked rumours to South Africa's liberal press that Mr Jardim was the secret organizer and financial backer of the MNR. Because he was known to be a tough right-winger whose newspaper empire had been taken over by the Frelimo government, the liberal press believed the rumours and often tried to obtain interviews

with him when he made regular trips to Pretoria from his home in exile in Blantyre, Malawi. But they never got him. Whenever he booked into hotels he used the false name J. Pereira. Only one 'liberal' journalist obtained interviews with Jorge Jardim and took photographs of him, and that was a trusted Pretoria propagandist named Winter. I was assigned to write stories in praise of the Voice of Free Africa radio programmes which were broadcast every night in Portuguese and several tribal dialects.

Another man who was linked with Mr Jorge Jardim was Mr Leonel Carlos Ferreira. He is a businessman who lost a fortune when he fled from Mozambique in 1974. He settled in Johannesburg and in 1976 set up a Portuguese-language newspaper called *Popular*. This is a vehicle for right-wing propaganda and is aimed at Johannesburg's large Portuguese community. It is also a vehicle for Military Intelligence propaganda. Mr Ferreira's MI 'feed man' was Mr Ben du Preez, alias Ben Strauss, an MI operative based in Poynton Buildings, Pretoria. When I first met Mr Ferreira in 1977 he had a plush office on the forty-seventh floor of Johannesburg's prestige Carlton Centre. The sign on the door said 'Dale Carnegie South Africa Ltd'. Inside was a large room full of school desks and a blackboard. Mr Ferreira apparently had the Johannesburg franchise from Dale Carnegie of America, and his staff of teachers gave young Portuguese expensive lessons on 'How To Win Friends And Influence People'.

That classroom was used for other purposes at night. It was a training room for mercenaries, who swotted up on how to hate the 'Moscow-backed' governments of Angola and Mozambique. Some of those young Portuguese ended up fighting as mercenaries in Angola. Similar lessons were given at the 'Institute Verneil' in central Johannesburg. This was a private college run by a friend of Mr Ferreira's named Dr Antonio Ferronha. Dozens of Dr Ferronha's pupils also ended up fighting as mercenaries in Angola.

The man who officially recruited all these mercenaries and sent them to Angola for South Africa's Military

Intelligence was a Portuguese, who lived in a large house in Johannesburg's luxury Sandton area. Later, I discovered that he was a former PIDE officer in Mozambique. He was also a front man for the CIA in South Africa. His number one controller was William Rourke 'Big Bill' Jordan, who ran a company called Imco in the main office block at Sandton City Centre.

Big Bill Jordan is worth a book on his own. He was the head of the CIA's special operations in South Africa. A personal friend of General H. J. van den Bergh, he spent his Sundays driving a tractor round HJ's farm as a way of getting some fresh air into his lungs. But Big Bill Jordan fell foul of South African Military Intelligence, who framed him on a charge of illegal possession of arms. In October 1978 Jordan was kicked out of South Africa. It was never disclosed that he was a CIA operative. The irony here is that Jordan is the man who helped to mastermind South Africa's invasion of Angola in 1975 and arranged massive CIA airlifts of arms and ammunition to be flown to Johannesburg for South Africa's use in the Angolan civil war.

Another man who acted as a secret agent for South African Military Intelligence and attempted to sabotage the economy of Mozambique was Mr Harry Edward Back, a former RAF pilot, who was born in Sussex, England, in 1919. He settled in South Africa in 1946 and, being a superb pilot, pioneered the art of aerial crop spraying at night for South Africa's rich farmers. Mr Back started working for Military Intelligence in 1974, when he owned a 7,000-acre farm at Moamba in the Sabie District of Mozambique. But Mr Back was forced to flee from Mozambique in 1976 when Frelimo began to suspect him. A riot broke out on his farm, and 450 of his Black farm labourers stoned his luxury farmhouse. The farm was expropriated by Frelimo when he left.

Another Military Intelligence operative who caused unrest and havoc in Mozambique was Mr Sidney Gordon Morrissey, who was born in Ireland in 1918 and settled in South Africa in 1938. Mr Morrissey started his intelligence

career when he fought as a Corporal in the South African Army's Second Bothas Regiment in the North Africa campaign during the Second World War. When I knew Mr Morrissey in 1976 he was running a Military Intelligence front known as the 'Friends of Mozambique and Angola Citizens' Organization' (FOMACO), of which he was the Pretoria chairman. This set-up ran a network of secret agents throughout Mozambique but was later shattered by the Frelimo Security Police.

Mr Morrissey, who owned a palatial Spanish-type house in Pretoria's Herbert Baker Street, set up another Military Intelligence front organization called the Southern African Anti-Communist Organization (SAACO). At the same time he masterminded yet another MI front group, known as the Southern African Rhodesian League (SARL). Both organizations pushed out vitriolic propaganda against Mozambique and ran spy networks in Angola.

Mr Morrissey certainly had access to high-grade political information. At one stage he showed me a letter he had written to President Mobutu Sese Seko of Zaire. In it Mr Morrissey warned President Mobutu that his country was to be invaded by 'Russian-backed forces' as part of a coup aimed at toppling him. Mr Morrissey gave me the names of three key aides who were plotting against President Mobutu. He was proved right ten months later when the coup was attempted; all three aides were executed by Mobutu. Morrissey later let me disclose some of this in a story.* He also leaked several viciously anti-Frelimo stories to me which I wrote for *The Citizen* in 1976 and 1977.

Yet another Briton who spied for South African Military Intelligence was Mr Percy Cleaver, a well-known television cameraman who was born in Grimsby, England, in 1915. A former captain in the British Army who had worked as an intelligence assessor during the Second World War, he settled in South Africa in 1967 and was quickly recruited by MI to spy in various parts of Black Africa. But in July 1972 Mr Cleaver was caught red-handed taking photographs of

* *The Citizen*, 17 March 1977.

strategic military installations in the Tanzanian capital of Dar es Salaam and, after he confessed to working for South African Military Intelligence, was jailed for three years on espionage charges. When released from jail on 19 August 1975, Mr Cleaver flew back to his home in Johannesburg. Only one reporter in South Africa was given permission to interview him. I was that reporter and, for obvious reasons, I wrote a story denying that he had ever been a spy for South Africa.*

The most bewildering Military Intelligence agent I knew was Carel Birkby, who is a legend in South African journalism. The former military correspondent of the Johannesburg *Sunday Times*, he went on to write for the government-funded *To The Point* magazine. He's a nice chap. Hates apartheid. Loathes the Afrikaner, yet works for the military boys because he believes they are gentlemen of the old school and should really rule South Africa instead of the Nationalists.

Carel was a close friend of Alexander 'Sandy' Fraser, a Scot who was known to all journalists as James MacBond – because everybody knew he was an agent for Military Intelligence. He openly admitted it. And paradoxically this caused him to gather much information from journalists who had axes to grind against others. It takes all sorts to make an intelligence world.

Armed Forces, a privately published monthly magazine, is aimed at the youth of South Africa. It glorifies the South African Defence Force and constantly publishes photographs of 'Russian-made' weapons used by captured Black freedom fighters. The magazine deals with all aspects of military warfare and arms and ammunition. Based in Boeysens Road, Johannesburg, the magazine is yet another propaganda vehicle secretly funded in various ways by South African Military Intelligence.

The editor, Mr Peter McIntosh, has been a friend of mine for many years. He's a charming and witty man who, paradoxically, loathes and detests the policy of apartheid.

* Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 24 August 1975.

I mention that because it shows how tolerant the spymasters in Pretoria can be when it suits them.

Another front organization used by South African Military Intelligence is the 'Christian League of Southern Africa', mentioned in the previous chapter. But here there is another strange link. When the Christian League first started operating it tied up with the right-wing 'Rhodesian Christian Group' (RCG) which was secretly funded and manipulated by Rhodesian intelligence.

Since the early 1970s the Rhodesian Christian Group has been headed by Father Arthur Lewis, a former Senator in Rhodesia and a vociferous defender of that country. Father Lewis has toured the world giving lectures in support of Ian Smith's regime and, being a man of God, Father Lewis always attacks Communism wherever and whenever possible.

BOSS told me to give Father Lewis whatever support I could at all times and I received his publicity hand-outs for several years. They were mostly sent to me by Father Lewis from PO Box 170, Rusape, Rhodesia, but quite often also from one of his friends named Wingate, who lived at Longleys, Meigle, in Perthshire, Scotland. Mr Wingate may well be shocked to learn that Father Lewis was used and funded by Rhodesian intelligence in league with South African Military Intelligence.

The same applies to Colonel Innes, the chairman of the 'Scottish Friends of Rhodesia'. Father Lewis also used the Colonel's address, Tulchan, Glenalmond, Perthshire, to send out vitriolic attacks on 'Robert Mugabe's terrorists' and 'world Marxism'.

I still have one of the missives Father Lewis sent to me from Colonel Innes's address. Dated July 1978, Father Lewis wrote in it that he had just returned from a six-week visit to Britain where he had intended to lecture in favour of Rhodesia.

He said hundreds of people had wanted to listen to him but that 'a few dozen assorted leftist clowns staged the most astounding circus, howling obscenities at me...'

Father Lewis stated that British newspapers had used headlines screaming 'Apartheid Priest in Cambridge', and a demand for his deportation had even been made in the British Parliament.

But, added Father Lewis, Scotland Yard Special Branch men had been very decent towards him and to them 'I give a bouquet for courtesy.'

South African Military Intelligence had other links with Rhodesian intelligence until Mr Robert Mugabe and his Black government took over the country.

One Rhodesian intelligence front organization was 'Verlin Associates', later renamed 'Lin Mehmel Associates', which operated as a public relations firm in the Rhodesian capital, Salisbury.

This set-up was run by a very bright woman named Lin Mehmel who acted as a secret propaganda outlet for the Rhodesian government. She also had excellent contact with South African Military Intelligence and her best propaganda contact in South African journalism was Miss Aida Parker.

Aida, in my opinion, is the finest intelligence operative and propagandist South Africa ever had. I worked with her on several secret missions when we were both employed by *The Citizen* and liked her tremendously.

My liking had nothing to do with politics. She's fifty-five, charming and refined. A woman of means, she lives in a house full of antiques in Auckland Park, Johannesburg, and never spied for money. She considers herself a South African patriot. She would willingly die for the country, although, paradoxically, she dislikes some of the pettiness of the apartheid system. She treats her Black servants well and considers herself a mixture of conservative and liberal. But say anything antagonistic about South Africa or its government and she becomes a fire-belching dragon.

A personal friend of the former South African Premier Dr Hendrik Verwoerd, and one of his tame propagandists even in those days, Aida worked for South African Military Intelligence for many years. She operated in many Black

African countries and also visited Russia and China on special fact-finding tours. She is a close friend of South Africa's Premier, Mr P. W. Botha, and knew him well when he was the Minister of Defence.

In mid-1977 Mr Botha and his Military Intelligence experts leaked a vast amount of documented information to Aida Parker on the subject of CIA intervention in South African affairs. When Aida returned to the offices of *The Citizen* she asked me to help her sift through all the documents so that she could write a series of stories attacking the CIA. The two of us worked together for more than a month compiling this series, which appeared in *The Citizen* under the heading 'The Secret US War Against South Africa'. To help Aida I slotted in secret information from BOSS files on various people, and later the series appeared in the form of a thin paperback. At the time, I knew that Aida had obtained most of her information from Mr P. W. Botha and his Military Intelligence men, but I did not know Mr Botha's hidden motive — to bring down Premier Vorster and H. J. van den Bergh.

General Van Den Bergh always had a good relationship with the CIA, and when he formed BOSS this was strengthened to the point where the CIA, after doing some very big favours for BOSS, began telling South Africa what the American government wanted it to do. When H. J. van den Bergh and Premier John Vorster did as they were told, the extreme right-wingers in government were appalled. They started a rebellion, claiming that Vorster and Van Den Bergh were just 'CIA-dominated kittens who were sucking at the teats of that political hyena Henry Kissinger'.

The most vociferous opponent of H. J. van den Bergh and John Vorster was Defence Minister P. W. Botha. He had always warned HJ that the CIA would eventually doublecross South Africa, and his warning proved true when the CIA pushed South Africa into sending troops into Angola during the civil war there. Botha got mud all over his face when the CIA's intervention in Angola

turned into a fiasco and the CIA withdrew, leaving South Africa to take most of the blame.

There was another reason why Botha resented H. J. van den Bergh. When HJ came to power as the head of BOSS and South Africa's intelligence overlord, Military Intelligence was pushed down into second place. And nobody in the military liked that. The top men in Military Intelligence regarded themselves as 'non-political purists' who were only interested in vital matters of defence. They despised Van Den Bergh's men as little peeping toms who crept round looking for people who disagreed with apartheid or Whites who slept with Blacks. And to some extent they were right.

When Mr P. W. Botha heard about the secret projects mounted by BOSS in collusion with the Department of Information, he got some of his top Military Intelligence men to mount a careful probe into various aspects of these projects. Armed with all this information he saw that the time had come for him to get his own back on Vorster and Van Den Bergh and bring himself to power at the same time.

That is why P. W. Botha had leaked all that information to Aida Parker about the CIA's secret war against South Africa. It prepared the ground for his next move, which was the slow but sure leaking of information to South Africa's liberal press about the Department of Information's secret projects. The notorious 'Info Scandal' was born. General H. J. van den Bergh and Premier John Vorster were toppled and, because he had known in advance what was going to happen, Mr P. W. Botha emerged from the Commission of Inquiry into Information Department malpractices with hands as white as snow.

In its summing up the Commission of Inquiry found that Mr Botha's hands were 'clean in every respect and his integrity remains unblemished for his great task as Prime Minister'. Yes, exactly as he had planned, the Honourable Mr Pieter Willem Botha became the Prime Minister of the Republic of South Africa. That was the reward for the man who was South Africa's real 'deepthroat'.

41 AN EYE FOR AN EYE

When he gave evidence before the Erasmus Commission of Inquiry into Information Department irregularities, General H. J. van den Bergh admitted that he felt entitled to kill dangerous underground Communists who posed a threat to the South African government but who could not be brought before a court of law.

'I can tell you here today, not for your records, but I can tell you I have enough men to commit murder if I tell them to kill . . . I do not care who the prey is, or how important they are. Those are the kind of men I have. And if I wanted to do something like that to protect the security of the State nobody would stop me. I would stop at nothing.'

Smiling at the three-man Commission he added sarcastically: 'But that is such a damaging admission that, my dear honourable gentlemen, for the sake of the South African government, you will be compelled to omit it from your findings.'

HJ was right. The Commission watered down the comment to 'He told the Commission arrogantly that if he wanted to do something, nobody would stop him and that he would stop at nothing.' The only other mention of this subject that the Commission made in its report was that HJ had also admitted 'being in charge of a formidable network of agents whose qualities he described in sinister terms'.

HJ told me about his shock admission to the Commission when my wife and I spent the afternoon on his 290-acre farm near Pretoria one Saturday in March 1979. It came as no surprise. I had known about the BOSS killer squad, the 'Z-Squad', for a long time. But even today nothing has been written about it in the South African press. I doubt if they know any details about it, but even if they do, nothing can

be published. It's top secret, an official secret which falls under the Official Secrets Act.

Apart from that there is a new Act, called the 'Police Act', which was passed by parliament in June 1979. This prohibits publication of any 'untruth' about the police unless there are 'reasonable grounds' for believing it to be true. Like the Prisons Act, it places on the publisher the onus of proving that the required reasonable grounds exist. Offences are punishable by a fine of up to £5,000 and imprisonment for up to five years. Or both. What it boils down to is that, in the same way as the Prisons Act has stopped any disclosure of bad conditions in South Africa's prisons, the Police Act effectively eliminates publication of any report which might put the South African police force in a bad light. It is yet another strong link in the lengthy chain that shackles the South African press.

The Z-Squad was formed in the late 1960s. The idea was put into H. J. van den Bergh's mind when a fire-bomb was thrown through the Soweto home of a Black spy who had given evidence against two members of the African National Congress. The Security Police were on the scene first and were later joined by members of Johannesburg's feared Murder and Robbery Squad. One of the Murder and Robbery Squad men told the Security Police that he had a good idea who had thrown the bomb; he believed it was a Black gangster who lived about three miles away.

I do not know the name of the Murder Squad man, so I will call him 'Mr P'. Later that night he went to the home of the Black gangster, sneaked into his bedroom and shot him dead as he lay asleep in bed. To make this murder appear to be a lawful case of 'self-defence', Mr P placed a stolen gun in the dead man's hand and shot four or five bullets at the doorway, using the dead man's finger to pull the trigger. Mr P then returned to base and filed a report stating that he had gone to the gangster's home, 'acting on information received', and had been met by a hail of bullets as he entered the room. He had fired back to save his life.

His statement fitted in perfectly with the evidence found

at the scene by other members of the Murder and Robbery Squad. The gangster's fingerprints were on the gun. He had definitely fired it, because forensic tests showed that minute 'flashback' gunpowder particles were found on his hand, arm and bedclothes. No problem. The Security Police knew otherwise, but they did not do anything about it, apart from telling H. J. van den Bergh.

'There's nothing wrong with that,' he said. 'They kill our chaps, so why shouldn't we kill theirs? It's an eye for an eye, and the Bible says that's all right.'

That may sound strange to overseas ears, but South Africans will immediately understand. Like most God-fearing Afrikaners, HJ was fond of using his Bible as an excuse. If the Bible is read very carefully by people looking for excuses they can make certain phrases mean what they want them to mean. For instance, one of the Afrikaner's favourite sayings is that it is only right the White man should be superior, and that the Black man is there to do all the hard and dirty work. Ask him why he believes this and he will almost certainly tell you it's in the Bible. Where?

'Agh, man, that part where it tells how the inferior people should be hewers of wood and drawers of water.*'

I have not related this famous South African anecdote in an effort to denigrate the Afrikaner and his genuine religious fervour. On the contrary, I want to make something very clear. I never had a meal at any Afrikaner's home where full Grace or thanks to God was not said. And an Afrikaner without a Bible in his home is a great rarity. But the Afrikaner has some kind of mental block when it comes to passing on his love of God to his fellow man. He thinks with his blood, not his brain. As he sits saying Grace at a table overloaded with good food, Nellie the Black maid is sitting in the kitchen eating her 'mealie pap' (maize meal) from her own private tin plate and drinking tea from her own tin mug. It's an old Afrikaner tradition, based on that strange excuse that Black servants have their own distinctive cup and plate because 'their germs are stronger than ours, you know'. The

* The descendants of Ham (Joshua 9:21).

cartoon figure of the old bearded Afrikaner farmer holding a Bible in one hand and a whip in the other as he watches over the Blacks working in his fields is no joke. Sadly, it's all too true. In many rural areas of South Africa the Afrikaner farmer goes to church with all his Black workers every Sunday. He's a very religious man, and they all sing hymns together: the farmer inside the church, with all the other Whites, and the Blacks outside, lustily singing away on the church steps.

I once asked HJ during a private interview whether God approved of spying. Without blinking an eyelid he threw several examples from the Bible at me. 'You know the story of Rahab, who gave information and assistance to the external enemy force and then named her price to Joshua, namely that her life and the lives of her family be spared. And what about the house of Joseph, who made a resident of the city of Bethel an outright offer for his information, saying "Shew us, we pray thee, the entrance into the city and we shall shew thee mercy". And isn't the whole story of Esther an account of a classic case of infiltration into and penetration of the royal house of Ahasuerus? And you may care to look up how, point by point, Moses carefully spelled out his orders to his spies, in Numbers 13, to "Get ye up this way southward and go up into the mountain and see the land, what it is, and the people that dwelleth therein. Whether they are strong or weak, few or many, and what the land is that they dwell in, whether in tents or in strong-holds."'

HJ paused to get full effect. 'And you know the story of how, upon their return, they were subjected to debriefing; how they differed in their evaluation of the findings and which interpretation was acted upon.'

During another interview HJ insisted that full credit for the Bureau's successes should go to Alec van Wyk and Mike Geldenhuys, who were two of his top men. He called them Aaron and Hur.

'A man cannot pull an ox-waggon by himself,' said HJ. 'Even Moses could not always manage on his own. When

the Israelites came up against Amalek and Moses stood on top of a hill with the rod of God in his hand he needed Aaron and Hur to hold up his weary arms until sunset while Joshua discomfited Amalek and his people with the edge of the sword. Alec is my Aaron and Mike is my Hur. And I have people who are willing to use the edge of the sword as well.'

Yes, the Afrikaner certainly knows his Bible. Using the biblical 'eye for an eye' saying, HJ formed the team of men known as the Z-Squad — men who were willing to use the edge of the sword for him. There were five of them, and, at first, they only killed Blacks, those 'hewers of wood and drawers of water' who dared to stand up and agitate for better jobs and better living conditions for themselves and other Blacks.

One victim was Mr Abraham Tiro. He received a parcel through the post on 1 February 1974 at the St Joseph's Roman Catholic Mission at Khale, near Gaberone in Botswana. It exploded as he opened it, and he was killed instantly. The Botswana government issued a statement expressing its horror at the brutal murder and pointedly adding that Mr Tiro had 'incurred the deep displeasure of certain powerful circles in South Africa'.

This was true. In 1972 Mr Tiro had been expelled from South Africa's Black 'University of the North' for agitating on campus against apartheid. This caused mass walk-outs and other forms of protest there and at other Black seats of learning. In 1973 Mr Tiro was expelled from a teaching post at a Soweto high school for the same reason. He then stood up to be counted and became a leading figure in the militant and well-organized South African Students' Organization (SASO) which frightened the life out of South African Whites.

Mr Tiro fled from South Africa in September 1973, just in time to avoid a warrant issued for his arrest. Settling in Botswana, he started training Blacks who would eventually return to South Africa for underground activities. That's why they killed him.

The Z-Squad had sent the bomb to Mr Tiro. A BOSS agent operating in Switzerland had taken the wrapping from an old parcel which had been posted in Geneva by the International-University Exchange Fund (IUEF). This wrapping was carefully sealed round the parcel bomb sent to Mr Tiro. Mr Tiro was not suspicious when he received the parcel. Seeing from the stamp imprint and the label that it came from the IUEF, a body he knew to be well disposed towards the struggle for Black freedom in South Africa, he opened it. That act of faith killed him.

Eleven days later, on 12 February 1974, another Black known as John Dube received a parcel at his office in Lusaka, Zambia. He died instantly when the parcel exploded as he opened it. His name was not really John Dube. He was 'Boy' Mvemve, the son of Mr Douglas Mvemve, one of the men acquitted in the Winnie Mandela trial. Boy Mvemve had formerly lived in Johannesburg's Black township of Alexandra. He was one of the founder members of the ANC's 'Spear of the Nation' sabotage group and fled from South Africa when he realized that the Security Police knew about him planting bombs outside two Johannesburg post offices.

H. J. van den Bergh could not resist cracking a joke about Boy Mvemve being blown up in Zambia. 'I think it is poetic justice that we got this mad post-office bomber with a bomb sent through the mail from his local post office.' From that remark I realized the bomb had been posted in Lusaka, Zambia, and not from overseas, as press reports claimed. The Z-Squad is widely travelled.

Several other Blacks died opening parcel bombs, including the former president of Frelimo, Dr Eduardo Mondlane, in Tanzania in 1969, and Matt Chitenda, at Frelimo's office in Lusaka, Zambia, in 1971. HJ alleged that Mondlane had been assassinated by the Portuguese PIDE.

In its spare time South Africa's Z-Squad also terrorized known opponents of apartheid inside South Africa. Many of these sneak attacks were blamed on 'Scorpio', a secret and extreme right-wing group in South Africa - secret to

the public because the police try their hardest not to catch them. Like me, they probably realized that some of the petty attacks were made by enthusiastic Security Police operatives who like to do a bit of work when off duty. Since the early 1960s there have been 1,600 recorded incidents of right-wing intimidation and violence to people and property.

The worst case I have knowledge of was that of Dr Richard Turner, a lecturer in political science at the University of Natal. He was an outspoken critic of apartheid and made this very clear when he lectured to his students. That's 'disseminating Communism', said Pretoria, and in February 1973 they banned and restricted him.

In November 1976 Dr Turner was awarded a Humboldt Fellowship, one of the world's leading academic awards, made solely for post-doctoral study. When he applied for permission from Pretoria to travel to Germany to take up the fellowship, he was refused.

Thirteen months later Dr Turner made a telephone call from his home and asked a relative to give him the passports for his two children as he intended sending them away for a holiday. I know for a fact that this call was bugged by the Security Police and someone in security wrongly deduced that Dr Turner intended fleeing from South Africa. He was subjected to massive harassment and then, seven days later, on 8 January 1978, Dr Turner was shot dead in his home by an unknown sniper.

I investigated this case, and two very important aspects struck me. Six neighbours said they had heard the shot that killed Dr Turner. Yet not one of them was interviewed by the police. Not one of them. In fact, the police did not even bother to interview *any* of Dr Turner's neighbours.

Worse still, the police did not bother to call out its superb tracker dogs in an attempt to follow the trail left by the assassin, which is normal police procedure. These two oddities may not be strong evidence in a court of law, but they told me one thing. The police clearly did not wish to catch the killer. It really is incredible.

On 11 May 1973, the Z-Squad blew up the printing press of the Ovambo-Kavango Lutheran Church at Onipa in South West Africa (Namibia). The press printed the newspaper *Omukwetu*, which was fiercely critical of the South African government. I heard that this attack was made because a group of Lutheran Church leaders had met Premier John Vorster about one week earlier and, during their discussions with him, had been cheeky enough to criticize the 'abominable system of apartheid'.

In 1976 two of the Z-Squad killers were seriously injured while making some kind of midnight attack. It was then that H. J. van den Bergh decided to recruit new men. He ordered an exhaustive check on members of the Reconnaissance Commando unit formed by Army chief Magnus Malan the previous year. Psychological and other tests were carried out on all the members of this tough unit, and these clearly showed which were 'born killers' who would not suffer remorse about killing civilians. The two best recruits were then secretly drafted into 'part-time' work – in the Z-Squad.

Black men are still dying mysteriously in various parts of Southern Africa. They are all famous opponents of the Pretoria regime.

On 29 April 1980 Mr Matheus Elago died in South West Africa when a bomb exploded under his car.

On 14 March 1980 Mr David Sheehama was murdered in his South West Africa home in front of his children. His wife was shot three times but survived. Their house was also burnt down.

Two days earlier, on 12 March, another local named Mr Eliakim Shimi parked his car in a different place, for the first time, when he arrived home after dark. Early the next morning children found a cunningly hidden landmine buried in the sand exactly at the spot where he normally parked his car. Demolition experts carefully dug out the landmine and found some very familiar markings on it. There was absolutely no doubt about it. The landmine belonged to the South African Defence Force.

There is only one answer to those Afrikaners who believe in the biblical saying 'an eye for an eye'. It appears in Exodus, Chapter 20, verse 13, and says: 'Thou shalt not kill.'

42 · BITS AND PIECES

To the south-east of Pretoria there is a large farm known as Rietvlei. Access is along a small dusty track well off the main road. It looks innocent enough, but it is a secret BOSS complex where top BOSS operatives live before being posted to other areas or after they have returned from long stints overseas and have not had time to settle into a new home.

The farm has another use – training Black agents whose main target is to infiltrate the ranks of Black liberation movements in other countries. It began in 1963, and the man who first started the training there was Colonel Att Spengler, alias Mr Campbell. Later, his job was taken over by a man named Anderson.

To rule out possible betrayal by fellow agents, the Black spies are trained individually. This idea was pinched from British intelligence's tried and trusted 'monastic cell' method. The Blacks are carefully chosen and then put through some very ingenious loyalty tests. When BOSS is satisfied, the men are taught Communist theory so that they can pose as leftists. After training they are let loose and told to infiltrate liberal circles inside South Africa so that they can gain useful contacts as well as experience in the field. To give them believable cover some of them are harassed, detained and sometimes jailed for short periods on Pass Law or other minor offences. Once in jail they are slipped into the same section, often the same prison cell, as Blacks known to be politically active and well connected. This gives them more experience and those all-important contacts outside the jail.

When BOSS is satisfied that the agents have erected a good relationship in anti-government circles, they are told to flee from South Africa under their own steam and

illegally. They are promised a £10,000 bonus when they eventually return to South Africa. They are also assured that if they come to any harm while spying overseas their parents or relatives will be well looked after.

Some of those Black spies did extremely well. The fake persecution they suffered while in South Africa led them to be accepted by various liberation groups, and they were sent for guerrilla training in different parts of Africa, Algeria, Russia, China and even Cuba. Eventually some of them returned to South Africa in secret along with groups of genuine guerrillas with the aim of committing acts of sabotage inside the country or setting up activist groups underground. But, being spies, they betrayed all their comrades, who were arrested by the South African security services.

When White spies return to South Africa after working overseas they get the red-carpet treatment. Like Mr Craig Williamson, the BOSS agent who infiltrated the International University Exchange Fund (IUEF), a liberal body based in Switzerland which operates humanitarian and other projects for deserving Blacks in South Africa. Agent Williamson did so well that he rose to be the deputy director, in virtual control of the IUEF's anti-apartheid contacts in South Africa. When he was exposed and fled back to Pretoria in January 1980 he was hailed by the government press as 'Our Hero'.

It's not like that when a Black spy returns to South Africa. Never in the history of that country has a Black agent been given public recognition or accolades. The reason is simple. Pretoria cannot admit that Blacks are as clever, or as brave, as Whites. It just would not fit in with the White Supremacy image.

When Blacks return they usually end up standing in the witness box as State witnesses giving evidence against the comrades they betrayed. Their story is always the same: 'I was a genuine runaway from apartheid because I thought it was a bad system. When I got overseas I fell into the clutches of White Communists who taught me to be a

terrorist. I eventually realized that they were wrong and that Blacks were treated better in South Africa than in most overseas countries. That is why I am giving evidence against my friends today. They are Communist dupes but still don't realize it.'

This 'I became disenchanted with Communism' tactic is always good propaganda for the South African government and helps to cement the vote of those Whites who like and need constant reassurance that their privileged way of life is not likely to be taken away by those revolting Blacks and revolutionary Reds.

The African National Congress soon became aware of this ploy and erected security measures to stop Black spies infiltrating their ranks. These security measures in turn became known to BOSS. A returning Black spy who had been totally shunned in London and failed utterly as an information gatherer told BOSS that all politically involved people fleeing from South Africa, particularly Blacks, were being heavily vetted on their arrival in London by Mr Abdul Minty of the British Anti-Apartheid Movement.

Mr Minty, himself a South African exile, apparently did his vetting work well. Pretoria told me he had succeeded in rooting out several of our agents. BOSS retaliated by making its Black agents undergo intensive Abdul Minty-type question-and-answer interrogation sessions before they were sent overseas. But Abdul Minty and the African National Congress men in London still managed to root them out and bounce them back. It's like a never-ending ping pong game.

In early 1973 BOSS told me that British Labour MP James 'Spycatcher' Wellbeloved had built up a dossier on Pretoria's Black spies in England. I was assigned to interview Wellbeloved to see if I could wheedle some of the names out of him. No go. I tried hard, but Wellbeloved clearly had experience as an intelligence officer. There was no doubt in my mind whatsoever on that score; he was well geared to deception. All he gave me was a story I had to print otherwise I would have given the game away as to the

real reason for approaching him. It was a good story, but BOSS didn't like it one little bit. It was headlined 'SA Blacks Spying In United Kingdom' (says Labour MP).* Yes, he's very cute, is spycatcher Wellbeloved.

Intelligence work can be very demanding for the desk men at BOSS headquarters in Pretoria. There, every year, they assign one of the top men in each section to write a book on some aspect of their particular sphere. These are reference books strictly for use inside BOSS headquarters and are not supposed to leave the building. But over the years I managed to slip one out now and again until I had quite a collection.

One of the books was written by BOSS operative M. Mostert. It is an in-depth and concise breakdown of the 'African Resistance Movement' (ARM), a group of White intellectuals and students who mounted 'no-loss-of-life' sabotage attacks against electricity pylons and government installations in 1962 as a protest against apartheid. Entitled *ARM* the book traces the formation of the group, itemizes every bombing it committed, and lists all the known members and their codenames. Certain top-secret details and documents mentioned in this and a sister book show that Pretoria received high-grade information from British intelligence about ARM leaders such as John Lang and Monty Berman, who later fled to Britain, as did Randolph Vigne and a mysterious character known as Robert Watson, a former British army man and an explosives expert. BOSS commissioned this book because it was quite satisfied that the ARM was formed, funded and propagandized in South Africa by the CIA.

Another BOSS book in my possession is the *New African*, an astonishing 330-page breakdown of every writer, politician or poet who contributed work to the famous liberal journal *The New African* during all the years it was published. This is the sister book to the one about the African Resistance Movement and contains top-secret

* Johannesburg *Sunday Express*, 14 January 1973.

details from letters intercepted by the South African Security Police. The *New African* book was written by Piet 'Swanny' Swanepoel, the head of BOSS's White Suspects section. It took him two years to compile and one year to write. It gives a concise and cross-indexed biography of each contributor to *The New African*, with the subject he wrote about and the date it was published.

Linked in with this book is yet another BOSS-produced manual, of which I also have a copy. It runs to 155 pages and contains names and brief biographies of everyone who contributed work to three other liberal journals, *Africa South*, *Transition* and *Africa South In Exile*.

BOSS's spy mania is such that the names of all the thousands of people mentioned in those books are religiously entered into the BOSS computer, to be called up in case any of them visit South Africa. To BOSS they are all potential spies, dreaded Reds or loathsome liberals, who must be monitored. Some people may think all this sounds rather silly and a waste of time. Not so. It is quite surprising how much incidental information BOSS gleans – and how many visitors to South Africa get nabbed in one way or another.

Even more mind-boggling is another BOSS book in my possession. It is entitled *CIA Front Men, Front Organizations and Conduits*. It contains, in alphabetical order and minutely cross-indexed, every mention made in the *New York Times* of the American CIA. This really is a labour of love, or hard labour. Starting from 1967 it is a valuable 'at-a-glance' reference book for any political observer – or spy.

The cost of compiling all these BOSS books, in man-hours alone, would be astronomical for any private researcher or publisher overseas, but the cost to BOSS is nil; the South African taxpayer foots the bill.

BOSS is equally efficient in its monitoring of letters. Intercepting those posted inside the country is easy, because nearly all top jobs in the post office are held by Afrikaners.

For mail entering and leaving the country BOSS has its own postal sorting set-up based at Johannesburg's Jan Smuts airport. This establishment is totally unknown to the South African public; not one word about it has ever been published. BOSS calls it the 'watching post', or WP for short. There are also watching posts in Cape Town, Durban and Port Elizabeth which monitor mail arriving by sea. The overall name for countrywide mail interception is 'Operation Buttonhole'.

The BOSS men who work in the watching post have hand-picked postal sorters to help them. They laugh at promises given in parliament by the Nationalist government that only letters likely to contain material 'affecting the security of the State' are intercepted. The watching post scrutinizes a vast range of mail every day including international mail to and from such near-by Black states as Lesotho and Swaziland. The sorters are so skilled that they can recognize a copy of *Playboy* magazine from its weight alone – even if it is disguised in a thick wrapper. (*Playboy* is banned in South Africa.) In many cases they can even recognize the handwriting of well-known political exiles overseas. Perhaps this is one reason why the South African Communist Party and the African National Congress instruct all their members to type when addressing envelopes sent to South Africa.

In the watching post they have boards on the walls bearing long sheets containing the names and addresses connected with well-known suspects in South Africa and overseas. They are in alphabetical order and are added to almost daily. But the sorters know many of the really important ones off by heart. They also know the type of envelopes certain people use, the postal franking codes used by large firms, and the addresses of most liberal organizations, leftist magazines, youth or student movements and church bodies etc.

I have several photocopies of letters which were intercepted by BOSS, some of them sent by famous people or firms. The most amazing photocopy in my files is of a letter

sent by a young South African to the Arab Palestine Resistance in Damascus, Syria. That young man wrote saying he wanted to join them, be trained by them overseas and then return to South Africa under a false name as a freedom fighter. I also have a copy of the reply he received from the Arab Palestine Resistance, bearing their official head-office rubber stamp. I shudder to think what happened to him.

BOSS has another efficient set-up at Johannesburg's Jan Smuts airport. They are jokingly called the 'key brigade' and their job is secretly to search the luggage of journalists, foreign politicians, businessmen and other VIPs visiting South Africa. What they are after are the suitcases which have been placed in the baggage holds of planes. They have a vast assortment of keys, carefully numbered and listed under the various makes of suitcases, which makes the quick opening of all locks a simple affair. They mainly look for private notes, notebooks, diaries, or official documents. It makes no difference whether you are left-wing or right. If you are a VIP with publicity potential your suitcase gets searched. Pretoria has been stabbed in the back by so many 'trusted' right-wingers, particularly reporters who came claiming to be well disposed towards the country but returned home to write slashing attacks on apartheid.

I know of several prominent people from Britain whose suitcases were searched in this way. One was the then Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr A. M. Ramsey, who visited South Africa in November 1970. All they found in his cases was a book he had borrowed from a public library in London. It was by an author who was critical of South Africa. BOSS also bugged Dr Ramsey's telephone and hotel room while he was in South Africa.

Another man who had his suitcases secretly searched was Mr William Brookes, a senior official of the guided weapons division of the British Aircraft Corporation. He visited South Africa in March 1973.

Trade union men are prime targets. In November 1972

three officials of the British Boilermakers' Union, Mr John Dennet, Mr James Murray and Mr Charles Rivers, had their suitcases secretly opened. One of the officials (I cannot remember which) spotted a Security Police 'tail' during their stay in South Africa. In October 1973 BOSS searched the suitcases of a British TUC delegation led by Mr Jack Jones and Mr Vic Feather. Also with them were Mr Cyril Plant of the Inland Revenue staff and a Mr J. A. Hargreaves. In this instance several photocopies were made of documents in their suitcases. Another member of the delegation, Mr Dan McGarvey, got through without his suitcase being monitored because, for some reason, he arrived on a later plane. To a great extent this was a slip-up on my part. I had signalled to BOSS an advance message from London stating that Mr McGarvey would be on the plane with the others.

A funnier slip-up occurred when British comedian Charles Hawtrey, the veteran of the *Carry On* films, stepped off a plane at Johannesburg's Jan Smuts airport in late May 1977. BOSS had received a message from the South African Embassy in London which said it had received an anonymous telephone call claiming that Mr Hawtrey was opposed to apartheid and was carrying some important letters to be delivered to an anti-apartheid campaigner in Johannesburg. At first, BOSS suspected it might be a clever publicity stunt engineered in advance by Mr Hawtrey. So, treading carefully, they arranged to have his suitcase searched on arrival at Jan Smuts. But there was a snarl-up. Mr Hawtrey's luggage was in the last batch to be taken out of the hold of the plane, and the immigration officials had already let him through into the section where luggage is collected. The BOSS men backstage just didn't have time to search his cases, so they flashed a message to the front of house saying Mr Hawtrey's luggage had, by an unfortunate accident, been left behind during a stopover at Paris.

By no coincidence at all I was the only journalist at the arrivals gate when Mr Hawtrey walked through. He may be a comedian, but he didn't think the loss of his luggage was

at all funny. Being an old trouper, though, he posed for my camera, saying he would not make a carry-on about the fact that he had no luggage to carry.* Although BOSS found nothing in Mr Hawtrey's suitcases they still played it safe and bugged every call he made from Suite 504 at the Statesman in Johannesburg. But he was clean.

The most surprising 'suitcase surveillance' job was carried out on Mr Mark Carlisle, Britain's present Education Secretary. He visited South Africa very quietly, without publicity, in early 1978, and I was astonished to hear from a pal in BOSS that his luggage had been monitored. He is one of South Africa's greatest admirers who has superb top-level contacts in that country. I knew he had been accorded the red-carpet treatment during his stay, and I could not work out why the key brigade had rummaged through his socks and shirts.

My BOSS contact explained: 'Yes, he's a friend all right, but you never know with these Limey politicians. They eat from your plate one minute and bite your hand the next.'

Another man whose cases were secretly searched was British journalist Adam Raphael, who flew to Durban. The BOSS men found a thick notebook containing highly detailed facts and figures, mostly figures, about the wages of Black mineworkers and sugar-cane cutters. The key brigade did not have time to take photocopies of the notebook, so they just pinched it. I've often wondered how Mr Raphael explained the loss of all that work to his editor back in London.

BOSS also has airline stewards and hostesses working for them, either as couriers or as spies. It is quite surprising how loose people's tongues are after they have passed through customs. The 'spies in the sky', who mostly work for South African Airways, eavesdrop. And what they hear is not always political; it may concern smuggling or currency evasion. If it's a criminal matter BOSS passes it on to the CID.

* *The Citizen*, 26 May 1977.

BOSS is equally efficient when it comes to monitoring external radio programmes. Every day of the week, round the clock, a team of at least ten men and women sit at typewriters with large headphones plugged in to programmes beamed out by radio stations in Angola, Zambia, Tanzania, Radio Moscow and even the BBC, the Voice of America and Deutsche Welle. Every word that is uttered is typed out and passed on to evaluators, who carefully list the names of all people speaking against South Africa. It's a gigantic exercise which probably pays off every now and again, but the men and women who have to listen to all those programmes are clearly bored to tears. I have hundreds of these BOSS transcripts and they show that the people transcribing the programmes are not too well endowed when it comes to brain cells. Every page is signed by the transcriber's initials. One with the signature 'G/O' shows that he (or she) does not read English-language newspapers at all: he spells Jim Callaghan as 'Callergan' and Canada's Pierre Trudeau as 'Trewdow' and even 'Treddow'. There is a spelling mistake on just about every page, no matter who the transcriber is. But one thing is clear: they are all White, because they misspell most Black names, even world-famous ones. 'Moscow' and 'Communist' they never get wrong. They get bored quickly too. On every other page the words 'indistinct' or 'inaudible' appear. Operator 'AJK' is smarter than the rest. When he wants to go for a cup of tea he types: 'Reception deteriorates to below transcribable level due to interference. Listening discontinued.' With that gift of the gab he's probably the top man in his section.

I do not know how many agents work for BOSS. But in 1972 I saw a report submitted by a Black spy whose code number was X350. That means BOSS had at least 350 full-time Blacks on its books at that time. This is not counting the hundreds of Blacks throughout the country who are freelance informers, paid only for what they submit. The prefix X to the code number enables the deskmen at

BOSS headquarters in Pretoria to tell at a glance the skin colour of the agent who has submitted the report in front of them. That can make a big difference to an Afrikaner when he needs to assess the 'calibre' of the report and the man who put it through.

Some White women who spy for BOSS have the prefix 'C' to their code number. I know that the number of White female full-timers in 1971 was at least 300.

In 1976 H. J. van den Bergh told me that BOSS had thirty-seven South African journalists on its payroll. Three of these were parliamentary correspondents, one was an editor in chief, and eight worked on news desks in one capacity or another.

Some South African journalists have written stories stating that BOSS does not operate inside the country, only outside its borders, and that internal investigations are left to the Security Police. Many people believe it, but they are being misled. BOSS has staff men all over the Republic. In many areas they share offices with the Security Police and even pose as members of that branch. But usually BOSS also has a top-secret office, such as the one based on the top floor of the Department of Health building at the corner of De Villiers Street and Rissik Street in Johannesburg.

In 1975 I visited the BOSS offices in Cape Town. They are on the eighteenth floor of the Metlife Building in Roeland Street. The entrance is protected by a large iron grille and an electronic lock. Inside I was shown round the various offices and 'workrooms'. One room was full of various kinds of light fittings, bulbs, wall plugs, sockets and one of those electric fireplace decoration units with cheerily glowing but false plastic logs. Another workroom contained ash trays, books, packets of cigarettes, table gas lighters, briefcases, 35mm cameras, binoculars, motor car dashboards, headlights, car radios, portable radios, doorknobs, picture frames, large metal window frames, umbrellas, kitchen buckets, disconnected telephones of various types and colours, and even seemingly ordinary house bricks.

All these items contained cleverly concealed bugging devices or transmitters. One pair of binoculars was fitted with a transmitter. Another pair was also a camera capable of taking head-and-shoulder photographs at a distance. My controller Jack Kemp, who was then in charge of that BOSS office, told me with pride that all these bugs were ready for immediate installation anywhere in the Cape Province. These devices are part of an operation known as 'Wheelchair' because some, such as large window frames or 'out-of-order' ventilation systems, have to be wheeled into premises about to be bugged.

This makes a mockery of a speech Premier John Vorster made in parliament on 21 April 1971. To remove 'certain misconceptions' about BOSS, Mr Vorster said 'The Bureau for State Security has never had anything to do with telephone tapping.' Mr Vorster had his wires crossed somewhere, because, just four months earlier, General H. J. van den Bergh, the head of BOSS, acknowledged in the Appeal Court that the Bureau *did* indulge in the practice of tapping telephones.*

At the BOSS offices in Cape Town was a small room with walls and ceiling heavily padded in thick white panelling. There were hundreds of tiny holes drilled in every panel. I had seen another room exactly the same on the first floor of Cape Town's Caledon Square police station. In fact, most Security Police offices at main centres in South Africa have rooms like these. They are sound-proof: or, I should say, scream-proof.

* *Cape Times*, 21 December 1970.

43 · TORTURE IN SOUTH AFRICA

'The weak have one weapon: the errors of those who think they are strong.'

Georges Bidault

The busiest interrogation room in South Africa is Room 1026 on the tenth floor of Johannesburg's central police station, 'John Vorster Square'. I know the building well. The top two floors contain a honeycomb of small offices housing the Security Police and several cells where high-risk political prisoners are kept. Unknown to the South African public, BOSS officials are also based on the tenth floor. If necessary they pose as Security Police officers.

Security measures for these offices are tight. Entrance can be gained only through a lift which goes down to a basement garage at the rear of John Vorster Square. This enables BOSS operatives to slip in and out unseen. As you step out of the lift into a corridor on the top floor you come face to face with an official in plain clothes who sits in a tiny room directly opposite the lift door. His desk is situated so that he is staring at you through the doorway. A retired policeman, he is big and hefty and not too bright. He's only a glorified doorman, but he knows what to do if you have entered the lift illegally. He packs a revolver under his coat.

'Who are you? What does you want? Has you got an appointment?' he will ask in a guttural Afrikaans accent. When he has written all these details down laboriously in a large book he telephones a Security Police officer, who walks in, and will later sign you out.

If all that sounds sinister, imagine you are a Black being taken there for questioning. Matthew Mabelane, the twenty-two-year-old son of a respected Black clergyman in Soweto, walked through that door in early February 1977. But he did

not walk out again. A few days later, on 15 February, he allegedly jumped through the window of the interrogation room on the tenth floor. The security officials said he had leapt out while being 'questioned' by two warrant officers and a sergeant. He had tried to escape, had run along a ledge outside the window, 'lost his balance' and fallen to his death. Inquest verdict: 'Died accidentally while trying to escape'.

Another Black who died 'falling out of a window' at John Vorster Square was Mr Z. J. Mazeka, who died in April 1974. He was being questioned by a night shift of interrogators at the time of his death, which was 3 a.m. Inquest verdict: 'Accidental death or suicide'.

There is nothing new about political detainees falling out of windows. The first case I have knowledge of was Mr Suliman Salojee, who died on 9 September 1964 while being interrogated at The Grays, the old Security Police headquarters in Johannesburg. Inquest finding: 'Open verdict, but the police were not to blame'.

Another man who fell while in custody was Mr Phakamile Mabija, aged twenty-seven. The warden of a church in Kimberley, he plunged to his death on 7 July 1977 from the sixth floor of Kimberley's Transvaal Road police station while under Security Police detention. At the inquest, the Security Chief for Kimberley, Colonel J. D. du Plessis, said Mr Mabija's sister had lied when telling the court that as her brother was taken into custody, one of the White Security Police officers had said 'Say good-bye to your family, Mabija, you won't be seeing them again.' Inquest verdict: 'Suicide by jumping'.

Another detainee who fell was Mr George Botha, a Coloured biology teacher aged thirty-two. He was in the Port Elizabeth headquarters of the Security Police at Sanlam Buildings on 15 December 1976 when he allegedly leapt down a stairwell next to a lift. He died instantly when his body landed head-first in the basement area six floors below. Inquest finding: 'Open verdict, but not assaulted by the police'. The political attitudes of the presiding magis-

trate at that inquest can be assessed from the fact that a post-mortem report submitted to the hearing by a government pathologist disclosed that there were at least four serious injuries on the dead man's shoulder, chest, upper arm and armpit – not caused by the fall but quite definitely inflicted before his death.

Shortly after Mr Botha died, two other prisoners fell out of Security Police windows in Port Elizabeth. Both lived, but little publicity was given to these cases. They were criminal prisoners, not political.

There is another recorded case of a Black detainee who fell from a window while being interrogated by the Security Police in Port Elizabeth. This was on 10 November 1967. Total mystery surrounds the case. When Progressive Party MP Mrs Helen Suzman asked the Minister of Justice what had happened, he gave the official answer that the detainee, whose name he would not disclose, 'tried to escape by jumping through a sixth floor window but he was not seriously injured'.

Yet another Black who fell from the Security Police HQ in Port Elizabeth was Lungile Tabalaza, aged twenty. He fell from a window five floors up on 11 July 1978. Whether he jumped or was pushed is not known. But his feet and legs bore injuries caused before his death which strongly indicated that he had been suspended by his feet before the fall. Inquest verdict: 'Died trying to escape. No criminal negligence on the part of the police'.

A very famous man who died in a fall was the Imam Abdulla Haron, a prominent religious leader in Cape Town's Moslem community. Aged forty-four, the Imam was held by Security Police when it was discovered that he had been distributing money to the wives and children of Black political figures who were in jail. What was sinister about that, from the Security Police point of view, was that Imam Haron had obtained the money from Canon John Collins and his Defence and Aid Fund in London. The Imam was interrogated for the best part of seventy-six days for at least seven hours a day. On 27 September he died

after falling down a flight of stairs near his cell. The inquest was told that there were twenty-six bruises on his body, a blood swelling on his back and a fractured rib. Inquest verdict: 'Death from blood-clotting partially caused by falling downstairs'. When the Imam's widow, Mrs Galima Haron, instituted a claim for damages against the Minister of Justice and Police for the ill-treatment or neglect of her husband while in police custody, she was silenced with an out-of-court settlement of £2,500 by the government.

Another Black detainee who fell was Mr Nicodemus Kgoathe, who was held under the Terrorism Act in November 1968 and died three months later on 5 February 1969. His Security Police interrogators told a magistrate that Mr Kgoathe had asked for a shower on a hot day, and while in the shower he had slipped on the soapy floor and banged his head against the wall. Cause of death: 'Kidney failure and bronchial pneumonia following head injuries sustained in a shower. No person to blame.'

Three weeks later, on 28 February 1969, another Black detainee died in a police cell-block shower. He was Mr Solomon Modipane. He had slipped on a bar of soap and hit his head on the wall, explained the Security Police. Magistrate's finding: 'Death due to natural causes. No inquest necessary'.

Another Black who fell was Mr Johnson Nyathi, aged twenty-nine. He was thrown through the fourth-floor window of a police station in February 1977, but survived to tell the tale. While recovering in hospital with two broken legs and spinal injuries he smuggled out a letter and sent it to Mr David 'Dave' Sibeko, the chief spokesman for the Pan-Africanist Congress in America. A huge jovial man with a chest as big as a beer barrel, and a stomach to match, Dave was also the PAC representative at the United Nations.*

Dave and I were old friends, dating back to 1960, when he had worked for the Black newspaper *Post* in Johannesburg.

* David 'Baby Elephant' Sibeko, aged forty, was assassinated by gunmen on 12 June 1979 while on a visit to Dar es Salaam, Tanzania.

burg. In later years he heard the rumours that I was a BOSS agent but still remained friendly, because I always had a soft spot for PAC and often wrote stories putting their point of view. When he received the letter smuggled out by Johnson Nyathi, Dave Sibeko posted a copy of it to me in Johannesburg, saying 'Please, Gordy, see if you can write an article agitating on this comrade's behalf.'

Not one word did I write. It was impossible. The allegations made by Johnson Nyathi were horrific. The basic details are that he was a member of the Pan-Africanist Congress and was implacably opposed to the apartheid regime. Along with several other PAC men he was detained in December 1976.

When he refused to implicate any of his fellow PAC members, the Security Police kicked, punched and throttled him. They butted him round the room with a broomhandle which they also shoved into his anus. He still would not talk, so they stood him in a corner for long periods without sleep and hit him every time he closed his eyes or leaned against the wall. Then they held him out of a window four floors high saying they would drop him if he refused to talk. When he said he would talk they pulled him in and sat him down at a table with pen and paper. When he handed the pen back and said he had changed his mind, they picked him up, swung him by legs and arms and through the open window. Almost before he hit the ground the Security Police officers ran down the stairs shouting 'Grab that kaffir, he's trying to escape.' But Johnson Nyathi was in no state to run away. Both his legs were broken in the fall, and his spine was also damaged.

The place was Krugersdorp police station, and the date was 2 February 1977. He was rushed to hospital, where he spent eight months recovering. By law, a magistrate has to visit detainees at regular intervals to ensure that they are in good health and have no complaints. The political attitudes of most of those magistrates, who are supposed to be unbiased, can be judged from the fact that the White magistrate who visited Johnson Nyathi in hospital sat down

by his bed and said with a smile: 'Hello, Nyathi, did you think you could fly without wings, ha ha?' No wonder Johnson Nyathi hates Whites.

My case file on Johnson Nyathi gets worse. When he tried to mount a legal action for damages against the Minister of Police, claiming that he had been tortured by no fewer than six different policemen and that he had been deliberately thrown out of the window, the State refused to accept his claim. They pointed out that such a claim had to be submitted within six months of the alleged assault. When Mr Nyathi tried to point out that he had been held incommunicado under the Terrorism Act and the police had refused to put his claim through, the State lawyers shrugged their shoulders and said 'The law is the law.'

When I gave BOSS a copy of Johnson Nyathi's letter to Dave Sibeko, Pretoria really got tough. They laid a charge against Johnson Nyathi for attempting to escape from custody by jumping through that window. He appeared in court, was found guilty and jailed for one year.

Even worse, Johnson Nyathi was indicted along with seventeen other members of the PAC in a marathon case which became known in South Africa as the Bethal trial and ended in June 1979 with sixteen of the accused being found guilty and sentenced to jail terms ranging from five to fifteen years. Johnson Nyathi got ten years. Added to the one year he is serving for 'attempting to escape', this means that he will not walk out of jail until June 1990. Political prisoners in South Africa get no remission whatsoever.

The Bethal trial received very little publicity in overseas newspapers, but a book should be written about it. It is a classic case of Security Police barbarity. Detectives swooped on at least 100 Blacks who were discovered to be members of, or well disposed to, the PAC. Sixty of these agreed to give evidence for the State at the trial, and most of them gave evidence *in camera*. But I know of four PAC men who refused to betray their comrades.

The first was Dr Naboth Ntshuntsha. He was detained by the Security Police on 14 December 1976. He was found

dead in a police cell on 9 January 1977. Inquest verdict: 'Suicide by hanging'. This death led to a question in parliament and caused the Minister of Police to admit that 'unauthorized incisions' had been made on Dr Ntshunsha's body at the mortuary. These 'incisions' – which made a complete post-mortem examination impossible – were 'An incision from the throat right down to the groin' and another 'from ear to ear across the top of the skull'. Nobody was prosecuted for that interference with justice.

Mr Samuel Malinga, aged forty-five, of Soweto, died on 22 February 1977 after being rushed to hospital by Security Police officers in Pietermaritzburg, Natal. Inquest verdict: 'Heart or respiratory failure'.

Mr Aaron Khoza, aged forty-five, detained on 9 December 1976 (with Johnson Nyathi), was found hanging in a Pietermaritzburg police cell on 23 March 1977. Inquest verdict: 'Hanged himself. Nobody to blame'. But Mr Harry Pitman, a lawyer who appeared for Mr Khoza's family, was most dissatisfied with the evidence given at that inquest. He stood up and stated that the evidence given by the prison staff was contradictory and the whole investigation had proved 'highly unsatisfactory'. He made another frontal attack when he pointed to a police photograph taken in the cell after Mr Khoza's body had been cut down but before it had been removed. That photograph clearly showed that there was a glass window in the window frame *inside* the bars. Yet the prison authorities claimed that Mr Khoza had hanged himself from those bars with a rope made out of his jacket and shoelaces. When the inquest adjourned and trooped off to inspect this cell, the prison commandant smilingly ushered them in. There was no glass in the window.

Sipho Bonaventure Malaza, a schoolboy aged seventeen, who lived at Kagiso Black Township, near Krugersdorp, was detained on his way home from a schoolmate's home on 1 July 1977. He was found dead in a police cell on 11 November 1977. Inquest verdict: 'Hanged himself'.

The number one accused in the Bethal trial was Mr

Zeph Mothopeng, aged sixty-seven. The former president of the Transvaal Teachers' Association and a founder member of the Pan-Africanist Congress, Zeph is, without doubt, a dyed-in-the-wool revolutionary. He is not a Communist but, in the eyes of Pretoria, perhaps worse. He made no bones about hating apartheid to the point where he would blow up offices of the Bantu Affairs Department, burn down the homes of suspected Black spies, and teach hundreds of Black youngsters to unite against apartheid and create a revolution. And to do this he had set up front organizations with respectable-sounding religious names such as the 'Young African Christian Movement' and the 'Young African Religious Movement'.

I first started writing about Zeph Mothopeng twenty years ago. I only met him once but I know all about the man. He is the most tortured man alive in South Africa today. The Security Police tortured him in 1960 before he was sentenced to two years in jail, along with the Pan-Africanist Congress leader Robert Sobukwe, for publicly encouraging Blacks to burn their hated Pass Books. In 1964 the security men tortured him again and he was jailed for another eighteen months.

At that time he brought an action for damages against Mr John Vorster, then the Minister of Justice, claiming that he had been tortured by police officers using an electric shock machine. When this machine was brought to court by the police, which was an admission in itself, the State lawyer demanded to be connected to it with the power turned on. He stood there smiling at the court as the machine purred gently. 'It wouldn't hurt a fly,' he said. He was right; it wouldn't. The Security Police had made sure of that by toning it down. Zeph Mothopeng was branded as a liar and he lost his action.

When detained in connection with the Bethal trial, Zeph was again tortured. He told the judge, Mr Justice Curlewis, all about this torture. So did twelve of the other accused in the case, who all disclosed gruesome tales of vicious assaults and torture. Mr Justice Curlewis did not believe them.

Neither did he believe claims that some of the sixty Black State witnesses had been tortured into giving evidence. 'I find that not one of them has been tortured by the Security Police,' he said.

One of the main principles of justice is that when there is 'reasonable doubt' the case should be thrown out. Whether or not Mr Justice Curlewis felt there was reasonable doubt in the torture claims of Zeph Mothopeng and his followers, surely he had heard about the strange deaths in detention of those four men, Nabeth Ntshuntsha, Samuel Malinga, Aaron Khoza and Sipho Malaza. Were not those cases grounds for reasonable doubt?

On 20 March 1978 two foreign diplomats, one from the Swedish Legation in South Africa and the other from the American Embassy, tried to attend the Bethal trial as official observers. Mr Justice Curlewis barred them from listening, agreeing with the State's contention that they wished to attend as 'representatives of governments only interested in political matters'.

Zeph Mothopeng told the court he did not wish to enter a plea because, as Nelson Mandela had said at his trial years earlier, he did not feel he would get justice from a court composed of White men who laid down the White man's laws.

At this stage Mr Justice Curlewis snapped 'Nelson Mandela, who is he? Why do you quote him? I've never heard of anyone named Mandela.'

Zeph Mothopeng was found guilty. He is serving a fifteen-year jail term and will be eighty-two years old when he is released in 1994.

At the conclusion of the Bethal trial, Zeph Mothopeng and twelve of his co-accused mounted legal actions for damages against the Minister of Police for a total of £100,000 for alleged assault and torture inflicted on them by members of the Security Police. The South African government will almost certainly deny their allegations, and mine. But there is only one way Pretoria can reasonably refute all these claims. Let the world press interview Zeph Mothopeng

and his colleagues, particularly Mr Johnson Nyathi, the man who was thrown through that window in Krugersdorp. Failing that, let a United Nations team interview those men in private. It really is a case for concern.

The most notorious case of 'death by falling' was that of Mr Ahmed Timol, an Indian schoolteacher aged thirty. He died after falling from Room 1026 of John Vorster Square on 27 October 1971. The Security Police said Mr Timol had jumped through the window, but I know the truth about Ahmed Timol's fall. I was responsible for his arrest in the first place.

It all started in London in late 1971 when I was the Membership Secretary for the London Freelance Branch of the National Union of Journalists. As I have stated earlier, I took advantage of being an officer of the Union by using their head-office files to compile a long 'suspect list' of all left-wing or liberal British journalists; and one of the men on that list was Mr Quentin Jacobsen, a freelance press cameraman who had won a photographic contest organized by the British *Sunday Times* in 1966. From his file I saw that Mr Jacobsen was quite clearly a liberal, and I submitted his name to BOSS, suggesting, as I did with all the men on my suspect list, that he should be watched if he visited South Africa.

When Quentin did visit South Africa, where he set up a photographic studio in Johannesburg, BOSS asked me to do a dig into his friends and background in London. I made discreet inquiries in London and discovered that Quentin had friends in the African National Congress, and, furthermore, he or his twin brother, Henry, had recently made a short visit to London and had smuggled some dagga (marijuana) out of South Africa hidden in either a surf board or a parachute. I flashed this back to BOSS, and they planted, or tried to plant, a Black agent on Quentin at his photographic studio in Johannesburg. While the police were investigating, they discovered that Quentin Jacobsen was friendly with several young anti-apartheid activists. All

were secretly monitored by the Security Police and followed. This led to the arrest of Ahmed Timol.

He died five days later. While being interrogated in Room 1026 he had, 'for no apparent reason', jumped up from a chair and dived through the window. That's what the Security Police said. My London BOSS handler, Alf Bouwer, told me a different story. He said three Security Police officers had been in Room 1026 at the time of Timol's death. They had asked Timol if he knew a man named Quentin Jacobsen. Timol had said 'Yes. He's a Coloured chap who lives down in Cape Town.' The Security men knew this was a lie because, acting on my information to BOSS, a Security Police monitoring team already had Quentin Jacobsen under surveillance and knew he was a White man from Britain.

Timol's lie angered the three security men, so two of them grabbed him and pushed his head and shoulders through the window as they held on to his legs. They threatened to drop him if he did not stop telling lies. But something happened to make one of the officers let go of Timol and he fell ten floors to his death.

Alf Bouwer told me he knew this 'inside story' because his brother, Robbie Bouwer, was a Security Police interrogator based at John Vorster Square. Robbie Bouwer had also helped to question Timol, but not on the day he died.

When I returned to South Africa in 1974, I became friendly with Robbie Bouwer, because he knew from his brother Alf that I had worked in London as a BOSS agent. I asked Robbie what had really happened to Timol, and this is what he told me:

'One of the chaps grabbed Timol by the seat of his trousers with one hand and his hair with the other. Our other chap held Timol's left leg with one hand and his shirt with the other. They only meant to scare him into talking and held him face down over the window ledge as they slowly pushed his head and shoulders out.'

'They told Timol they would let go if he didn't tell the truth about Quentin Jacobsen. Timol shouted something

like "Stuff you, you bastards", so the chap holding Timol's left leg let go of his shirt and, using both hands, banged Timol's left shin on the edge of the window ledge.'

It was at this stage that 'something terrible' happened, said Robbie Bouwer. Timol's right leg, either by spasm or by design, jerked up, and his heel hit the other officer in the testicles. He let go of Timol and fell back grunting in pain.

'The other chap, still holding Timol's left ankle and calf, was nearly pulled through the window by Timol's weight and had to let go to save himself,' said Robbie Bouwer.

There was a reason why the Security men had lost their tempers and held Timol through the window. His lie about Quentin Jacobsen being a Coloured man who lived in Cape Town made them realize he had been taking them for a ride the previous day when he had sat down and started drafting out a statement about the South African political figures he had been connected with while studying in London the previous year.

When he was first detained the Security Police had started their usual torture techniques. Timol knew that if they kept beating him he would blurt out the names of his contacts inside South Africa. To protect these people, and to give them time to hear about his arrest, so they would have a few valuable extra hours to flee the country, Timol pretended he was most willing to talk.

He kept his interrogators busy scribbling for two days by telling them a long involved story of how, while studying in Britain, he had joined a folk-music club known as the Singers' Group in London's King's Cross area. One night, he said, he had attended the club when Peggy Seeger and Ewan McColl had performed on the stage.

(Within hours of Timol telling the Security Police about the Singers' Group, BOSS signalled me in London and told me to join the club and get the names and photographs of the leading members, which I did.)

Timol said Peggy Seeger and Ewan McColl had invited songs or poetry from the audience, so he had jumped up and sung an impromptu ditty about the stupidity of

apartheid. Timol said the African National Congress in London had somehow heard about this and had asked him if he would distribute anti-apartheid leaflets when he returned to South Africa. When he agreed, he was recruited to the ANC by someone related to or friendly with a South African woman named Miss Bahiya Ruwayda Vawda.

In his long-drawn-out 'confession' Timol gave the names of several other South African exiles he had met in London. They were: Mr Joe Slovo and Mr Jack Hodgson, who, Timol said, were both members of the South African Communist Party and both acted as advisers to the African National Congress; Dr Yusuf Dadoo, the leader of the South African Indian Congress, which is affiliated to the ANC; Mrs Stephanie Sachs (née Kemp), who worked for the British Anti-Apartheid Movement; Jenny Rice, an English girl who was married to Arthur Maimane, a Black South African journalist living in exile in Britain; and Basil Bhanabai of SANROC.

The security men had been delighted with all these names. It would sound good when they brought Timol to trial. But when Timol lied about Quentin Jacobsen the next day the security men realized he had been playing for time. Now they did not know whether he had met those big names in London or not. That is why they dragged him to the window.

I was fascinated to hear all this from Robbie Bouwer because, apart from my investigation into Peggy Seeger and the Singers' Group in London, I had also, at the request of BOSS, spent many days checking on twenty-eight people and thirty-four telephone numbers BOSS had sent me from an address book found when Quentin Jacobsen was arrested.*

I was curious to find out how the Security Police had managed to cover up, so I made a very careful study of the

* Quentin Jacobsen was arrested four days after Timol died. He was charged under the Terrorism Act but acquitted, mainly because the court found that a Black agent named Seadom Tilotsane, who was an important State witness, was a liar.

Timol case. Nothing shows more clearly how some magistrates will go out of their way not to offend the South African police or the South African government. The inquest into the death of Ahmed Timol was a shocking travesty of justice, and I am quite sure that any person scrutinizing the evidence laid before that inquest will confirm what I say.

Briefly, the facts as reported at the inquest are that on 27 October Ahmed Timol was being interrogated in Room 1026 of John Vorster Square. The time was 4.10 p.m. The interrogators were Captain Johannes van Niekerk, Captain J. H. Gloy and Sergeant 'Joe' Rodriques, all members of the Security Police. The court was told that a high-ranking police officer (who was named only as 'Mr X' because he was a BOSS operative) had entered the room and said something which caused Gloy and Van Niekerk to walk out, leaving Sergeant Rodriques to look after Mr Timol.

Rodriques told the inquest that Timol had asked to go to the toilet. As he and Timol stood up from the table Timol had made 'a dash towards the window'. Rodriques said he had tripped over a chair and had been unable to stop Timol diving through the window.

But strong doubt was cast on this story when Divisional CID inspector Brigadier C. W. Pattle gave evidence. He said he had entered Room 1026 just after Timol had died. When asked about the state of the room, Pattle said 'I would have expected to see signs of a struggle and chairs overturned. There were no such indications.' Pattle said that when he questioned Sergeant Rodriques minutes after Timol's death he had *not* mentioned falling over a chair.

Another officer who interviewed Rodriques on the day Timol died was Major-General C. A. Buys, the head of the CID. Two days later General Buys gave an interview to an Afrikaans reporter during which he stated, quite categorically, that Rodriques had said 'Timol suddenly jumped up and rushed to the door.'

At the inquest, Sergeant Rodriques was asked to explain why he had told General Buys that Timol had 'rushed to

the door' when he had told other officers that Timol had rushed to the window. Rodrigues said he did not know how General Buys had come to say this, because he, Rodrigues, had never said anything like that.

'I told General Buys that Timol had rushed to the window, not the door.'

When a sergeant calls a general a liar he is taking a very big risk. But Rodrigues was saved possible embarrassment, because when General Buys stood in the witness box to give evidence at the inquest he suddenly collapsed while being heavily questioned by Mr Israel 'Issy' Maisels, QC (for the Timol family). Police officers rushed to the general's assistance and took him on to a verandah outside the court. The nature of his illness was never stated, but a doctor said he would be unable to give evidence. Mr Issy Maisels told the court that it was 'absolutely essential' that General Buys be recalled to give evidence, but the court was told the general would not be available for 'two or three months' because of ill-health.

I know, however, that General Buys was back at work in his office less than five weeks after his collapse in the witness box. He was clearly determined not to risk giving evidence again. To be scrupulously fair, I will concede that General Buys might have made a genuine mistake when he quoted Sergeant Rodrigues as saying Timol had 'rushed to the door'. But if that is so, then yet another officer also made a similar mistake.

Giving evidence at the inquest, Captain Gloy told the court that he had asked Sergeant Rodrigues how Timol had come to fall through the window. Rodrigues had answered 'After asking to go to the toilet, Timol moved towards the door and then changed course and ran to the window.'

Questioned about this, Sergeant Rodrigues told the inquest that Captain Gloy was also wrong. Gloy must have misunderstood him. 'I did *not* tell Captain Gloy anything about Timol moving towards the door,' he said.

So two officers had misunderstood Sergeant Rodrigues? This is unlikely, because a third officer brought yet another

contradiction. Captain Van Niekerk told the inquest: 'Sergeant Rodrigues told me that Mr Timol had stood up and apparently wanted to walk up and down the room' (to stretch his legs). Sergeant Rodrigues had not mentioned anything about Timol asking to go to the toilet.

Sergeant Rodrigues told the inquest that Captain Van Niekerk was wrong. 'I never told him anything of the sort.'

In spite of all these contradictions the presiding magistrate, Mr J. L. de Villiers, an Afrikaner, said in his summing-up speech that he had no difficulty in accepting the evidence of both Captain Van Niekerk and Captain Gloy. 'They gave their evidence in a calm manner and were extensively cross-examined,' he found.

Magistrate De Villiers also had the impression that Brigadier Pattle had been a truthful witness. From these comments it seemed as though De Villiers was going to frown on the decidedly odd evidence given by Sergeant Rodrigues. But no. In his summing up, he found that Sergeant Rodrigues, the officer who had allegedly been alone with Timol when he went through the window, 'had nothing to do with Timol's death'.

Within twenty minutes of Timol falling through the window the police had mounted an official investigation into his death. Photographs were taken of Sergeant Rodrigues standing in Room 1026. One photograph showed Rodrigues next to the table and chairs, demonstrating what happened in the seconds preceding Timol's death. A second photograph showed Rodrigues positioning the chairs as they had been when Timol was sitting at the table. Another photograph showed Rodrigues' position when Timol moved away from the table to the window. Another photograph showed where Rodrigues had been standing when Timol actually jumped.

The fact that these photographs were taken clearly shows that at least one CID officer had been most anxious to gather immediate and definite evidence about Timol's strange death. It seems logical, then, that the CID would also have taken a statement from Sergeant Rodrigues as

quickly as possible. Not so. Sergeant Rodriques told the inquest that he had not made a statement about Timol's death until fourteen days later. This was the first and only statement he had made, he said.

When he was asked why he had not made a written report, Rodriques told the inquest: 'Nobody asked me to make one.'

This is even stranger when you know that Sergeant Rodriques was officially questioned by yet another officer shortly after Timol's death. The officer was Major J. F. C. Fick. But the inquest was not able to take a look at Major Fick's notes on this interview, because Major Fick had not made any, either while questioning Rodriques or afterwards. None at all.

It was the same with General Buys, who had officially questioned Rodriques shortly after Timol's death. The General had not made any notes during the interview, or afterwards. None at all.

This strange lapse by two experienced officers caused Mr Issy Maisels to allege during the inquest that Major Fick and General Buys were involved in a 'whitewashing expedition' to protect the Security Police. The presiding magistrate Mr De Villiers said he found this allegation 'completely unfounded'.

Mr Issy Maisels tried to find out the identity of the mysterious 'Mr X' who had walked into Room 1026 a few seconds before Ahmed Timol fell through the window. But Magistrate De Villiers agreed to a State request that 'in the interests of National Security' his name should not be disclosed. To this day nobody knows who that high-ranking BOSS man was.

Ahmed Timol's mother, Mrs Hawa Timol, also gave evidence at the inquest. She said that, *just one day before her son died*, four police officers had raided and searched her home. As they were rummaging through her son's belongings she had asked 'When can I see my son?'

Policeman: 'You won't see your son again.'

Mrs Timol: 'Why won't I see him again?'

Policeman: 'He needs a hiding.'

Mrs Timol: 'I've never hurt my son, so you must not hit him.'

Policeman: 'Because you didn't hit him, we will hit him.'

Mrs Timol was so upset by this threat to assault her son while he was in custody that she signed a statement giving exact details of her questions and the policeman's answers. Another statement was made by her husband, Mr Yusuf Timol, who had been present and heard what the policeman had said. Both their statements were placed before the court, but Magistrate De Villiers, in his summing up, found that Mrs Timol was 'not a very truthful witness'.

Several mysterious bruises and abrasions were found on Ahmed Timol's body after his death. These also caused serious contradictions in evidence at the inquest. When Dr N. J. Schepers, the State pathologist, gave evidence that the bruises could have occurred during the time Timol was being interrogated, he was dismissed and another pathologist was called. This was Professor H. Koch, who said the bruises dated back to nine or twelve days *before* Timol was arrested.

State pathologist Dr Schepers disputed this. And so did Professor I. W. Simson, the inquiry's *independent* medical assessor. Yet, in his summing up, Magistrate De Villiers found 'no reason to doubt' the evidence given by police officers who said Mr Timol had not been assaulted while in custody.

Magistrate De Villiers found that Ahmed Timol had committed suicide and that no one could be blamed for his death. He said the possibility that Mr Timol might have been murdered or had 'fallen through the window accidentally was *ridiculous*'. Mr De Villiers also said he was quite satisfied that, although Mr Timol had been interrogated for long periods, he had been treated 'in a civilized and humane manner' by the police at all times.

The most widely publicized death in detention was that of Mr Steve Biko, the acknowledged spokesman for the theory of 'Black Consciousness' in South Africa. Biko was

held by the Security Police in Port Elizabeth in September 1977, and the South African government has publicly admitted that he was chained to a wall wearing leg irons and handcuffs.

During the early hours of the morning his head was damaged. I was told by a BOSS man how this had happened. The story had been related to him by Warrant Officer Henry Fouche, a Security Police officer who was one of the men on night shift to guard Biko on that fateful evening.

Fouche said one of his colleagues had received a telephone call at about midnight. The caller was Warrant Officer Gerhardus Hattingh, a security man who hated Biko. This was because he had once assaulted Biko and Biko had punched him back, smashing his false teeth. Hattingh had been unable to take revenge on Biko as too many witnesses were present, including three if not four Black constables. Hattingh phoned to say:

'I hear you are looking after Biko?'

When he was told that this was correct Hattingh said:

'Give my best regards to that kaffir who broke my teeth.'

The officer put down the telephone and walked into the next room, where Biko was shackled to a grille by the wall. Pulling up a chair alongside Biko he roused him from his sleep saying 'Your old friend Hattingh asked me to give you his regards.' With that he gave Biko a backhander across the face.

Frustrated by his handcuffs and leg irons, Biko deliberately spat into the officer's face. In fury, the officer punched him. Biko wriggled furiously and tried to bite back. So the officer grabbed his hair and banged his head against the wall to subdue him.

A few hours later, when the day shift came on duty, it became clear that Biko was semi-comatose and foaming at the mouth. So the Security Police drove him from Port Elizabeth to Pretoria. The South African government has admitted that Biko was placed in the back of a police Land Rover where he remained, naked, without food and without

access to a toilet, for the entire duration of that thirteen-hour, 700-mile drive. He died a few hours later of brain injuries.

At the inquest the chief State pathologist in Pretoria, Professor Johann Loubser, actually tried to claim that Biko 'could have banged his own head against the wall repeatedly'. The inquest found that Biko had died of brain injuries but that no one could be held criminally responsible.

When Mr Biko's family instituted criminal proceedings against the Minister of Police they were silenced. The government settled out of court by paying Mr Biko's widow, Mrs Ntsiki Biko, more than £40,000. Anyone wishing to know more about that truly scandalous case should read the superbly documented book *Biko* by the exiled South African editor Donald Woods (Penguin, 1979).

For those people who wish to believe that Mr Biko might possibly have 'banged his own head against the wall', I should perhaps point out that equally ludicrous statements have been made in South African courtrooms when detainees complained of being ill-treated.

I give a typical example. In August 1980 a pregnant Black woman, Mrs Thandi Modise, aged twenty, told a Johannesburg court that she was tortured by Major Cronwright, Captain Heystek and Warrant Officer Jordaan in Room 1026 at John Vorster Square. She was interrogated with a fellow detainee, Mr Moses Nkosi, aged twenty-four, whose body clearly bore many large bruises.

Replying to a question on how detainees could be so injured while in police custody, Security Police Sergeant E. J. Tierney told the magistrate (and I give this quote from court records): 'The floor at John Vorster Square is so slippery that a person can fall and injure himself or even fall while sitting on a chair.'

I have an itemized list of fifty-three political detainees who have died in South Africa during the last seventeen years. Eight died of 'natural causes' (one of those was Solomon Modipane who 'slipped on a bar of soap'). Five died of 'causes undisclosed'. Ten fell to their death. One

died from 'application of force to neck'. One died of a thrombosis, two died of heart or respiratory failure, one died of 'internal bleeding', one was 'shot while escaping' and one died of 'gunshot wounds'. One died of brain injuries, another died of an 'unknown illness', and twenty-one committed suicide; nineteen of those 'hanged themselves'.

In September 1970 Justice Minister Pelser was asked by Mrs Helen Suzman in parliament why some detainees were being held for unusually long periods before they were released or brought to trial.

Mr Pelser answered: 'I explained to the honourable members this afternoon how difficult it is to crack these people. They have been taught to offer resistance.' After talking at great length on the subject Mr Pelser added: 'You do not get the truth out of them. You must detain them. You must interrogate them again and again. They have been taught to keep secrets.'

Mr Pelser did not disclose the methods used by the Security Police when they interrogate detainees 'again and again'. But I know what these are.

The Portuguese Statue. The victim is made to stand for many hours in a corner. Causes no marks on the body and leaves the victim totally exhausted with an aching body and badly swollen legs. Mainly used on Black women. A good softening-up tactic.

The Portuguese Bookshelf. Variation of above. Victim is made to hold a cardboard box full of books above the head for two or three hours. If box is lowered, the victim is hit on the elbow with a stick. Causes extreme fatigue and cramp. Mainly used on Black women.

The Tower of Pisa. Victim made to stand on tiptoe with both feet tied together four feet from a wall. Two fingers of each hand take the weight of the body. Causes disorientation, dizzy spells and fainting fits. Mainly used on Black men.

The Cliff Edge. Victim is forced to stand barefoot half on and half off two house bricks. After a few hours this

becomes terrifying. The pain in the feet is intense and the mental effect is a feeling of being about to fall over a cliff. Also causes disorientation. Mainly used on Black women.

The Sleep Walker. Victim is made to sit on a wooden chair in the same position for two or three days by Security Police operatives working round the clock on a shift basis. This is the number one favourite torture. It leaves no marks on the body and the victim becomes so disorientated through lack of sleep that he or she is unable to distinguish reality from three- or four-second-long 'dreams'. Talks, rambles and answers questions almost without knowing.

The Monkey Man. Victim is suspended from water pipes by ropes or pieces of cloth. Feet are left dangling a few inches from the floor. So near, yet so far. Surprisingly successful technique. Reduces the victim's feeling of pride and self-confidence. Causes extreme pain in the arms and legs. Mainly used on young Blacks. Never women.

The Parachute. Threatening to hold or throw a victim out of a window. Victim will then be accused of trying to escape.

The Tokoloshe. So called because the *tokoloshe* is an evil spirit widely believed in by rural Blacks. It is the Devil and can be invisible or take various hideous shapes, a hairy dwarf or a magic snake. The *tokoloshe* used by the Security Police (and in police stations in country areas all over South Africa) is a homemade electric-shock machine made from batteries with two wire leads and winding apparatus. The leads are applied to the lips, private parts or the stomach. A few spots of water sprinkled beforehand intensify the pain. Victim is told the *tokoloshe* is running round inside his body. Only used on Blacks. One drawback: the pain is so intense that the victim often has phenomenal memory recall and remembers every detail of the torturer's face and physical build etc. To remedy this a canvas bag or potato sack is placed over the victim's head. This also absorbs the sound of screams, and stops the victim spitting into the faces of his tormentors.

The Cracker. Nothing can be more painful for a man

than an attack on his testicles. Two methods. A piece of string or a shoelace with a sliding lasso knot. This stops the blood flow, and release causes agony. Second method. A pair of ordinary nutcrackers applied for three to four seconds. Disliked by the Security Police because it leaves very obvious bruises. Mainly used by Murder and Robbery Squad detectives who need to obtain a confession from a criminal very quickly. Allegations of torture made by criminals are rarely heeded by the courts.

The Adam's Apple. The most dangerous torture of all. So called because the torturer says he is going to squeeze the pips out of the victim's Adam's apple. They love that joke. A wet towel is wrapped round the throat and pulled tight until the victim is about to faint. Leaves no marks on the throat. The duration of strangling time varies from person to person; some pass out quicker than others. Recovering consciousness is a horrifying experience, particularly when repeated several times. Death is only seconds away. Many prisoners have died owing to 'miscalculation' by the torturer. In such cases the victim is strung up in his cell with a torn shirt round his neck: he committed suicide by hanging. This almost certainly explains why nineteen of those fifty-three political detainees who died were found hanging in their cells. Verdict in every case: 'Suicide by hanging'.

That figure of fifty-three deaths is highly misleading. Hundreds of prisoners in the criminal category die in South African prisons every year. Perhaps between 60 and 70 per cent of these deaths are genuinely due to natural causes, but the other 30 to 40 per cent die of what can only be described as unnatural causes. For some strange reason there is rarely a hue and cry in the press, even the liberal press, about these deaths. When criminals die it would seem that few people care.

In May 1978 it was officially disclosed that 358 prisoners had died in jail during the previous calendar year. Twenty-one of them had died from injuries sustained during arrest or while attempting to escape. Sixteen died of injuries sustained 'before their arrest', thirty-two from suicide or

'self-inflicted injuries'. A further twenty-eight died from assault by other prisoners or from causes 'yet to be determined'.

In the year ending June 1977, 326 sentenced prisoners died. Eleven died of injuries during escapes, seven committed suicide and the rest died of various natural causes including pneumonia.

In the year ending June 1975, 335 prisoners died. Of these 267 were Black. Twenty-eight died of 'injuries sustained during or prior to arrest'.

Every year the number of deaths ranges between 250 to 350. The South African Prisons Department uses the phrase 'natural causes' to explain most of these deaths. But if the yearly figures are very carefully examined they show that an astonishing number of prisoners die of 'pneumonia'. That was given as the cause of death for fifty-nine of the 267 Blacks mentioned above. That year, only one White convict died of pneumonia.

In the year ending June 1974, sixty-five convicts, all Blacks, were listed as having died of pneumonia. Official prison records show that thirty-one of these 'contracted the illness in prison'. I have not singled out exceptional years: the number of Black prisoners dying of pneumonia remains quite constant every year.

Even if one accepts that all those Black prisoners genuinely died of pneumonia - and I find it hard to accept - the fact that they died of the ailment is itself an indictment of prison conditions. Medical experts say pneumonia is now rare in civilized countries because today's antibiotics and chemical medicines deal so efficiently with the responsible organisms that pneumonia has little chance of developing.

South Africa claims it is a civilized country, so why do so many Black prisoners die of pneumonia? Do not these deaths strongly suggest that Blacks are not getting adequate medical treatment in jail? This is surely something the International Red Cross should investigate. South Africa's liberal press can do nothing about it; they are shackled by the Prisons Act.

I have the greatest respect for the International Red Cross. I believe it is composed of decent, honourable people who deserve full praise for their varied activities all over the world. But when it comes to South Africa these honourable people are being incredibly naive. As proof of this I must recount a conversation I once had with General H. J. van den Bergh. We were talking about prisoners on Robben Island and HJ mentioned that a group of officials from the International Red Cross had just been given permission to interview some of the prisoners on the island. I completely misunderstood HJ's reason for saying this, thinking he was about to assign me to write a propaganda knockdown of the critical report the Red Cross was sure to issue.

'Oh no,' said HJ. 'We have no problem there. The Red Cross never publish the findings of their investigations into detainees or prisoners in South Africa.'

Again I misunderstood. 'Goodness me, do you mean to say we have a secret deal going with them?'

'No, it's not quite like that,' he replied. 'We simply have a gentlemen's agreement with them that they can come and interview prisoners every now and again as long as they do not push rubbish about torture and bad prison conditions into the press. In terms of this agreement they send us a copy of all their findings and, when necessary, their recommendations for improvement. We, in turn, agree to implement those improvements whenever we find they are needed.'

This is where the International Red Cross is so naive. What use is a 'gentlemen's agreement' with people who rarely, if ever, implement those recommended improvements?

Now the South African government has added yet another weapon to its armoury. In June 1980 a new law was introduced in the South African Senate which drastically curtails the right of the press to report the names of detainees. It is the Second Police Amendment Act of 1980 which prohibits publication, without prior police permission, of the names of people held under the Terrorism Act.

It also stops publication of matters dealing with 'the constitution, movements, deployment or methods used by the police, the Defence Force or the Railway Police, acting to prevent or combat terrorist activities as defined by the Terrorism Act'.

Nothing can be published about any person or group against whom such police action is directed. Punishment for transgressions of the Act is up to eight years' imprisonment, or a fine of up to £1,000, or both. In effect this means that if a newspaper hears about a person being detained it must apply to the police for permission to print the name. The new Act has caused widespread protest. Professor John Dugard of Johannesburg's Wits University said the law made it 'very difficult to avoid the conclusion that the country has stepped into the realm of the police state'. The South African Council of Churches and the South African Institute for Race Relations issued a joint statement saying the law was 'objectionable, sinister and vicious' and could lead to people disappearing with the public 'never knowing what had happened to them'.

The Republic of South Africa is an extremely violent society. The government tries to explain that away by talking about the country's 'unique race problems'. They do not mean their policy of apartheid. They mean that the country has 2,554,039 Coloured people, 794,639 Asians and 15,970,019 Blacks, with only 4,453,273 Whites.*

The truth is that the South African Police Force, virtually unbridled by government, is largely responsible for the race problems in South Africa. For anyone who might doubt that, I must point out that hundreds of South African policemen viciously assault countless thousands of Blacks every month, and most of them get away with it. But a small minority are so stupid, or arrogant, that they assault Blacks when witnesses are present.

The following are official figures. In 1978 a total of 273

* Official figures issued in September 1980. (They do not include Blacks living in the so-called 'independent homelands', Transkei, Bophuthatswana and Venda.)

policemen were convicted of offences ranging from assault, grievous bodily harm (which includes torture) to culpable homicide or murder. Just over 90 per cent of their victims were Black. Of those 273 convicted policemen, only seventeen were discharged from the police force. Again, I have not chosen an exceptional year as my example. In 1975 some 193 policemen were convicted of crimes of violence against the public, mostly Blacks. Only eighteen of those policemen were discharged from the force. In 1970 exactly 230 policemen were convicted of crimes of violence; only twenty-five left the force.

For the last two years the South African Premier, Mr P. W. Botha, has been full of promises about reform and a 'better deal for Blacks'. Latest figures show that during the year 1979 a total of 229 policemen were convicted of crimes of violence against members of the South African public, most of them Black. Nineteen of those policemen had previous convictions for exactly the same offences. Of those 229 convicted policemen, only twenty were discharged from the force. Also during 1979 a total of 456 people, nearly all of them Black, were shot by the police as they were 'attempting to escape'. Of these, 163 (adults and juveniles) died from police bullet wounds.

Premier Botha started 1980 by promising 'a lessening of petty apartheid restrictions'. Yet, in May 1980, exactly 1,960 Blacks were arrested in Johannesburg in one single day - on Pass Law offences.

In the year ending June 1979 the South African police investigated a total of 705 'Immorality Act' cases where a person of one racial group was suspected of having, or intending, sexual intercourse with a person of another colour. Of those 'criminals', 355 were dragged into court.

And, finally, the latest official figures disclose that during the year 1978 the South African government made out-of-court 'silence' payments to seventy-eight people who could prove, and brought legal actions against the police for, unlawful arrest, assault or torture.

44 · A CHILD IS BORN

At 11 a.m. on Monday, 12 July 1976, I held my tiny baby son Guy for the first time. My first child, he was five days old and had just been brought from the maternity home by my wife, Wendy. As I looked down at his seemingly ugly, squashed-up little face I was overwhelmed by an emotion I'd never experienced. As I held that little human being I promised myself he would have the best of everything. Toys, food, a good father and an excellent schooling. All natural reactions, I'm sure. Then the most ridiculous thought flashed through my mind.

'Blacks have babies too.'

Put like that, in cold print, it looks silly. Yet it was a logical extension of my thought-processes. I wanted the best for my son. Most proud fathers do. But some of those fathers are Black. Yes, Blacks have babies too. I simply could not get that idiotic thought out of my mind. It set me off thinking about the incredible hardships suffered by Blacks in South Africa. The long hours they worked; the despicably low wages they received; the contempt shown them by the majority of Whites. Yet they had children too. Most of them at least three, usually five, and quite often between seven and ten. The love that Blacks bestow on children is legend in South Africa. Nobody can deny that. They work themselves to a standstill to clothe and feed their children properly. In spite of everything.

Thinking along these lines bred a new awareness in me. From that moment on I took particular notice of Blacks and their children. I asked questions I'd never asked before and saw things which had always been there but I'd never noticed. How blind can White eyes be?

I had a Black maid named Edith Nkomo who had given me three years' loyal service and doted over Guy when he

was born. Edith had been paid £40 a month, but I upped it to £80 and invited her daughters and grandchildren to my home to play with Guy. I talked to Edith on a wide variety of subjects and during one conversation discovered she was a personal friend and house guest of Gatsha Buthelezi, the leader of South Africa's four and half million Zulus. Just imagine that: Edith had worked for me all that time, and I hardly knew anything about her. It's so typical of the White man in South Africa.

My new awareness was a devastating experience. It didn't happen overnight; in the beginning I made a determined effort to resist all this alien thought. I used the old Pretoria balm that 'our Blacks' in South Africa were, after all, better off than the Blacks in other parts of Africa. But Fate was not going to let me get away with that.

One nippy winter's day I was travelling through Johannesburg's densely populated Hillbrow area with my Black driver Solomon when I saw something moving in a side alley. Grabbing my camera I ordered Solomon to stop and went to investigate. It was a wrinkled old woman with a blanket round her shoulders. She was eating food out of a dustbin. People eating out of bins are not all that surprising; I had seen tramps doing it in London, Paris, Madrid and Hong Kong. But this woman was Black and the bin she was rooting through was at the back door of a 'Whites Only' restaurant. I watched in dismay as she scooped leftovers into her mouth. She saw me taking photographs of her, but she couldn't complain. My skin was White. Her first curious look changed into that submissive deadpan expression South African Whites see every day of their lives. This made me feel worse. Blacks don't dare to question the behaviour of Whites, however strange it may seem.

Worse was to come. The woman ferreted deeper into the bin and found a congealed mass of mashed potatoes and peas. This she shoved into a small plastic ice-cream container and walked away with it. Fascinated, I watched her turn into the basement garage of a 'Whites Only' block of flats. Sneaking after her, I peeped round the corner and

saw her handing the plastic box to three little Black kids warming themselves next to some hot-water pipes.

A few days later I went to my local supermarket to buy smoked oysters for a drinks party I was giving that night. As I stood in the store I saw a neatly-dressed Black man putting three tins of dog food into his empty wire shopping basket. With him were his two young sons. One of them, aged about ten, wrinkled his nose and said something. The other boy, aged about five, turned to his brother and smiled as he replied. Although they had spoken in some tribal language, I knew in my heart what they had said. As the man walked away with his sons, I turned to a Black shop assistant who had been kneeling next to us re-stocking a low shelf. I asked him to tell me what the two boys had said. Looking shamefaced he said he did not know. That is also typical of the Black man in South Africa. No way is he going to tell the White boss anything which might cause offence or trouble.

Determined to know the truth, I refreshed his memory by holding up a two-Rand banknote (roughly £1). He remembered then all right. The ten-year-old boy had said 'No, not again, daddy.' And his five-year-old brother had said 'Why not? I like it. It makes a nice curry.'

Still not wanting to accept what I had heard, I knelt down and started quizzing that Black shop assistant. 'Do people really eat dog food?'

He gave an indirect answer. 'Well, it's Thursday, you see.'

I didn't see, so he patiently explained that Blacks were paid on Friday, and Thursday was a lean day when money was short. Many Black families bought tinned dog food for a curry supper. If I needed proof of this I should watch the dog-food shelves on Thursday. The only day the shop assistant had to refill those shelves two or three times was on a Thursday. He even knew which brands sold better than others. The most popular was 'Pamper', which was all chunky meat and cost thirty-two cents. With Pamper you could take your choice of chicken or liver.

Warming to his subject, that unwitting propagandist of a shop assistant told me that tinned dog food was clean and good for you. As proof of this he pointed to the label. I read the small print carefully and saw that the contents had been cooked under high pressure and had been 'packed under conditions prescribed by Health Department regulations'. Summing up, the assistant said 'In any case, it's better than Staff Meat.'

For people who have never lived in South Africa that needs explaining. Staff Meat is what Whites buy for their Black servants. All butchers sell it. But you will not see it hanging in the window. It's always right at the rear of the shop or in a back room. It hangs on hooks and has a colour ranging from a pale yellow-white to reddish-brown. I wouldn't feed it to my dog, yet some butchers even boast about it. You can see signs in their windows: 'Our Staff Meat is the cheapest in town'. And I have photographs to prove it. Telephone any White housewife in South Africa and the chances are that she will most likely admit buying Staff Meat for her Black servants. If you point out that it is high and third-grade offal she will probably explain: 'Agh, man, what you people overseas don't seem to understand is that our Black people are different to the Blacks in your country. Ours like their meat tough and ripe. They don't go for steaks, liver and chops bought by the Whites because they say it has no taste.'

That's the stock answer I got whenever I asked about Staff Meat.

Slowly but surely, although it took months, I began to realize that all those regular pronouncements made by the United Nations, which I equally regularly denied in print, were true. South Africa really was an unjust society. But one clings to the good life and wears blinkers because it's painful to face the truth. Then other factors raised doubts in my mind. One was working for *The Citizen*. I was getting sick of writing slanted stories for that propaganda rag. Another thing. It slowly dawned on me that during the whole of my spying career, whether in South Africa or

Britain, the only people I had really liked or admired were always on the other side. The enemy. The decent people. The intelligent people. They all hated Pretoria and despised apartheid. I had a good brain; why hadn't I realized this long ago? Yes, I was on the wrong side all right – but there was no way I was going to let that interfere with my life. It really was a case of I'm all right, Jack. Or, as the Blacks caustically mispronounce it, 'You're all White, Jack.'

The fact that my best friend, H. J. van den Bergh, had fallen from power had not affected my position as a spy. On the contrary, my number one controller, Jack Kemp, the head of South Africa's Counter-Intelligence Unit, had earlier assigned me to mount top-level propaganda attacks on President Jimmy Carter, his Washington entourage in general, and the CIA in particular. Kemp told me I was doing this assignment at the personal request of the new Premier, Mr P. W. Botha, who loathed the Americans. With Pretoria's help I had mounted some spectacular front-page smear attacks on suspected CIA agents in South Africa, so I was still golden boy as far as the Botha regime was concerned.

I was getting a monthly salary worth £1,000 from *The Citizen*, including a free car, all repairs, fuel, cleaning and garaging costs. There was my BOSS salary too, now raised to £300 a month. Tax-free. My wife was the fashion editor of the Johannesburg *Star* and earned nearly £300 a month. We lived in a luxury penthouse flat with a garden, and life was so good that we easily stashed £500 in our savings account every month. No, nothing was going to spoil that little bed of roses.

Then came the crunch. Cynthia Montwedi, the daughter of our Black maid Edith, was suddenly detained by the Security Police. Edith came to me in tears and begged me to help. Knowing Cynthia had not the slightest interest in politics I asked Edith if she knew where Cynthia was being detained. Yes. John Vorster Square, she said. Oh my God. That meant only one thing: Room 1026. I dashed to the phone and got through to W. P. 'Steve' Le Roux, one of

my BOSS handlers based there. Yes, he said, Captain Cronwright was in charge of Cynthia's case. Captain Arthur Cronwright. I knew him well. The most brutal bastard in Johannesburg police circles, known to all Blacks as 'Hitler's Nephew' because, during interrogation sessions, he always started off by boasting that he was directly related to Adolf Hitler.

Cronwright, who knew I was a BOSS operative, had once told me he was not really related to Hitler. 'I only say that because it frightens the shit out of them,' he explained.

I telephoned Cronwright and gave him a guarantee that Cynthia was no Communist, adding that if he wanted to get any information out of her it might be better to release her and let me do an infiltration job. No need to take her to Room 1026.

'Goodness, man,' he said. 'Don't worry at all. If Cynthia's mother works for you, tell her that's good enough for us. We'll look after her fine. You can rest assured of that.'

When Cynthia Montwedi was released from detention three weeks later, she kept well away from my flat. It was only months later that my wife Wendy spoke to her and heard something she did not like. Wendy came straight back to me and alleged that Cynthia had been cruelly tortured.

'She's lying,' I said.

'No, she is not,' said Wendy.

'How do you know?' I retaliated. 'You weren't there. You can't know what happened. I'm sure nothing happened to her, because Captain Cronwright promised me she would be looked after.'

At this point I must explain that I had never told Wendy that I was a BOSS agent. She had heard the rumours, but I had convinced her that they were all tripe. When it came to convincing her that Cynthia had not been tortured, however, she stood firm. 'That woman was tortured, and if you don't do something about it, I will.'

The last thing I wanted was for Wendy to get into hot water, so I reluctantly agreed to talk to Cynthia. I set up a tape recorder in my flat. I sat Cynthia on one chair and

Wendy on another. I gave Wendy a pen and notebook and ordered her to write down everything Cynthia said. Adopting courtroom procedure I gave Cynthia a hard time right from the start and interrogated her for two hours non-stop. I played every trick in the book to get her to contradict herself, but I was wasting my time.

This is a condensed version of her story.

'My name is Cynthia Montwedi, daughter of Mrs Edith Nkomo. I am aged twenty-eight and work as a packer in the Pick and Pay supermarket in Randburg. I live at 114 Fifteenth Avenue, Alexandra Township, Johannesburg, with my two young children, my mother-in-law, Mrs Johanna Montwedi, aged fifty-four, and my brother-in-law, Jewel Montwedi, aged twenty-one.'

'On 5 April 1978 Mr Roland Sibisi, a friend of my husband Sam, came to our house with a parcel which he placed on the kitchen table. The parcel blew up and killed him. My husband Sam, hearing the blast, ran away and I have not seen him since. I do not believe he knew anything about the bomb, otherwise he would not have allowed it to be brought into the home, where our two-year-old son was sleeping in his cot.'

'The Security Police rushed round to our home and detained me along with Johanna and Jewel. I was taken alone to Room 1026 on the tenth floor. As I walked into the room I saw four White Security Police officers and two Black constables. Without speaking the four Whites knocked me to the floor and kicked me round the room, taking care not to kick me in the face. The two Black constables did not hit me. They just stood and watched.'

'As I tried to run round the floor on all fours to escape their kicking, two or three more White security officers entered the room and joined in kicking and punching me on the body. At one stage, seven of the eight Whites were all kicking me at once from all sides. Then they all walked out, leaving me with the two Black policemen, one named Mhlanga, a Zulu, and the other named Tsetsewa.'

'Mr Mhlanga was sympathetic. He told me: "You must

tell them what they want to know. These men have bad hearts and they can kill you if you don't talk."

"Then four of the White security men came back into the room and started asking me questions for the first time. As they did so they hit me. They spoke in English and never referred to me by name. They called me bitch. One asked if my hand had ever been put into a pan of boiling fat. Another kept asking me if I had ever been in an aeroplane. When I said I had not he said he had a parachute in John Vorster Square and that he would send for it.

"The Whites left the room again and I asked one of the Black policemen to tell me what all this talk about a parachute meant. The Black officer told me that detainees had fallen out of the window there and that if I was going through the window I would need a parachute.

"Four hours later I was taken in a lift down to an underground garage to a block of cells in another building. I was placed in a cell with a coir mat and blankets. A Coloured warden brought me food and the warden treated me well.

"Two days later, shortly after 9 a.m. on Friday, 7 April 1978, I was taken to Room 1026 again, and there was the Black officer named Tsetsewa and four White Security men. The Whites placed me on the floor and tied my arms under my knees. They placed a broomstick through my knees so I could not jerk upright. Then they placed a canvas bag over my head, tying it round my neck so it did not fall off. I heard a whirring noise and the next thing I felt was water being dripped on the back of my neck. Then I felt several terrific shocks. Pieces of metal touched my neck every time I felt the shock. Then some water was sprinkled on my bare feet and I felt the metal again, followed by sharp shocks throughout my body. I screamed but they kept on shocking me. They also shocked me on the insides of my elbows and under my bare knees.

"They took the bag from my head and untied me. When I stood up and was helped out of the room one of the Whites punched me on the head causing it to bang against the wall. This gave me very bad pain throughout the night

and I asked the warden to get me a doctor. A White doctor named, I think, Jacobs, who was Jewish, came to examine me. He looked into my ear with an instrument and told me my ear drum was perforated. He asked me if I had been tortured and I told him everything. I think he must have said something, because the security men did not use physical violence on me again. Instead they took me back to the tenth floor and made me stand in Mr [Robbie] Bouwer's office with a cardboard box full of books over my head. Mr Bouwer and another White security man named Jordaan hit me on the elbows with a short stick whenever I lowered my arms.

"They kept me standing with that box over my head from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m., and then returned me to my cell. Next day they took me back to the tenth floor and threatened to give me electric shocks again if I did not talk. When I said that I knew nothing and that I had told them everything anyway, they made me stand with two telephone directories over my head for the whole day until 4 p.m. Then they took me back to my cell. One hour later, at 5 p.m., they made me stand to attention in the middle of the room with at least two officers there all the time to make sure I did not move.

"I stood there from 5 p.m. Wednesday right through the night and the next two days and nights with only short breaks to go to the toilet or eat food from a tin plate. My feet became so swollen that I had to take off my shoes. On Saturday evening after standing there for more than seventy hours I fainted from exhaustion, and the next thing I remember was waking up in the hospital section of the Fort Prison. The same White doctor, I think his name is Jacobs, came to see me, and when he saw the state of my body and swollen legs he had me transferred to a cell with a bed. He asked me if the Security Police had tortured me. Before I answered I asked him if he would tell them what I said. He said he would not tell the police anything. So I told him everything. He seemed friendly and was kind. But then the Security Police came and told me that the doctor had

betrayed me and told them everything. I do not know if they were tricking me. Later a medical specialist came to examine me and he was quite kindly. I told him all about the torture and he gave me pain-killing tablets when he saw the state of my body. Later, when I felt much better I was taken back to the cells in John Vorster Square. This time I was well treated. They gave me a sponge mattress on the bed in my cell and clean blankets. The food they gave me was good and there was plenty of it.

'While I was detained two White magistrates came to see if I had any complaints. One was named Steenkamp. Both of them took statements from me when I complained about being tortured.

'After being held for three weeks I was released by the Security Police. They told me that if I ever breathed a word to a soul about the torture they would come and arrest me again, and this time they would hold me for ever and I would never see my children again.'

When Cynthia had told me all this I asked her what had happened to her mother-in-law Johanna and her brother-in-law Jewel, who had also been detained with her.

'I know that they gave shock treatment to Jewel because he was in the room next to me when I was holding that cardboard box above my head. I heard him screaming every few seconds in exactly the same way I had screamed when they gave me the shocks. I did not actually see Jewel being shocked but I am quite sure he was, because not only did I hear those screams, he told me later that they had done that to him. As for my mother-in-law, they shocked her also. She told me so.'

I was particularly infuriated by one aspect of Cynthia Montwedi's story: the part where, on Friday, 7 April, at 10 a.m., she was being given electric shock treatment. That was the time Captain Cronwright had left Room 1026 to answer the telephone. To speak to me – to tell me that if Cynthia was a friend of mine I was not to worry. 'We'll look after her fine.' To make absolutely sure Cynthia was not lying to me I asked a friend of mine in BOSS named

Carl Krog to find out if she had been given the 'tokoloshe' electric shock treatment. Carl once spied for BOSS in London and on the Continent. He was a more sophisticated BOSS man, and we got on fine. He was angry when I told him about Cronwright's stupidity and, after making discreet inquiries, came back to me with full confirmation of what Cynthia had told me. The way Carl told the story, the Jewish doctor, thought by Cynthia to be named Jacobs, had made some kind of official complaint about her condition after he had examined her at the Fort Prison. That was why she had suddenly found herself being treated well and given a soft sponge mattress on the bed of her cell. When Cynthia left my home after telling Wendy and me about her terrible experiences Wendy turned to me and asked me what I was going to do about it.

'I'm going to defect from BOSS,' I told her. 'We are going to leave this country and I'm going to write a book exposing the whole damned thing.'

Wendy did not appear to be shocked by my confession to being a BOSS agent. Perhaps wives don't always believe their husbands' cover-ups.

Cynthia went to a trustworthy lawyer and mounted a £7,500 damages action against the Minister of Police. The matter never came to court. The government silenced Cynthia with a substantial out-of-court settlement. Under the terms of this she had to agree not to give any statements on the subject to the press. Or, to put it another way, taxpayers' money was used to stop Cynthia telling the taxpayers the truth.

Planning my defection called for subterfuge. It would have been easy for me to fly out of the country. As a trusted man, I would never be monitored by the BOSS unit based at Johannesburg's Jan Smuts airport. But my big problem was getting my files out. Without those files I could never write a book giving dates, names and full details of all events. Those files filled nine large filing cabinets and contained every notebook I had used, numbered from 1 to 394, from the day I started work as a journalist. I also had a

massive index-card system giving the names, addresses and full details of every person I had spied on during those sixteen years. The files also contained clippings of every story I had written and some 80,000 negatives of every person I had photographed during my spying career. In addition to this I had dozens of secret BOSS documents, books, copies of reports and several letters intercepted by BOSS. Somehow I had to get all this stuff out of the country.

Another problem was that I had to find a good excuse to leave *The Citizen*. BOSS would have been suspicious if I suddenly gave up my job as their tame propagandist.

The solution came one night as I was having dinner with an old London friend, Willie Smith. He told Wendy and me a funny story about two crooks who were touring South Africa in a flashy American car. These two men were calling in at large farms and conning farmers that they were planning to publish a book entitled the *Who's Who of South African Farmers*. They were pulling about £30 from every farm they stopped at: not bad money for ten minutes' talking.

As Willie told this story I realized this would be a good cover story for me to use when resigning from *The Citizen*. I went to a lawyer and asked him to find out if anyone had applied for the trade mark for a *Farmers' Who's Who*. Surprisingly, nobody had thought of it - surprising because there are more than 68,000 registered farmers in South Africa and at least 100,000 large plot owners.

As soon as I obtained the trade mark I sold it to a young Johannesburg advocate named Roland Ackerman for £7,500, and he is now bringing out the *Who's Who*.

I took out another trade mark in the name *The Who's Who in South Africa's Farming Aristocracy*, left *The Citizen* and set up a company to bring out a large and swish 'coffee-table' book containing the names and colour photographs of the top 100 farmers in South Africa. The multi-millionaire farmers, who have thousands of acres, employ

500 to 600 Black farm labourers, buy tractors in lots of ten and fly round their properties in private aircraft. The idea was that I would interview each of these farmers about the history of his farm, take flattering colour photographs of him with his prize bulls, and then charge him a substantial sum for every page he wanted in the book. This would have raised at least £100,000; added to this was a guaranteed £100,000 I would have got from advertising revenue. All the top fertilizer companies, banks, farming implement manufacturers, seed producers and chemical companies were mad keen to buy space. One fertilizer company even offered me £10,000 if I would write a glowing three-page 'history' of their achievements in South Africa as a publicity 'puff' instead of them buying ordinary advertising space.

It really was a fabulous idea which would clearly have made a fortune. My bank manager guaranteed I would make at least half a million profit over a two-year period. One year to interview the hundred top farmers and one year to bring out the book. Even H. J. van den Bergh was keen on the scheme and gave me introductions to several wealthy Afrikaner farmers who, he said, would be furious if they were left out of such a prestige publication.

Being the kind of opportunist that I am, I was sorely tempted to stay in South Africa and drop the idea of defecting. Far better to make a lot of money and give some to Cynthia Montwedi and her family, I reasoned. When I suggested to Wendy that we should stay in South Africa and make our fortune, her answer was short and to the point.

'Money will never buy you self-respect. If you stay, I go.'

In my heart I knew she was right. So we went and left that potential fortune behind. Wendy sent all my files out of the country in fourteen sea trunks under her maiden name. We left Jan Smuts airport separately. Wendy carried my most valuable BOSS documents in her handbag and

sixteen tapes sewn into the shoulder pads of her coats. All I carried was Guy. We flew to Paris and I started work on this book.

Coinciding with our arrival in Europe the highly publicized trial of Jeremy Thorpe was concluded. Mr Thorpe, his former Liberal Party treasurer, Mr David Holmes, carpet dealer Mr John le Mesurier, and gaming machine operator Mr George Deakin were found not guilty of conspiring to murder male model Norman Scott.

There is only one comment I want to make on that Old Bailey trial. The most important Crown witness against Mr Thorpe was his former friend Mr Peter Bessell, who was the Liberal MP for Bodmin from 1964 to 1970. Mr Bessell, who was flown from America to give evidence, made some very damaging allegations against Jeremy Thorpe. But the jury at that trial was not aware of all the facts. There was one astonishing thing they were not told about Mr Peter Bessell.

Mr Peter Bessell, while he was an MP, was secretly an agent of the American CIA.* He was recruited by the CIA in 1967, and he not only collected information about British politicians for the CIA; he carried out special assignments for them overseas and also in America. I was not only told this quite categorically by the head of BOSS, General H. J. van den Bergh, but also heard it from impeccable sources at top level in Britain.

I cannot understand how the fact that Mr Peter Bessell was a CIA agent came to be suppressed at the Old Bailey hearing. I know that several legal men involved in that case were well aware of it.

It happens that Jeremy Thorpe was acquitted. But what if the verdict had gone against him? Would he then not have had valid grounds to complain if he had known that the most damaging Crown witness against him was a CIA agent?

* *Corr.* Mr Bessell in fact denied on oath in the court proceedings, and maintains his denial, that he has ever been associated in any way with the CIA.

There is a question that needs to be asked, and I hope it will have occurred to many people as they read this book.

Do the intelligence outfits in other countries get up to the same kind of tricks, smear techniques, lies, distortions, disinformation and deceit as those used by BOSS?

The last word must surely go to my former spy-master and mentor, General H. J. van den Bergh. I know exactly what he would say:

'They'd be stupid if they didn't.'

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